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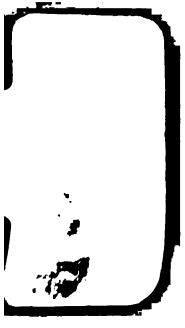

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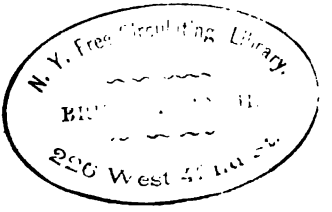
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SCOUTING FOR STANLEY

IN

EAST AFRICA

BY

THOMAS STEVENS

AUTHOR OF "AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO

DR. WILLIAM L. ABBOTT,

MY GENIAL COMRADE

FOR SIX ADVENTUROUS MONTHS IN MASAI-LAND

AND THE

KILIMANJARO COUNTRY, EAST AFRICA,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS DEVOTED FRIEND,

THOMAS STEVENS.

PREFACE.

THE author of this unpretentious volume of East African travels, sport, and adventure, submits it to the public without apology, and without preface other than the expression of gratitude for favors received at the hands of many friends.

Kind remembrance is due to my friend and traveling companion, Dr. W. L. Abbott, patron and contributor to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., for valuable assistance on the Masai-land expedition; to Mr. L. A. Bachelder, whose hospitality made my stay in Zanzibar pleasant; and to United States Consul Seth A. Pratt and Mrs. Pratt, to whom I am indebted for many courtesies. Also to Her Majesty's Consul-General, Col. Euan-Smith, and to General Matthews, Commander-in-chief of the army of His Highness the Sultan of Zanzibar, thanks are due for courteous consideration shown to the representative of an American newspaper.

Captain Brackenbury of H. M. S. *Turquoise* won my gratitude for receiving me aboard his ship in the Bagamoyo roadstead, when Major Wissmann, German Imperial Commissioner, allowed himself to forget for the moment that a German officer should always, and under all circumstances, be a gentleman.

On the dash up country to meet Stanley and Emin,

too much cannot be said in praise of the courtly behavior of Baron von Gravenreuth, who, though compelled to put me on parole, treated me with every consideration. Thanks are also extended to his second in command, Lieutenant Langheld, for releasing me from my parole, a courtesy that enabled me to gratify a personal and journalistic ambition to meet Stanley and Emin ahead of any other newspaper correspondent.

I also take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Stanley for making me a sharer in all the good things that reached him from the coast, on the return marches from Msuwa to Bagamoyo—to Mr. Stanley's officers, and to Emin Pasha.

Nor do I forget that thanks are likewise due to Burroughs, Wellcome & Co., for fitting out the expedition with a complete medicine chest, and to Mr. Henry S. Wellcome, personally, for many kind attentions.

And, also, whilst not forgetting many other courtesies shown by many friends, lastly, to the editor and business manager of the *New York World*, who kindly returned several installments of unpublished MSS., in order that this book might be published without delay.

THE AUTHOR.

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SCOUTING FOR STANLEY,

IN EAST AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

ZANZIBAR AND MOMBASA.

FOR more than a year previous to the receipt of letters from Mr. Stanley to the Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee in London, dated Aruwimi River, Aug. 28, 1888, and which were published by the newspapers about April 1, 1889, the whole civilized world was wondering what had become of the Emin Relief Expedition, and its gallant commander.

In December, 1888, the desire for reliable news from Stanley became so intense that the *New York World* decided to dispatch an expedition into the interior of Africa to satisfy the public demand and relieve the anxious suspense under which it had for eighteen months labored. This decision arrived at, the writer set sail on Jan. 5, 1889, from New York for England. Four days of preparation in London, then overland to Brindisi to embark on the P. and O. steamer *Valletta* for Port Said, Suez and Aden. At Aden, after a week's delay in England's great "coal-hole of the East," connection was made with the British-India steamer *Bagh-*

dad, that famous coaster whose cockroaches and bilge-water have figured in the narrative of more than one celebrated African explorer, and after a rather tedious voyage of thirteen days, Zanzibar.

"Go to Zanzibar. Investigate the state of affairs there. Let us know the truth about the troubles between the Germans and Arabs. See what is to be seen of the slave trade. Find out all you can about Stanley and Emin Pasha, and, if necessary or advisable, organize an expedition and penetrate the interior for reliable news of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Spare no expense in carrying out the main object of the enterprise, but at the same time don't throw away money recklessly. Act on your own judgment when you have reached Zanzibar and looked about you."

Such was the substance of the instructions on which my actions were to be based. The easy facilities of modern travel had enabled me to promptly carry out the initial letter of this program, and after securing comfortable quarters under the hospitable roof of an American trading house in Zanzibar, no time was lost in setting about the second.

When passing through England the London newspapers had predicted that direct news from Stanley, following dispatches that had been received from St. Thomé and Zanzibar, Dec. 21, 1888, would reach London and appear in their columns "long before Mr. Stevens reaches Zanzibar." This prediction, as well as the knowledge that there was nothing very improbable in it, naturally kept one on "pins and needles" *en voyage*. News was anxiously inquired for at every port. But there was nothing new at Brindisi; nothing

new at Port Said, nor at Suez; at Mombasa, where we also touched, the missionaries were in communication with the Victoria Nyanza, but they knew no more than I did about the Stanley Expedition.

At all these points no news, but what of Zanzibar? How often that question had occurred to the writer during the eleven days' isolation abroad the crawling *Baghdad* may be left to the reader's imagination. Proceeding directly to the American Consulate, I inquired for news of Stanley. "There is nothing new," said the Consul, "nothing later than the simultaneous dispatches from St. Thomé and Zanzibar two months ago, which reached America before you left."

Nothing new was known either at the British Consulate, which is the best informed medium in Zanzibar. Missionaries, Hindi merchants, and Arab traders in communication with the interior were sought out and interviewed, and, thanks to the courtesy and friendly interest of Mr. Pratt, the American Consul, even His Highness Khalifa-bin-Said, the late Sultan of Zanzibar, sat patiently for half an hour in private audience under the catechetical ordeal of the author. The Sultan was most gracious; he was in communications with Tippoo Tib, he said, had heard from the famous Arab slave-trader and friend of Stanley, in fact, but a few days before, but he could tell me nothing new of the latter gentleman's movements.

All sources of possible information were probed and every means at hand exhausted to learn something definite on which to base future movements, but to no avail. The whereabouts and condition of the Emin Relief Expedition remained the same ungraspable point

of interest in the *terra incognita* of the unexplored region between the Albert Nyanza and the Aruwimi, about which the speculations and opinions of half a world had puzzled for eighteen months past.

But though nothing of an authentic nature was to be learned, the atmosphere of Zanzibar was electrical with anticipation. The promised letters from Stanley had been eagerly looked forward to from day to day for several weeks. Hints were freely indulged in by knowing customers that the British Government and the officials of the Emin Relief Committee in London knew more than they cared just at present to give to the public. Any morning a "Reuter's" might be expected to arrive from London and prick the bubble of popular suspense in Zanzibar with positive news of Stanley, to be followed by the next mail with his own letters in the *Times*.

On the other hand, the prognostications of the London press had not been fulfilled, and, although the air was thick with rumors and the hours big with expectancy, there yet remained the same lack of authentic news that had jarred on the sensibilities of a deeply interested public for many weary months. People had grown sick of rumors, and had been misled so often by dispatches from Zanzibar or from the Congo that nothing short of reliable information would now satisfy their legitimate craving for news of the long-missing expedition. To try and obtain this, and transmit it to civilization, was the principal part of the task that had brought me to Zanzibar.

Plainly, so far as could be gathered by the first few days' research, the only way to obtain this would be

to organize an expedition and go and seek it in the same distant sphere that had swallowed up for so long a period the object of universal solicitation.

Here, then, was a grand opportunity; the one chance, mayhap, of a lifetime, to spring into fame on the stage of African exploit. How would "How I Found Stanley" look in the libraries with "How I Found Livingstone?" *Sic iter ad astra!* And yet it would never do to risk the customary three months' advance pay of a large caravan of porters and sink other thousands in outfitting an expedition to-day, if Stanley were going to emerge, crowned with the laurel-wreath of victory, from his puzzling obscurity to-morrow. To a modern Crœsus, responsible to no one but himself, this view of the case might be scarcely worth a thought, but as the writer came under neither one nor the other of these heads, there was no dodging the fact that this was a consideration not to be ignored.

It was no easy matter to decide what was best to be done. What I had undertaken was anything but a plain, straightforward task which one could go ahead and accomplish, "looking neither to the right nor the left." After bestowing much thought and investigation on the subject, I decided to remain in Zanzibar a month before making up my mind about the expedition into the interior. Something authentic one way or the other would very likely turn up in that time. Perhaps the promised letters from Stanley would appear in the London papers if I gave them a few weeks' grace, or some definite clue, by which one might be guided in prosecuting a search, would come to light.

In the mean time my month of waiting would by no

means be four weeks of inactivity. There was plenty to do and to learn, and more than enough to occupy my time and attention in and about Zanzibar. The place had ceased of late to be the Zanzibar of old. Momentous changes were taking place that had riveted upon this entrepôt of African commerce the attention of the whole Western world. Zanzibar was no longer the Zanzibar known to Burton, to Livingstone, and to Stanley in the earlier stages of his African career.

Difficulties thickened as one looked about him and grew familiar with his surroundings. Africa, or at all events the Eastern Equatorial part of it, did not now belong to the Africans, nor even to its early colonizers, the Arabs. The white traveler was no longer able to come and go at his pleasure. All the old, well-known routes to the lake region, from Bagamoyo, Dar-es-Salaam, Sadaani, were blocked against the European, and all the ports of the Zangian coast below Mombasa were forbidden him as a result of the troubles growing out of the late German acquisitions. The prestige of that heretofore demi-god, the Mzungu (white man), had sunk to a lower level among the Arabs and Swahali population of Zanzibar and the adjacent coast than it had ever reached in this region before.

German war-ships were steaming up and down the coast, bombarding and burning. Several of the more important coast ports were in ashes, and the trading communities of British Indian subjects had decamped *en masse* to Zanzibar and Bombay, their business ruined, their houses burned to the ground. The native population was in a ferment of resentment against the whole white race. Missionaries were killed or held for

ransom, and the withdrawal of the Germans was demanded by the natives.

Moreover, scarcely a day passed in Zanzibar itself without some arbitrary proclamation, arising from the unsettled state of affairs, being issued to hamper and curtail the liberty of one's movements. The whole coast was in a state of blockade by the combined fleets of England and Germany against the importation of arms and ammunition. The sale and purchase of the same articles were prohibited. Mombasa, being under English management, was still a peaceful, open port: yet, because of blockading restrictions, no arms or ammunition could be landed there without a special permit from the British Consul; and another document had to be obtained for the privilege of passing inland beyond the ten-mile limit of the littoral, which marked the boundary between the I. B. E. A. Company's actual concessions from the Sultan of Zanzibar and their sphere of influence beyond.

Owing to the courtesy and good will shown me, as the representative of a great American newspaper, by the British Consul-General, Col. Euan-Smith, the two latter difficulties were, as a matter of fact, less real than apparent; but, after all, the perfect freedom of other days was gone. Statements had to be made and intentions declared. There was now a chartered company in possession of the one available port outside the hostile area, which had the power to demand explanations and to forbid an expedition, if it willed.

This company was desirous of keeping everybody else out of the field in the matter of the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. It had invested a large sum

of money in the Stanley expedition, the great object of which, apart from the relief of the ex-Egyptian governor, was to secure for its exploitation the rich commercial field of the Equatorial Province, Uganda, Unyoro, and the Upper Nile territory. The promoters of the company and the chief patrons of the Emin Relief Expedition were to all intents and purposes one and the same, and it was fully recognized by them that the best interests of the former depended very largely on the success of the latter.

Three weeks passed by, and still no news of Stanley. My plan of campaign had been thoroughly studied and decided on. Even now I was reluctant to embark on a costly expedition, and yet it would be equally rash to delay active operations any longer. Oh, for some definite clue as to whether news of Stanley was actually on the way or not!

After giving the subject much thought, I determined to pursue a conservative policy for some time longer and adopt a middle course which would give me command of the field should rivals appear on the scene, and which could yet be carried out at a reasonable outlay. My decision was to organize the advance column of the expedition and proceed inland a couple of hundred miles from Mombasa, and, forming headquarters near Mount Kilimanjaro, await events for some weeks longer. If at the end of that time I felt justified in pushing on to the far interior, it would be simply a case of getting more men and goods up from Zanzibar and continuing on my way.

My determination to follow out this plan was strengthened and encouraged by the arrival from the

Kilimanjaro country of Dr. Abbott, who had spent a year up there collecting specimens to be presented to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. He had returned to the coast to bring his collection and to reorganize his caravan for another campaign in the same region. Much useful information was obtained from this gentleman, who, as it afterwards turned out, was to be the companion of my wanderings for several months. As he was going back at once, we could join forces to Kilimanjaro. We could both make our headquarters at Taveta, a friendly forest community at the southeast corner of the great snowy mountain that forms the most prominently interesting feature of East Equatorial Africa. At this point I could command three trade routes leading up toward the region in which the Stanley expedition had disappeared, and by knocking about with him and interviewing returning Arab and Swahili slave-traders I might possibly learn something about it.

At all events, this seemed by far the most sensible course to pursue and the one most likely to give results worth having. For one thing, I would gain experience, and be able to profit by it in fitting out the larger expedition, and in many ways this preliminary move would be of great advantage. With all caravans bound long distances into the interior from Pangani or Mombasa, Taveta is regarded as a very convenient first advance. All find it desirable to halt there for a certain length of time. One is still within touch, so to speak, of the coast. Here everything is overhauled, and any changes that may have been suggested by the journey from the coast are made. Here any mistakes that may

have been made in the organization and outfitting of a caravan may be rectified, and any important thing that has been overlooked or forgotten can, at a pinch, be got up from the coast before plunging into the wilds of Masai-land beyond, and if superfluities have been discovered they may be left there in perfect safety any length of time.

Here Thomson, when retreating from the menaces of the Sigarari Masai, obtained refuge for his demoralized followers for a couple of months, while he returned to Mombasa for more men and goods; and at Taveta, also, Count Teleki found it necessary to spend three months in the work of organization before undertaking his great journey to Suk and Elgumi.

The middle of March had arrived, and nothing had been heard of Stanley since the simultaneous and doubtful dispatches from St. Thomé and Zanzibar three months before. Dr. Abbott and myself having decided to join forces as far as Kilimanjaro, we determined to proceed to Mombasa.

One hundred and ten men had been engaged for us by our Zanzibar agent, and we learned that we should be able to secure as many more as we might want at the mission stations of Frere Town and Rabai when we reached the port of our departure for the interior.

Sacks of beads, bales of cloth, big coils of senengè (iron wire the size of telegraph wire), and lesser coils of fine and coarser copper wire, boxes of provisions, clothing, ammunition in tin-lined cases, tents for sleeping in and storing goods—all these were weighed, assorted, and covered with palm-fibre matting, each piece being reduced to sixty pounds weight, a porter's

load, and were piled up ready for shipment to Mombasa. By the courtesy of the British Consul-General our arms and ammunition had already preceded us aboard H. M. S. *Turquoise*, of the blockading squadron, and were now awaiting our orders at Mombasa.

Arab dhows were invented by His Most Satanic Majesty at some obscure period of the past for the purpose of trying white men's souls and tempting Christain tongues to sulphurous profanity. They are, beyond doubt, the most uncomfortable craft that ride the seas. Our dhow seemed built for the express purpose of diving under the first wave that might come along. Her stern pointed rakishly cloudward and her bow dipped toward the water like the toe of a shoe. Most dhows are so atrociously filthy that, as they pass you to windward, though a mile away, you will, if at all fastidious, do well to bury your nose in your handkerchief. But we had been fortunate in securing the services of a craft known in Zanzibar as the "mail dhow," because it is sometimes intrusted with the native mail between Zanzibar and Muscat. The mail dhow, besides a reputation for speed, had the redeeming feature of cleanliness. Pointing this out and waving a skinny hand at an incoming dhow, whose cargo of half-decayed shark polluted the air, by way of emphasizing his point, her ancient skipper demanded $300 for the trip. After no end of bargaining, however, we beat the old fellow down to a more reasonable price, and on the morning in question, our preparations being complete, we got the men and goods aboard and bid farewell to Zanzibar.

It has become a settled custom in Zanzibar to pay

porters engaged for an expedition into the interior three months' wages in advance. It is one of the most mischievous and annoying innovations that could possibly have been introduced. The money itself is nothing; that might as well be paid in advance as at any other time. But the system has called into existence a brood of artful dodgers who engage as porters for the sole purpose of receiving this advance pay and decamping at the first favorable opportunity with their guns. Many of these worthies have already become quite expert bounty-jumpers, receiving as the reward of perseverance in this slippery course three months' advance pay from first one white traveler and then another. Occasionally the outraged Msungu has the satisfaction of hearing that his agent has pounced on one of the delinquents and put him in the Zanzibar chain-gang for a term of weeks, and with this he must fain be content. The custom, as may be supposed, exerts a pernicious influence on the whole tribe of porters. The East African pegazi is a happy and irresponsible scamp at best, and to come forward willingly and work out three months' wages that he has already squandered in a few days and nights of riotous living is altogether too much to expect of one whose name is, or ought to be, "Unstability." Nothing but the fear of dire punishment prevents every Zanzibar porter who has received and squandered this advance leaving you in the lurch on the day of departure, and on the way up country the knowledge that he owes you three months' service is a standing temptation for him to desert. The system ought to be abolished. Its abolition would lessen the difficulties and annoyances of African travel one half,

WANYAMWEZI PORTERS.

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and would, moreover, be a benefit rather than a hardship to the men.

The Wanyamwezi are the only porters on whom the system does not seem to exert a pernicious influence. Instead of squandering their money in a few days' debauchery, these sensible men, whom the Zanzibaris despise as "washenzies," or uncivilized, bank it with the agent that books them until their return. In a few years they return to Unyamwezi comparatively wealthy men.

The day of our departure was fearfully hot. The tropic sun glared down into the stuffy dimensions of the dhow and heated her rude timbers like a furnace. We stood on the after-deck and called the roll of the expedition while the crew cleared away and hoisted sail. The indescribable "bouquet" from a hundred sweltering sons of Africa filled the vessel from stem to stern. Our dhow sported one enormous and apparently top-heavy lateen sail. With a vast expenditure of grunts and orders this sail was finally hoisted, and a scarcely perceptible breeze enabled us to tack slowly toward the north.

About noon a launch from a British blockader boarded us, and once during the night, which was brilliantly moonlit, a second Englishman overhauled us on a stern chase. Our singing, garrulous cargo, however, although slaves for the most part, were not the raw material, subject to confiscation, and drawing near enough to ascertain who we were, the big blockader passed on about her business.

Toward evening of the second day out Mombasa Island, distinguished by cocoa-palms and the rigging

of a man-of-war in the harbor, came in view. We were plunging at great speed, under the influence of a spanking breeze, through water startlingly shallow and of remarkable clearness. Coral reefs shone white beneath us and pointed up in huge, jagged masses so near the surface that we expected every minute to hear a crash and to see the dhow shivered to splinters against some bold submarine crag. With what seemed to us like a sublime faith in kismet the captain of the dhow steered his craft over these dangerous shoals without the aid of chart or compass. His blind faith, however, carried him through, for near sunset we swung round a bold point of shore, and skimming through an extremely narrow channel found ourselves inside the lovely, land-locked harbor of Mombasa. Our old friend H. M. S. *Turquoise* policed the harbor. She had, a few days before, run aground in the canal-like entrance.

And now, as we "lay to" and submit to a second overhauling of the mail dhow's papers, a word about Mombasa, the point selected for the departure of the expedition, will not be out of order. As our craft hove to and sandwiched herself in between various other specimens of her kind which were marshaled in disorderly array before the town, we looked about us and thought our eyes had seldom rested on a lovelier spot. The British Company had at least secured a noble harbor, whatever the value of their concession as a whole.

We were in a land-locked bay in which twenty steamships might find safe and easy anchorage. On the south side lay the town of Mombasa, the same unprepossessing jumble of dilapidated houses that characterize Eastern towns in general, but, like these also, present-

ing a fair enough picture when not too closely inspected. An element of the mediæval, and not a little picturesqueness, is imparted to the scene by the remains of an old Portuguese fort which occupies a position on a bold bluff overlooking and commanding the entrance to the harbor. The crenelated battlements of this venerable reminder of the Portuguese occupation of the sixteenth century is about the only interesting piece of architecture in Mombasa, though some affect to see this quality in certain remains of some old Persian houses that still exist.

On the north shore, opposite the city, a bold coral bluff rises from the water and describes an arc of a mile or thereabouts to the westward, where it terminates in the sandy beach and luxuriant vegetation of Frere Town. All around the precipitous shore is crowned with a continuous belt of cocoa-palms, and tropic creepers climb in profusion down its steep face to the water.

The flourishing C. M. S. mission settlement of Frere Town occupies the upper end of the harbor. It is separated from Mombasa, which is on an island, by a picturesque creek or inlet, which winds back a dozen miles toward the Rabai hills, and which, with its southern branch, separates Mombasa from the mainland. Frere Town is named in honor of Sir Bartle Frere and his memorable visit to Zanzibar to try and induce Seyyid Barghash to agree to the suppression of the slave trade in his dominions. The station is beautifully situated, and presents a charming picture of white houses, feathery palms, and dense mango groves, sloping gently up from a curved strip of beach.

Such, then, was Mombasa as we saw it and its immediate surroundings from the deck of our dhow. Its aspect and situation are not unworthy of its history, which has been somewhat interesting and at times quite stirring. As far back as the fourteenth century Mombasa—called by its inhabitants Mvita—was known to the Arabs as a flourishing and important place. Two centuries later it was visited by the celebrated voyager Vasco di Gama during his famous voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to India. Indeed, this venturesome navigator came near being shipwrecked on the very reefs over which our dhow had skimmed like a bird as we approached the entrance to its harbor.

Since those days the city has changed hands by the stormy fortunes of siege and assault some fifteen times. Portuguese, Arabs, Turks, and Swahilis have occupied and been ousted from it in turn. At length, in 1827, it came under the dominion of the Sultanate of Zanzibar, since which time its trade has steadily decayed and its importance diminished. Its latest transfer, however, will probably change its fortunes for the better once again. As the chief port of the I. B. E. A. Co.'s concession we may expect to see this interesting old town revive and flourish as it never did before, for the policy of the Company is to induce Hindis and Banyan traders to settle and do business in Mombasa. Trade and wealth follow in the wake of these keen business emigrants as an infallible law of commercial gravitation.

Obtaining leave from the missionaries to make our camp beneath a spreading mango grove in Frere Town, we pitched our tent and made ourselves comfortable until the coming of the first monsoon rains, before

which the journey inland across the wilderness for the first five or six days would be impossible. A season of drought had been followed, as is often the case, by unusual delay in the breaking of the monsoon. Rain must come to fill the pools on the trail between the coast and the mountains of Teita before any caravan could proceed up country, and, however impatient to be off, its advent must be waited for.

The drought delayed us at Frere Town ten days, but the time did not hang heavily on our hands. We found plenty to do. If our evenings and leisure hours were those of Arcadians and the moonlight nights within our arboreal camp gloriously tropical, our days were full of the work and worry of preparation. Sixty more men had to be recruited, and our rabble of Zanzibaris had to be daily fed and kept out of mischief.

Every morning the roll was called and ration, or posho, issued to each man. Regularly as the crowing of the cocks, in the huts of the Wangwana round about us rung out every morning the cry of "posho, posho!" as we endeavored to infuse some idea of promptness and order in the minds of the men.

To stir up the sluggish blood of the Zanzibar porter and get him to take an interest in something beyond the wants of his own stomach and kindred gratifications has been tried, I suppose, by every African traveler. All have failed. They have virtues, however; and they are cheaply fed when food is to be obtained. Eight pice per day was considered princely generosity in ration money at Frere Town. Our men, after receiving this amount in the morning, used to go swaggering about Mombasa with the air of men accustomed to having

plenty of money. The high-rollers of the expedition, after squandering four pice on food, would get gloriously drunk on the remainder. Drunken men came reeling into camp, and occasionally some got into mischief in Mombasa and we heard of them being incarcerated in the jail or serving time in the chain-gang. These we had to get released, and all shortcomings had to be overlooked, for at this stage of the game the men were slippery as eels, and at any show of severity would have deserted like rats from a ship.

Aside from the cares and worry of keeping our men in hand, life passed pleasantly enough in the mission station. Food was abundant. We reveled on chickens and sweet potatoes, and drank the milk of cocoanuts instead of water, which was rather bad. The native life was new and interesting to me, though more familiar to my companion. We were in a settlement of freed slaves. Rescued boys now grown to men, and women and children captured aboard slave dhows by British men-of-war, form the population of Frere Town. Land has been acquired by the Church Mission Society and divided into little plots for the maintenance of the older refugees. The children are taught in the mission schools.

These freed slaves form a curious and interesting community. Here one sees types of every tribe in East and Central Africa, from the near-by Wa-Teita to the distant races beyond the Victoria Nyanza. The older people, of course, retain something of the manners and customs of their several tribes, and on occasions of merry-making, or almost any evening, may be seen, under the shade of the same grove, dances and barbarous drumming peculiar to tribes a thousand miles apart.

CHAPTER II.

RABAI TO TEITA.

RAINS having come we determined, on March 26, to move inland to the mision station of Rabai, as our start into the wilderness would be from that point.

A day of bustling preparation at Rabai, and general overhauling, together with the enrollment of more recruits, and on Friday, March 29, the expedition was ready to march. And as it files out past the rude mud and thatch dwellings of the Wa-nyika and freed slaves of the Rabai Mission settlement, a glance at its composition and personnel may be of passing interest to the reader.

Let us see what it is composed of. At Frere Town and Rabai we had enlisted sixty men, thus swelling our total to one hundred and seventy. They are, to judge from outward appearances, as bloodthirsty and ferocious a band as ever marched with Morgan the buccaneer at the sacking of Panama. If a casual acquaintance, ignorant of their real character, you would fancy them afraid of nothing, and, with their Sniders and Winchester repeaters jauntily slung at their backs or carried in one hand, invincible among the savages of the interior.

That elderly man starting at the head of the column with the American flag floating proudly from a bamboo pole is the kirangozi or guide. His name is Saburi

(Patience), and you can see, by the amount of lead in his heels and the expression of sweet, cat-in-the-sunshine repose on his face, that his name is most appropriate indeed. Although he doesn't know the way any better than you do, who have never been in Africa, he applied for the position of kirangozi to dodge carrying a load. Every man in the caravan would have asked for it, too, if there had been any chance of getting it. It is a sort of ornamental position, much coveted, because there is little to do and a chance to pose as a person of some importance. We gave it to Saburi because he was the oldest man in the caravan. Age, among Africans, carries respect, though dullness, rather than wisdom, comes often with riper years.

That frisky young man in a striped shirt, who is shouting some outlandish jargon and trying his best to start a marching song, is Kipandi Changuru (a piece of fish), a Mnyamwezi slave, owned in Zanzibar.

That string of twenty-five nearly naked and very dark-skinned porters following behind him are Wanyamwezi freemen. Their homes are at Unyanyembe, or Tabora, in far Unyamwezi, the Land of the Moon, through which the southern route to Ujiji passes from Bagamoyo. They have come down to Zanzibar with some Arab ivory trader and have taken service in the white man's caravan, knowing that his yoke is easy and his pay good. They are all carrying bales of cloth, loads which they prefer to boxes and which they generally manage to secure. They fasten the bales in forked sticks, the stem of which forms a prop to assist in setting down or shouldering the load. They carry their loads on the shoulder, while

the rest of the men prefer to carry on the head. They are less civilized than the Zanzibaris. Many of them wear a few coils of iron wire on the ankles, a bit of copper wire around the neck or a few beads threaded in the hair, by way of ornament. The hostility of the Zanzibaris compels them to form a clique or section of the caravan by themselves, and from first to last they will be seen strung out in even line, one man a couple of yards behind another, though the rest of the porters may be scattered along the trail for miles. They are the steadiest and most reliable men in the caravan. They are used to hard fare and loads of a hundred pounds in the service of the Arabs of Unyanyambe. Their weak points are their inability to swim a stream and their timidity in the presence of hostile savages. To do them justice, however, in the latter particular, they do not desert at the prospect of danger ahead, as the Zanzibaris, who claim to be more courageous, will not hesitate to do. They will not take service in a caravan where Somali askari are employed, as the latter, being fanatical Mohammedans, delight in knocking them about. They have no religion beyond the usual fetichism of the African savage.

Behind the Wanyamwezi come three Waganda slaves. Hamis Mganda has set up as the wit of the caravan. Before starting out he sent all into a roar of laughter by refusing to accept a gun, and waving his knob-stick aloft declared himself better armed against the Masai than anybody. This bit of bravado was very near the truth, for nine-tenths of these negroes would be better armed with cudgels than with Sniders.

Yon fellow, who is reeling with his load, unable to

walk straight under the influence of another "load" within, is Mambo (The Crocodile). He is a Zanzibari, and before the confines of Rabai are reached he flings his load to the ground, smashes his calabash, and in husky tones announces his intention to desert. His chum, Kiboko (The Hippopotamus), and Dudu (The Insect), follow his example. It is only the tembo, or fermented sap of the cocoa-palm, however, that is acting and talking so boldly on this occasion.

Next comes Ismael Pishi, our cook. Heaven help us! Did ever you see such a blank, vacant countenance, such a facial mien of doughy bread, burned roasts and muddy coffee since the day you were born?

We have no time to think about such trifles as dyspeptic fare, however, for the yard of the house, kindly given over to us for the day by the Rev. Mr. Morris, is fast turning into a pandemonium. Shall we ever be able to restore order and get the main body of the porters started? What a rabble they are, to be sure! Early as is the hour, half of them are intoxicated. Most of the Frere Town and Rabai men are hiding in the houses of their friends, meaning to linger till the last moment over pots of palm-toddy, or vaguely hoping to give us the slip entirely.

What a morning of drunken, riotous confusion in the mission settlement it was, that last hour in the shadow of such civilization as the Zangian coast can show! Palm-toddy flowed like water. The Rabai hills are covered with cocoa-palms, and tembo was hawked about among our already fuddled crew at one pice a cup. Men could get gloriously drunk for a penny. Fights and squabbles over the possession of the lighter loads

occupied us for hours. To attempt to restore order was to waste time on an impossibility. Not until Rabai was left behind and the fumes of its tembo had left the childish brains of these black imps could we hope to get them in anything like control.

At length the loads were all portioned out, and the Sniders and Winchesters distributed, and with such singing, yelling and shouting as one might expect from the same number of lunatics the yard was cleared. All Rabai turned out to shout its farewells to the porters, and friends were inveigled into the huts to indulge in yet another parting gourd of tembo. Our bales and boxes were littered about the streets, where drunken porters had flung them down and run away to skulk and dodge for a while longer the duty of pulling out. Abbott and the head-men remained to hunt these laggards up and to clear the town of the reluctant wretches, who, if left to themselves, would skulk for hours, and perhaps not come at all.

The larger part of the caravan, however, is now on the road, and so I push ahead. The young man trotting at my heels is my boy, Alfred Christopher. While camped at Frere Town there came to our tent one afternoon a very black and odd-looking youth. His eyes were sunk in his head so deep that nothing was to be seen of them but two black, beady pupils, and on his left temple was a huge scar that shone like a surface of patent leather. He took off his hat and cocked his ears forward, and said "Good-morning, sir." The hat and the "good-morning, sir," proclaimed the mission boy of Fere Town. The ears were not only fine, large, promising ears, but in moments when their owner was

interested in anything they positively cocked forward and expanded visibly. In such moments Alfred always seemed to me to retreat perilously near to that evolutionary line which distinguished him from an orang-outang. Our visitor evidently had something of importance to communicate, but hardly knew how to begin so as to make the best impression. He stood for a moment toying with a rude sling, with which he had been shying stones at trees.

"I can kill a Masai with this, sir," at length he said, breaking into an expansive grin.

"Why, you brave young man! Kill a Masai, eh! I see the missionaries have been teaching you the story of David and Goliah. Let's see if you can hit that tree."

No, he couldn't hit the tree, but if there were a big crowd of foes bunched up together he was sure he could hit one of them.

"Well, where did you come from—where did the missionaries get you from—up a tree?"

"No, sir, Kavirondo."

"Egypt," spoke up Ali, our Zanzibar table-boy,—who knew no more of Egypt than of the moon, except that he had heard it mentioned.

"Yes, sir, Egypt," echoed Alfred.

"But which—Egypt or Kavirondo?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose you were captured on a dhow, eh?"

"Yes, sir, in the hot sea" (Indian Ocean).

"The hot sea—are you sure?"

"Yes, sir, or else the cold sea" (Victoria Nyanza).

"But which—hot or cold."

"Lots of bananas grow there, sir."

"What, in the sea?"

This was too complicated for the modern David, however, who couldn't follow a train of thought more than a couple of stages without a vast expenditure of time and patience on the part of his questioner.

A boy who could talk English and Ki-Swahili was what I had been looking out for, so, independent of his extraordinary abilities as a fighter, I engaged Alfred Christopher. His duty on the march was to carry my waterproof coat, water-bottle, and spare rifle, and to always be within call. After the first three days I never knew him to be within a mile of me when it came on to rain, when I was thirsty, or when there was anything to be shot. About once a week waterproof, canteen, or gun-cover would be left somewhere on the road, and as he was generally at the tail end of the caravan while I was in the lead, the article would not be missed until he meandered into camp, when men would have to be sent back for it. Moreover, instead of being the brave and warlike individual of his own representations, he turned out as timid and panicky as a hare in March. But he could speak English and was fairly intelligent as an interpreter between myself and the men, and so came in useful at times.

As we push on with rapid stride we overtake first one section of our caravan and then another. In addition to our own men are a number of Wa-Teita savages, who have, like us, been waiting for the rains. They are returning home from a visit to Mombasa, and for safety attach themselves to us. Some of the porters have hired them for a yard or two of cloth to assist in carrying their loads as far as they are going.

CHAPTER III.

THE MARCH TO TAVETA.

AT last we are clear of Rabai, for those persons bringing up the rear are Hamis, the winyumpari or headman, and Kilimbili (The Wrist), his assistant. Much depends on the head man of a caravan, and we are a little anxious, for we have not yet had an opportunity to put Hamis to the test.

And now you have seen the last of the caravan file into the wilderness, I can almost hear your comments. "A queer lot," I fancy would be your most reserved and cautious judgment as you feel thankful that they have, at least, turned their backs on the tembo-gourds of Rabai.

They are indeed far more "queer" than you imagine. There is hardly one, outside the Wanyamwezi, who is not abominably lazy, and as for courage, the very word "Masai" makes the boldest porter among them think of deserting. A flock of sheep suspicious of wolves ahead is fairly descriptive of them from the standpoint of courage; though, to do them justice, it is only the Masai they are so afraid of. Most of the tribes are as timid as themselves, and if they tremble with fear of the warlike El-Moran, they will even matters up by lording it over the poorly armed and less combative people we shall visit.

Almost before we had left the confines of Rabai we

were in the wilderness, or Nyika. The fringe of fields is a mere ribbon of rudely cultivated soil along the coast at this point, and with startling abruptness the palms degenerated into skeleton specimens here and there, stunted and non-productive—vegetable failures. For any evidence to the contrary about, we might have already een hundreds of miles from the coast, although the music of the surf was plainly audible. Marching for a couple of hours, we formed camp in a location called M-watchie, and spent the remainder of the day in pulling our caravan together, distributing cartridges, and teaching the head-men and the more intelligent of the porters how to manipulate the Winchester repeaters. This was no slight task. We learned early enough the mistake of placing good guns in the hands of African porters. Old Tower muskets are the proper weapons to arm these people with, or some strong and simple breech-loader like the English Snider. The chief use of a gun in their hands is to make a noise.

Beyond M-watchie we marched through a country of pleasing aspect, of grass and budding acacias. But a week before the whole country had been parched and barren, black where it had been burned, and gray and equally forbidding to the eye where it had escaped the fire. The tufts of parched grass crumbled into powder beneath the tread, and spiral columns of dust careered and swirled in all directions. Perhaps no piece of country in the world better merited the name it bears—the Nyika, or wilderness. In this same Nyika, however, a few showers of rain work wonders. Within the week, the tardy monsoons we had waited for at Frere Town completely transformed it.

With abundant rations of rice and odorous shark, our men were in good spirits, and the long line of porters following in Indian file the tortuous path, carrying on their heads boxes, bales, tents and baggage, sang and shouted noisily, frightening away the timid hartebeests which now and then were already to be seen in the parks.

Our Wanyamwezi, marching together in the same regular order as yesterday, struck up a vociferous and truly African refrain, while the rest of the caravan sang the chorus. No matter how hot the day or how tired his limbs, the porter seems always ready to split his throat in singing and shouting. For this or for dancing he seldom gets too tired. The Wanyamwezi are noted shouters. They commenced a song in praise of the white man, and many joined in heartily.

"Great is the Mzungu! Woh! woh!" sung the melodists from the Land of the Moon.

"Woh! woh! woh! the Mzu-n-gu-u-u! woh!" chorused the caravan.

"The Mzungu is great! woh!"

"Woh! woh! woh! the Mzu-n-g-u-u! woh!"

"Great is the Mericani (Dr. Abbott, who is widely known by that title among the natives of East Central Africa) woh!"

"Woh! woh! woh! the Mericani! woh!"

"Our food is rice and fish! woh!"

"Woh! woh! woh! rice and fish!!"

"Woh!! our food is rice and fish!!"

"Great is the Mzungu! woh!"

"Woh! woh! woh! the Mzungu! woh!"

"He gives us rupees! rupees!"

"Woh! woh! woh! he gives us rupees! rupees! woh!"

This is hardly a literal translation, but is a fair interpretation of the ideas on which the changes were rung again and again until throats became too hoarse or thirsty to continue any longer.

During the forenoon we crossed the dreaded Gombe Nullah (Cattle Creek), the scene of a recent Masai attack on a caravan. This nullah is a slight depression or dip in the wilderness.

Owing to the depredations of the Masai, the weaker and less warlike tribes of this part of Africa lead a life of constant apprehension. They are compelled to make their homes in the depths of some dense forest tract or on a mountain. In these fastnesses, armed with bows and poisoned arrows, they manage to elude extermination, the possibility of which dire fate is ever before them. Narrow passages through the dense jungle of cacti, thorny aloes, and wait-a-bits, form the only approaches to the homes of small agricultural tribes, like the Wa-Duruma. Naked savages like the Masai, armed with spear and shield, can do nothing against a hidden enemy, skillful with bow and arrow, and who knows every crook and turn in the prickly maze of his defenses. But their scant herds, grazing under guard in the near-by glades, are ever in danger of being wrested from them, and what with Masai marauders on the one hand and famine ever theatening them on the other, the Wa-Duruma may be said to lead a decidedly precarious existence. Every few years famine overtakes them and numbers die or sell themselves into slavery to save their lives.

There had not been any rain yet at Sambura, three marches from Rabai, and we were confronted by a regular water-famine. There was a scant supply somewhere in the deep recesses of the forest; but no amount of bargaining nor persuading would induce the Wa-Duruma to reveal its location. They had us at a disadvantage, and by and by we were buying bad water from them for a caravan of one-hundred and seventy thirsty souls at the rate of about a rupee a gallon!

After buying had commenced some two hundred savages emerged from the forest, bringing chickens, little dabs of rancid butter in leaves, and gourds of water to sell. Our camp quickly became a very pandemonium of trade. I was deeply interested in witnessing for the first time the queer scenes of an African market. And what a market it was, to be sure! How the Wa-Duruma savages laughed and screeched as they haggled and bargained with the porters over the price of a patriarchal rooster or an egg with a chicken in it! Surely they must all be crazy, and the person who believed all uncivilized people to be insane must have spent an evening at Sambura and seen these same savages, their bodies plastered with an odorous mixture of grease and ochre, laughing and whooping like commercial maniacs over the price of a skinny fowl or a gourd of water. Many of the porters had brought from Zanzibar pieces of cloth or a few strings of beads, and with these they bought such luxuries as chickens and addled eggs to increase their day's rations to a gourmet's feast.

Our men were happy, as negroes always are, when their immediate wants are supplied, and in the early

PORTERS BUYING FOOD.

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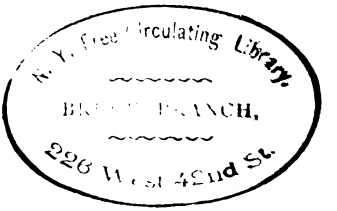

morning we found some of them washing their faces in our high-priced water, under the impression that we were going to buy more to fill their gourds for the second time. Several had deserted with their guns during the night, rascals who had joined the expedition for the advance pay and the chance of making off with a gun, and having touched lip to the hardships of the Nyika, many others in plaintive tones talked of a retreat to Rabai.

At Taro we found, fortunately, plenty of water in several curious round, well-like holes in masses of rock. These rocks are on the top of Taro Hill, and the circular holes, or "ungurunga," as our Wa-Teita contingent called them, are worthy of mention as curious natural phenomena. The "ungurunga" of Taro Hill are a source of wonderment even to the unreflecting porter. The holes are anywhere from two to four feet in diameter and from four to twelve deep, and such is their uniformity of outline that it seems almost impossible that they should be nature's sole handiwork. Thomson thinks that both man and nature had a hand in their construction; that water and the chemical action of decayed vegetation first decomposed the coarse sandstone in which they are found and formed small hollows in which water lodged; thirsty men systematically cleared out the sand to make the holes deeper, and thus the process has gone on and on until the little holes have developed into the remarkable reservoirs that now supply whole caravans with abundant water. This seems a very probable explanation. However, for an idle experiment, I asked my boy Christopher how there came to be water-cisterns on the summits of these huge

boulder-like rocks—who made them? I had put the same question to him in regard to white-ant hills the day before. His answer in both cases was that of a mission-taught negro, "Jesus made them."

Although I believe this youth would have made the same reply in regard to my gun or lead-pencil, thinking to make a good impression by so answering, it was nevertheless a sage enough reply in the matter of the curious cisterns of Taro Hill.

From Taro, the hardest and most trying march of the up-country journey lay before us, the long, dreary march to Maungu, the prospect of which always fills the porter with dread. Mindful of the improvidence of our men, we superintended the filling of every calabash in camp, and exhorted the porters to drink and soak and drink again, until, like human sponges, every pore should be ready to ooze moisture. The men laughed. They were not thirsty. Drink more than we want? Ha-ha-ha! Whoop! Fill our calabashes? Water is heavy to carry, but the way is long; yes, everybody fill their kibuyu. The frightful waste ahead had been crossed before by many of the porters, and so all, as willingly as these people ever do anything in advance of their necessities, added to their loads a calabash of water. Making an early start we stepped out briskly, traversing during the forenoon a pleasant, undulating country of open parks. Hopes had been entertained that we might find water in a hole called "Thomson Ziwa," where the traveler of that name had found a little liquid mud. No such luck awaited us, however. The day was fearfully hot, and when we reached the Ziwa and called a halt to rest the weary

men we found that many of them had already gulped down the water that was to tide them over a two days' tug through the heat and glare of as desolate a piece of country as ever tried men's powers of endurance.

We pushed on, and at any hour of the afternoon might be seen porters flinging down their loads and begging a sup of water from the gourds of the more provident as they straggled in a long, broken file toward Maungu. I was in the lead, and forged ahead through the forbidding wilderness of gray thorn-trees and hard red soil till dark, then camped. Guns were fired to encourage the flagging column of laden men to persevere on to this point, for the caravan was stretched back along the tortuous path for fully two miles. No tents were pitched nor cooking attempted on that weary night. As the porters staggered into camp in various stages of exhaustion they flung down their loads and stretched their tired frames beside them. Some came to us actually crying like children for water, as though we, like Moses, had the power to produce it by striking at a rock; or they tottered like drunken men among the prostrate forms, seeking some comrade from whom to beg enough water to moisten their parched throats. Knowing it would come to this, we had reserved several gourdsful, and were thus able to dole out homœopathic doses of water to those who had none left.

But it would have taken a hogsheadful to have satisfied the cravings of the whole caravan. Men are never so thirsty and eager for water as when there is none to be had. Its absence certainly intensifies the desire,

and for hours groans and childish pleadings for "maji, maji!" disturbed our fitful slumbers.

Fagged out as all were, it would never do to halt too long, as the water was still many a dreary mile ahead. At one o'clock we roused up the still weary porters, and by the dim starlight continued our march. That night march through the weird Nyika to Maungu will not soon be forgotten. At times our way seemed more like a tunnel or burrow through the thickets of acacias and wait-a-bits than an open path. Seldom indeed could it be called the latter. Loaded as they were, and in the dark, the wretched porters had constantly to stoop beneath overhanging branches or force their way through dense patches of thorns. Now and then the snaky festoons of the barbed euphorbia drooping across the path, would bring one up with a round turn, or jerk a box off a porter's head. As we picked our way through this dismal expanse of country the amenities of the situation were scarcely improved by the roaring of a pair of lions, who seemed to be following us along at no great distance to the left. "Simba, simba," (lion) was passed along in awesome tones from one frightened porter to another, as we hurried forward as best we could. It was evident that the monarchs of the African bush were deeply interested in the long line of human pack-animals creeping in the darkness past their haunts. Many expected that some straggler would surely fall a victim to the lions before morning. But morning broke at length and the lions ceased their roaring, nor had their majesties the doubtful luxury of a Zanzibar porter for breakfast.

Soon we heard a joyful shout of "maji! maji!"

ahead, and hurrying forward we found that the foremost men had discovered a small hole of water which the herds of game had trampled into liquid mud. Objectionable as the mixture was there was moisture in it, and the men, scooping handfuls of it into their loincloths, wrung and sucked out the water. Hastening forward, now that it was daylight, I reached the foot of Maungu Mountain about one o'clock, with feet so badly blistered that for the rest of the journey to Taveta I could hardly hobble along. The water at Maungu was scarce and bad; a sorry enough reward it seemed for what we had undergone to reach it. Nor was it to be had for the asking even now. It was hidden in a natural rock reservoir on the very summit of the hill, and before we could moisten our parched throats we had to scale the rocks 2000 feet. The rear of the caravan was miles back when Abbott and I reached water, and as our Wa-Teita contingent came in we hired them to return with gourds of water to help along the more distressed. All day long exhausted men came staggering in by ones, twos, and threes. All arrived by nightfall, however, and a day's rest and extra posho were granted as compensation for the toils of the Maungu march. From our elevated camp at the foot of Maungu Mountain we could look back for fifty miles over the level wastes of the Nyika and also forward and see our next camping spot at the foot of Ndara Hill. At our next point we would find the first inhabited district since leaving our sharp commercial friends, the Wa-Duruma. Maungu, Ndara, Kisigau, and other points in Teita, here form a curious chain of island mountains, rising boldly from the broad, gray ocean

of the Nyika, which extends in level wastes all about them.

Having rested and recovered ourselves, on Friday, April 23, we marched on to Ndara Hill, passing through fields of maize at its base, which the Wa-Sagalla women descend the mountain daily to cultivate. On this hill we found a station of the Church Missionary Society, an advanced post of the Frere Town Mission. The incumbent of the station is the Rev. Mr. Wray, who has held the fort here for several years. Men with goods for Mr. Wray had accompanied our caravan from Rabai, and our arrival in camp was signaled by the appearance of that gentleman himself, bearing a present of cabbages and carrots, vegetables that have been found to flourish very well in his elevated garden on the mountain.

Mr. Wray has striven for seven long years to gain the confidence of the natives of Ndara, and to get boys from them to train up in the way Africans should go, but all to no purpose. They resist the influence of his exemplary life, and edge away from him when he broaches the subject of the Christian religion. They persist in suspecting him of sinister designs toward themselves, although he has, over and over again, played Lord Bountiful among them with C. M. S. rice from the coast in times of famine, and saved many of them from starving to death. They accept his rice, and then, as soon as their stomacks are full, they commence plotting against his peace and safety once again. At times his position has been anything but pleasant. Ndara is chronically subject to famine, and when the rains fail and the crops begin to wither the wise men

of the tribes assemble and demand an explanation of their Mzungu resident. They accuse him of practicing witch-craft and of prejudicing the powers of the air against them. Sometimes they refuse to sell the lone missionary food; anon they order him to remain shut up in his own house, stationing bowmen with poisoned arrows to enforce the order, and, taken all in all, they play with him as wantonly as ever cat played with mouse.

From Ndara the brow of a hill revealed, after fifteen miles, the cultivated valley of the Matate Creek, nestling among the Teita hills, with hundreds of women working in the fields.

Pitching our tent and firing guns to summon the natives to hold a market, we issued cloth to the men, and the scenes of traffic and barter at Sambura were here repeated, though all the afternoon the rain came down in torrents. Men who, in their extremity, three days before, would have bartered a year of their lives for water, now had a surfeit of it thrust upon them whether they would or no.

Though they descend daily to the valley to cultivate their fields, the Wa-Teita all live high upon the steep slopes of their mountains. Only in these mountain fastnesses can they bid defiance to those terrors of East Central Africa, the Masai raiders, and to prevent their scant herds being wrested from them they pasture them, not in the magnificent parks we had traversed on the road from Ndara, but on the summits of the mountains above the villages and banana plantations. As their mountains, from our outlook at Maungu, suggested rocky islets, and the broad levels of the Nyika

the sea, so now the Wa-Teita seemed to me to be seals, clambering up these rocks to escape the ravages of sharks, the latter being represented, not inaptly, by the dreaded war-parties of Masai, who are constantly coming and going.

As we had supplied our men liberally with cloth to trade for food, and were remaining a day for purposes of traffic, the Wa-Teita celebrated the occasion by turning out in their most gorgeous costumes. Young women came strutting proudly into our camp with certainly not less than thirty or forty pounds of beads, of various bright colors, disposed about their persons. As the ladies of Western Asia carry about in the form of jewels and gold coins their husband's surplus wealth, so the belles of Teita burden, and, at the same time, decorate themselves with their little all in beads.

The weight of beads they carry and the manner in which they are worn must be exceedingly uncomfortable. But they care no more for comfort where fashion is concerned than do the ladies of Paris or New York. The savage belle is, in fact, always a greater votary of fashion than her civilized sister. If Miss Fashionplate of America converts herself into a wasp and the Golden Lily of China discards her feet at the dictates of fashion, rest assured that the dark daughters of the Savage Continent act well up to their lights in the same direction. But the M-Teita belle does nothing very absurd. There are no holes bored in her lips, nor is her well-oiled body disfigured by tattooing as are the women of many savage peoples. She files her front teeth to a sharp point, which leads you to draw irreverent comparisons between her knowing smile and the jaws of a rat-trap.

Her chin is elevated like a British soldier's by the enormous collar of beads she wears, and various other little peculiarities reveal themselves to our eyes or our nostrils as she poses before our tent to be admired; but with all this, she is neither a human wasp nor a person who has to be carried pick-a-back from having destroyed her feet.

But let us endeavor to draw a picture of her, as near as one may in mere words.

In the first place, you see nothing of a fashionable M-Teita woman's neck. The whole contour from chin to collar-bone is filled out with a bulky roll of hundreds of strings of many-colored beads that elevates the chin and impedes the movements of the head. Forty or fifty other and longer strings, suspended from each shoulder, cross between the breasts, forming a bandolier that seemed to us as much of a burden as an ornament. Another huge coil encircles the waist, or in some instances, instead of innumerable strings, a bead belt of curious pattern and neat design. One would think this were beads enough to satisfy even the most bead-loving African damsel. But even these massive accumulations fall short of perfection in the eye of the M-Teita belle. Wherever there is room about her person to bestow a bead, there, rest assured, will the bead be found, if she has enough to go round. The head is shaved so as to leave a circular patch of wool on the crown, about three inches in diameter. A broad band, or coronet, of beads encircles and covers this shaven part, and the hair of the crown is gathered and twisted into hundreds of tiny strings, on each of which is threaded a red, white, blue or green bead. Hoops of

beads threaded on wire adorn the ears; neat cuff-like bands of the same bright articles encircle arms and legs; and, indeed, the very fig-leaf, with which her simple soul satisfies the requirements of decency, is a tiny apron of beads, fringed and embellished by a border of tiny iron chains of Chaga workmanship.

But the most curious object about the M-Teita ladies' costume, and which was seen by us on the women of no other tribe, is observed from a back view. Suspended from the beads around her waist is a piece of goatskin, patterned after an exaggerated swallow-tail, the pointed extremities of which descend to the calves and flap jauntily about her legs as she walks. It is needless to add that this strange garment also is adorned with beads.

The Wa-Teita men are not entitled to the same amount of space as their more interesting wives and sisters. Like them they file the teeth, but they are, on the whole, a rather inferior tribe of men for East Africa, where fine types prevail. They are a thoroughly bad lot, as may be supposed from their stubborn resistance to the good intentions of the Rev. Mr. Wray for the space of seven years. They are armed with bows and arrows, and long simès, or swords, which they obtain in trade from the blacksmiths of Chaga or the coast tribes. They poison their arrows with poison obtained from some tree in Gyriama. The warriors are not deficient in courage of the African sort. Like all other tribes round about, however, they fear the Masai, though they have sometimes had the luck to beat them in battle. Whenever they kill a Masai they mince his heart and sprinkle it about their mountain to

give them courage. They are full of absurd superstitions.

The only thing they seem to regard with veneration is that vegetable monstrosity of the African wilderness, the baobab. Why they venerate it the Rev. Mr. Wray couldn't tell. But one day a lion invaded their mountains and killed several cows. The sages of the tribe assembled, as usual, to talk the matter over and to try and discover why the lion visited them rather than their neighbors, Mr. Wray's flock. They decided, after much expenditure of wisdom, that it was because they had, a week or so before, cut down a baobab, and so, by way of propitiation, they with much ceremony set matters right by planting several young trees of the same variety.

The Wa-Teita are not governed by chiefs, but in every village are elders, whose authority is, in some degree, recognized and respected by the younger men. The only hold these worthy ancients have over the rising generation, however, are the reins of superstition. The young people are brought up to believe their elders capable of working magic, producing rain, etc., and they fear and respect them accordingly. The efforts of the elders in these matters always fail, but they manage to hoodwink the rising generation until the latter arrive at a certain age, when they in turn begin to pose as medicine men and elders, and so the strange cycle of youthful credulity on the one hand and crafty old age on the other goes round and round among these curious people, and some semblance of government is maintained.

Marrying among the Wa-Teita, as with most African

tribes, is simply a question of purchasing the bride from her parents. The price of one of those oleaginous and bead-bejeweled damsels (presumably beads and all) is three to four cows. Bovines are scarce in Teita, however, thanks to their evil genii, the bellicose El-Moran (Masai warrior), and so, because he cannot afford to pay for a bride, the Wa-Teita warrior sometimes marries his near relative.

If he gets an unrelated bride, the coy damsel, in accordance with an ancient custom of the tribe, affecting to flee from the consummation of her own happiness, runs away and hides in the hut of some distant relative.

Collecting his friends and armed with the search warrant of time-honored custom, the groom then enters and searches house after house where he fancies his bride may be concealed. At length the shrinking maiden is discovered amid much boisterous merriment and is hauled triumphantly from her hiding-place. Four of the groom's assistants, seizing them each an arm or leg, now carry her off to her new home.

A short march from Matate, and a waterless tract as wide as that of Maungu now lay before us; but none shrunk from it, for the marching is easy, and the open plain comparatively cool and breezy. Moreover, we were now on the homestretch to Taveta, a forest community, which is, in the opinions of the porters, a paradise second only to Zanzibar itself; though wherein the latter place resembles an abode of bliss would be hard for an European to say. Far different from the wilderness of thorns and heat we had been traversing from the coast was the Lanjora Plain. The elevation had

steadily increased, and we were now 2000 feet above sea level. Except for scattering mimosas, with curious flat tops, the country very much resembled the rolling prairies of Nebraska. So open was it that we of the advance could stand on one swell and, looking back, see the long broken line of porters stretched out for two or three miles back. On this plain, too, we first began to see herds of game.

Halting awhile at noon to close up the ranks, we pushed steadily on till sunset, then camped in the open plain. While forming camp some of the men pointed out in triumph, to the west, a white, gleaming patch of snow, that seemed, like Mohamet's coffin, to be suspended betwixt earth and heaven. It was the snow-clad peak of Kilimanjaro, revealed to us for a few minutes through a break in the clouds. The strange revelation seemed like a beckoning hand to the weary caravan, as we lay down to sleep, and we were up and astir betimes in the morning.

Kilimanjaro stands unique among the notable mountains of the earth. For many years the existence of a snowy mountain in Equatorial Africa had been talked of, but until 1848 the affair was shrouded in mystery. In that year the German missionary Rebmann, while wandering inland from Mombasa, was startled by the same mysterious gleam of white among the clouds we have just seen. The pious missionary is said to have fallen on his knees and recited the 111th Psalm, quite overcome by the grandeur of the revelation. He was the first European to actually discover this monarch of African mountains, though rumors of its existence reached the Portuguese during their occupation of

Mombasa, as early as the sixteenth century. It was spoken of in those days as "Mount Olympus." Later the mountain was seen from a distance by Rebmann's fellow-missionary, Krapf; but although these pioneers of the Gospel made known their great discovery, the sages of Europe shook their heads. "A mountain with perpetual snow in East Equatorial Africa?" said the learned gentlemen of the geographical societies. "Impossible!"

In 1861, however, Baron von der Decken, a Hanoverian traveler, made an expedition to Kilimanjaro, surveyed part of the mountain, and removed all doubts as to its existence. Thirty years ago, then, may be set down as the date at which this mountain, grander and higher than Ararat, was revealed without reserve to the wondering geographers of this late day. Yet, as we have seen, it is but a scant two hundred miles from the coast and no great difficulties in the way of reaching it.

It was yet early on the following day when the scattering mimosas of the Lanjora Plain gradually thickened into dense jungle; and soon the long line of the caravan was disappearing from view in what might aptly be termed a small and winding tunnel of prickly vegetation. We had reached the defenses that nature had provided for one of the strangest communities of East Africa. As Dr. Abbott was already acquainted with the elders and people of Taveta, he led the way. I waited to see the last porter disappear in the thorny labyrinth, and then followed. The place we had now reached was the forest community of Taveta, at the foot of Kilimanjaro.

The end of our winding tunnel brought us to a

"gate," a tremendous barrier of thorns and logs. A square opening in the center, like the embrasure of a fortress, admitted us, one at a time, by squeezing and tugging through the loads. Banana fronds, instead of the thorny and skeleton branches of the wilderness, now waved above our heads. Beneath the shade of these luxuriant plants dusky warriors stood leaning on their spears, and women and young girls, leaving their labor in the fields, came hurrying forward to gratify their curiosity about the new arrivals, bearing in hand their clumsy native jembes.

The warrior dandies of Taveta were something of an improvement, at all events in picturesqueness, to the Wa-Teita. In them we saw what might be termed humble understudies of the El-Moran of Masai-land, the cattle-lifting warriors they so much feared, and whose presence seems to dominate this entire region. Unlike the magnificent El-Moran, however, who disdains all food save beef and milk, the vegetarian braves of Taveta are short in stature and rarely weigh more than one-hundred and forty pounds. Though armed with formidable spears and huge cowhide shields, together with Chaga made simès or swords, they are the mildest and gentlest of savages. They are the only warriors in East Africa, away from the coast, who abstain from all aggressive adventures. Their spears are never lifted save in defense of their homes. They never indulge in slave-hunting expeditions, nor can the beads and blandishments of the Arab slave-traders induce them to sell their wives, their sisters, or even their helpless old mothers into slavery. These latter, be it remarked, are considered a very convenient article

of barter by the warriors of some of the neighboring tribes.

The Wa-Taveta warrior dandy never washes, yet his toilet is sufficiently elaborate to merit description. His sole raiment consists of a yard or so of merikani or bandera slung jauntily over one shoulder by a string. From our point of view this garment is altogether useless. It seems to be worn for ornament or, still more likely, because it is the fashion rather than for any useful purpose. It never reaches below the waist. The innumerable little bunches of crisp wool on his head are separated and lengthened out by palm-fibre strings until they hang about his head like a thick swab. The front part is carefully trimmed into a square-cut bang that bulges like an eave of thatch over the eyes; the rest is allowed to hang down his back and shoulders in a heavy mass, or is gathered into a stumpy queue and tightly bound with a ribbon of kid-skin.

In early youth the lobes of his ears were pierced by his fond mother and the holes stretched with a wooden plug. This stretching process has been persevered in ever since, until the holes are large enough to thrust a goose-egg through, and the lobes are represented by mere rubber-like bands of skin that hang well-nigh to the shoulder. To these rings now depend fanciful ornaments of beads and iron chain, and, not excepting even his weapons or his wives, the Wa-Taveta warrior takes a greater pride in his ears than in any other of his possessions.

Curious ornaments of iron or rhinoceros-hide adorn his biceps and apparently pinch that portion of his arm half in two. A string or two of beads hang about

his neck and perhaps a tiny pouch of snake-skin, containing some amulet to ward off evil spirits. To one corner of his modest toga is fastened a tiny beaded snuff-box, in the shape of a miniature powder-horn. In his belt of rawhide is a simè, and a small rhinoceros-horn knob-kerrie, with which he pounds tobacco into snuff whenever his box needs replenishing. Around his ankles a string of little cowrie-shaped bells, the work of Moschi smiths, jingle like sleigh-bells as he walks. The warrior plasters his mop-like head, his one garment and his whole person with as much grease and red clay as will stick on. This unctuous and by no means sweet-smelling coating is the finishing touch of his toilet; and he now seizes his spear and shield and sallies forth from his smoky hut into the glorious sunshine, as proud of his appearance as any peacock. During our stay in Taveta his steps were invariably turned toward our stockade. He used to delight to pose in the market-place, conscious of deserving our admiration, and innocent as the veriest babe of any unseemliness in his glaring want of clothing.

The ladies used to admire his get-up immensely on these show occasions, although he, with a savage's contempt of the weaker sex, used to reward their worshipful comments by regarding them as quite beneath his notice. At times, however, little by-scenes would be enacted that gave one a new idea of the life of these gentle savages and simple Arcadians of Taveta.

Like the men, the women of Taveta lean toward Masai ideas in the matter of ornament, though hardly to the same extent. Their dress is a goatskin loin-cloth of ample dimensions, trimmed with beads. Huge

coils of thick brass wire depend from the ears, or from the head rather, for they are so heavy that they have to be supported by a band over the crown to prevent the ears from being torn. Beads and brass wire ornaments adorn the neck, arms and legs.

As might be expected in such an African Arcadia, these ladies are gentle dames, too amiable by far for their own good or for the good of the commonwealth. What we call immorality is not so considered in Taveta. Husbands and wives there are, and all the family ties; but conjugal fidelity is not regarded as a necessity. Jealousy is an unknown sentiment among the Wa-Taveta. The husband, indeed, seems to consider it a compliment to himself that his wife possesses charms sufficient to attract the attention of others.

The ladies are in high feather when a caravan of porters is quartered in the place. Then, if the work in their fields is not too pressing, they love to spend their time in the shade of a giant tree that stands in the market-place, gossiping and selling food and flirting with the gentlemen who have carried your boxes and bales from the coast, and who have stolen your beads with a view to lavishing them on the fairest and most amiable of the women.

Marriage with the Wa-Taveta is simply a matter of purchase. Wives cost three cows apiece, or their equivalent in goats, wire or cloth. Polygamy is the rule, and the number of connubial partners a man indulges in is limited only by his financial ability. Wives are considered a good investment, and a man's importance in the community is measured by the number of them as well as the number of cows and goats he possesses.

The women do all the work. The warriors are past-masters in the noble art of doing nothing. They bask in the sun, they gossip in a listless way, and they sometimes condescend to repair a fish weir in the River Lumi: but they do not even make their oleaginous toilet without the assistance of the willing hands of wife or sister. Chary about venturing beyond the boundary of their own forest fortress, the Wa-Taveta warriors do not even hunt, though all around them is the finest big game region in the world. At long intervals, overcome by the desire for animal food, and possessing few domestic animals, they muster in force, and, venturing to Lake Jipè, make a grand assault on the wary hippopotamus. Hippo meat is regarded as a great delicacy, and if the white traveler wishes to bring about a general rejoicing among the people he can do so very easily by going down to Jipè and shooting them a hippo.

As one strolls about Taveta he cannot resist the subtle influence of his surroundings. All the way from the coast you have seen nothing worthy to be called a tree. Euphorbias, aloes, and others of the thorn-tree family, stretching out their skeleton arms, have barred your way in the jungle with their formidable thorns, and on the more open plains the scattered mimosas afforded scant protection from the sun. But here giant trees of the forest present a hundred feet of smooth columnar trunk, then spreading out into a gorgeous cloud of foliage that would shade a regiment. Clusters of these grand old trees stand here and there about the banana plantations, and round them are patches of green sward, ideal loafing-places, where at any hour of the day bright

spears may be seen stuck in the ground and dusky warriors stretched at lazy length. Troops of monkeys may be observed wending their way between these groves and the outer forest, or making astonishing leaps from branch to branch and tree to tree along the Lumi. To these trees also repair at night hundreds of ghostly lemurs (a species of galago), whose peculiar chuckling cry is heard at all hours of the night. Suspended from the branches, too, are many native honey-boxes for the accomodation of the swarms of wild bees. These are sections of hollow log, closed at both ends, with a hole left to admit the bees.

Small circular groves of a different nature also abound in the plantations, of which the growth is mostly dracæna. These are the cemeteries of Taveta. Creeping on hands and knees through a low opening in the shrubbery of one of these groves one morning, I found myself in strange company indeed. The dense shade of the dracænas, overtopped by the foliage of two or three large trees, admitted but a few ghostly streaks of sunlight. A feeling as if I were invading the sanctity of a cathedral vault crept over me as I crawled into the gloom, and an unmistakable odor of human remains smote the nostrils. As soon as my eyes accommodated themselves to the darkness, I detected a white object almost within reach of my hand. It was a grinning human skull, peering out of an earthen jar that was set on its side. Other jars containing skulls then revealed themselves, set here and there about this curious graveyard. Surveying the weird picture for a minute, I was not sorry to leave the uncanny company into which my quest of the novel and interesting had

brought me, and to find myself again in the region of life and light. The Wa-Taveta bury the dead in a sitting position until the bodies are reduced to skeletons, when they remove the skulls and place them in the jars of the dracæna groves as we have seen.

The little clusters of forest giants standing in the open places; the gentle whispering of the banana fronds heard everywhere; the murmuring of the Lumi; the grinning skulls in the dark dracæna groves; the dusky warriors moving silently about with spear and shield; the air of peace and plenty; the impenetrable wall of forest on every hand—all these make Taveta seem a place apart from the world in which one has heretofore moved. And besides these is another influence, another presence that one always seems conscious of, though it is seldom visible from inner Taveta because of the trees—the presence of mighty Kilimanjaro. It is always the same in the presence of a great, solitary, snowy peak. In Teheran the Spirit of Demavend seems present in the very houses, and all Japan acknowledges the subtle influence of Fujiyama.

But the atmosphere of Taveta, though soothing and restful for a time, would hardly suit the active temperament of the Anglo-Saxon. The drowsy monotony of its life would sap his mental energies and sooner or later make him "melancholy mad." It is, moreover, a feverish ground, and for that reason the missionaries have passed it by. And with all due respect and reverence for the aims and objects of those reverend gentlemen in carrying the good tidings of peace and good will to the savages of Africa, one cannot help thinking that to "'enlighten" the Wa-Taveta would spoil

them. Probably all Christendom cannot produce a community of 4000 people so honest, so amiable, so gentle and so contented with themselves and all the world as these same Wa-Taveta.

Before leaving Zanzibar arrangements had been made to have any positive news of Stanley that might reach there, sent to me at Taveta. For this I would make Taveta my headquarters for several weeks; in the meantime, however, knocking about in search of information.

CHAPTER IV.

KILIMANJARO TRIBES.

ONE of our excursions from Taveta was to Marangu, one of the Chaga states, ruled by the young chief Miliali. It is one of the fourteen little mountain states or chieftainships that are situated on the southern and eastern slopes of Kilimanjaro. In the moist and temperate zone, between the eternal snows that crown this tropic giant and the warm plains at its feet, is a narrow strip of cultivated country that passes half-way round the big waist of the mountain at an elevation of 4000 feet above sea level, and supports a dense population. From the plains below you can distinguish very plainly the girdle of banana plantations that delimitate the inhabited belt from the elephant forests above and below by its brighter shade of green. This green band, varying from one to six miles wide and about sixty long, is cut up into fourteen independent states, ranging in size and population from Mivika with less than a hundred families, to Machame with probably ten thousand people and forty square miles of territory. The whole population of Kilimanjaro may be roughly estimated at forty or fifty thousand. Between the boundaries of each state a strip of primeval wilderness is maintained as neutral ground, and ravines and other natural barriers are taken advantage of and improved for purposes of defense, one against another.

Instead of living in neighborly peace and friendship

and uniting their scant resources against possible enemies from without, these bantam states are as pugnacious against each other as the stout and bellicose bantam cocks to which their size invites comparison. The politics and feuds of the Chaga states are in such a Gordian tangle that to unravel them and render the situation intelligible to the reader would require a special map and a special volume. One state forms the slave-hunting ground of another; each chief wants to annihilate every other chief on the mountain; desultory war is always in progress, and combinations and coalitions are made by the smaller states to guard against being wiped out by the larger and more powerful. Their complications and alliances suggest an understudy of Europe in the most troublous period of Napoleon I. And, like Europe in that period, Chaga has its great central figure and military genius also. The Napoleon of Chaga is Mandara, Chief of Moschi. We shall pay this extraordinary African chief a visit by and by, however, and so defer a closer acquaintance until then.

At present our subject is Miliali, of Marangu, and our business with him is to purchase a supply of food for a journey to Arusha-wa-Chini. Camped at the former place was an Arab caravan *en route* to the coast from the region about Lake Victoria, from whom some news of Mr. Stanley and the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition might be obtained. Dr. Abbott also wanted to secure a few buffalo heads, and this noble African game is particularly plentiful about Arusha-wa-Chini. After that we would visit the chiefs of Chaga on our way back to Taveta.

First of all, supplies must be obtained from Marangu; and so, leaving men to look after the goods in Taveta, we took the remainder and started on what promised to be a pleasant and very interesting excursion. Nor did the outcome fall short of its promise. With no loads to carry the porters were in high glee, and struck up a chorus of "Yo-ho, yo-ho!" as we proceeded through the forest. The sound of their voices produced the same effect as if we were in some vast cathedral, and called to memory the sublime echoes of the Taj Mahal.

No sooner were we clear of this enchanted forest, however, than our old bugbear, the Masai, immediately took possession of our souls. War parties often crossed the plain directly west of Taveta, and as that valuable article, his own skin, was supposed to be in jeopardy, no matter how remote, every porter did his best to step on the heels of the man in front of him as we emerged into the open country.

We formed camp on a clear, cold stream that hailed from the mountain, and in the evening were treated to a grand spectacle.

Kilimanjaro, with its vast glaciers and fields of snow, forms a great disturbing element in the high and equable temperature of a tropic region. The cold air about its hoary crown, and the warm breezes from the heated plains, wage perpetual conflict, and the marshaled masses of the clouds surge and roll tumultuously along its upper slopes. Especially is this the case in spring, when the monsoons from the coasts are moist as well as warm, and violent snowstorms rage on the broad cone plain of Kibo, and whiten the dark crevasses of its older sister, Kimawenzi.

A regular battle royal of these conflicting elements was raging high up the mountain slopes on the evening in question. The scene was wild beyond description. Peal after peal of thunder rolled over the dark elephant forests and up the great barren cañons above timber line, and among the surging clouds that obscured the states of Chaga the lightning flashed vividly. But above all this wild play of the forces of the air, the white cone of Kibo rose, bold and serene, too grand, too lofty, too much above the mere earth to concern itself about the rumpus below. The porters stood and surveyed the scene in wonder; even their souls seemed to rise for the moment above beans and bananas.

Mr. Stanley writes of similar spectacles witnessed on the slopes of the new snow mountains Ruwenzori—the Mountains of the Moon. These wild scenes are characteristic of snowy mountains in tropic countries; whether in India, South America, or Africa.

After witnessing the wonderful battle of the clouds on the giant flanks of Mount Kilimanjaro, we proceeded up the foothills of the mountain next morning. Our way led through what might easily have been taken for a vast quince orchard, till at last we came to a gate similar to that of Taveta. Warriors stood on guard, and, recognizing white men, led the way toward the boma of their chief. We now threaded our way through narrow lanes, real winding lanes, between neat dracæna hedges or mossy stone walls. Now and then we passed through lovely little parks with shade-trees and clear water bubbling along the irrigating ditches. Running water was in abundance everywhere, led by means of ditches to all parts of the banana groves.

We seemed to have reached a civilized country, where the cultivation of the soil was carried on with considerable care and skill. The Wa-Chaga were evidently a more enterprising people than our friends of Taveta. At length we arrived at the boma of the chief, Miliali. His boma was a massive stone wall ten feet high, inclosing about four acres of ground on the crest of a hill. Entrance was effected through an opening large enough to admit a man by stooping.

Learning of our arrival, Miliali crept through this opening to bid us welcome and then crept back again to lead the way. We honored him with a volley and then followed him. He was an amiable-looking young man of about twenty-five. We accepted a gourd of pombe and took our leave to form camp in one of the delightful little parks, in preparation for his visit. In a very short time he was upon our heels, and a memorable visit it certainly was for him.

He entered our tent clad in a dingy gown of merikani, differing from the troop of warriors behind him only in the amount of cloth he wore. He left it as proud and gorgeous as a peacock. Among our presents to him were a crimson Arab joho, trimmed with gold braid, a white helmet, and a purple umbrella. We dressed him up in the gay joho, put the white helmet on his head, opened the purple umbrella for him, and started him off to exhibit himself to his wives and his people in a visible tremor of delight at his own vastly altered appearance.

We paid him a longer visit later in the day. We found him seated on a stool in the boma, in all the garish glory of the joho, the helmet, and the gamp, sur-

rounded by fourteen plump and flirtatious young women, who were admiring his appearance much as they might have done had he been some rare, big doll and they a bevy of little girls.

The fourteen young women were Miliali's wives. He possesses only fourteen, but it was evident to the most superficial observer that the amiable young chief of Marangu was quite a connoisseur in the matter of feminine charms. It is, indeed, a poor sort of an African chief who is not: and when one limits himself to fourteen, rest assured that those few have been chosen with a careful and critical eye. Stools were brought, and one of the wives fetched a jar of pombe. As we sat and chatted and quaffed gourds of this millet beer, the fourteen helpmeets of our royal host stood in a semicircle before us, looking on, chewing ears of maize, and smiling and flirting over each others' shoulders at their lord and master's Wazungu guests. They had come to see; but like young ladies everywhere who know themselves to be good-looking they were equally anxious to be seen. They strutted about to show their fine forms and elegant motion, as proud of these attractions as any civilized belle could possibly be of her manifold charms of dress and person.

The Wa-Chaga, as well as all tribes in this part of Africa, are featured much like Europeans. They are by no means black, and among Miliali's wives were faces that would be called pretty in any part of the world.

Inside the boma stood a number of grass houses of beehive pattern. These were the habitations of the wives.

"Where is your house, Miliali?" we asked.

"All these," he replied, sweeping his pombe-dipper around. "I live in fourteen houses, sometimes in one, sometimes in another."

Such, we learned, is the custom in Chaga, with both chief and people. The husband, in theory, divides his time and attention equally between his wives. As a matter of fact, however, he bestows most of his attention upon some favorite, to the neglect of the others, and in her house practically lives. In this respect all polygamous husbands are Brigham Youngs, and we soon discovered that the now gorgeous young chief of Marangu was no exception.

We were shown the residence of the favorite spouse. The interior of the house was interesting as showing us the way in which the most favored lady in all Marangu is lodged. Her quarters were anything but elegant. The circular room was about ten feet in diameter and in shape suggested, as from without, a huge bee-hive. One-half the space was occupied by three fat cows that had either been built in or had entered the house in their calfhood and never been outside since. The part of the floor devoted to them was littered with fresh-cut grass, which is brought to them daily. The lady's half of the hut was floored with packed red clay. The furniture consisted of a few jars, a rude bed, like an Indian charpoy, and a low stool. Fire was built on the floor, and as there was no outlet for the smoke the whole interior was as black as a chimney. The atmosphere was suffocating. We were both strong young men, but we couldn't stand the air of this Princess's fairy boudoir, and we were glad when we could retire. Whew! and Kilimanjaro so cold and pure close by.

We found here in Marangu ornaments that we saw nowhere else. Instead of the broad belts or big folds of beads peculiar to other tribes, the ladies of Marangu encircle their waists with prettily beaded rolls of leather. A length of dressed kidskin is rolled up the size of a small rope, strings of seed beads of many colors are then neatly coiled around it. The result is a very pretty and substantial-looking ornament, smaller editions of which are worn about the neck and arms. About the waist is worn any number, from one to eight, according to the wealth of the lady. Huge collars of hammered brass, obtained in barter from Ugweno, are also worn. A brass collar and a coil or two of beads about the waist, with a beaded apron three inches wide and six long, used to form the sum total of a Marangu lady's costume a few years ago. What with traders and white visitors, however, cloth has become more plentiful with them nowadays, and only girls of twelve and under are now to be seen in this truly simple and effective garb.

The costume of the warriors differs but little from what we have seen on the braves of Taveta.

The warriors themselves, however, are more energetic and warlike than the lotus-eating soldiers of the forest delta on the Lumi. Not content with goatskin togas, many of the Wa-Chaga warriors hunt for their fur a species of hyrax that abounds in the forests of the higher slopes, and whose skins are soft and warm. Many of them are armed with Snider carbines, and Miliali, Mandara and other prominent chiefs are ambitious to see all their warriors thus effectively armed. During our stay we were continually plagued

with requests to exchange "bunduki Snaider" for spears.

These latter are well worth securing as trophies, for the Chaga spear is a remarkably handsome though not a very finely finished weapon. The blade of the latest fashioned spear (for the shape of their spears change about as often as the pattern of rifles in European armies) is three feet long, slender, and tapering most gracefully: the pointed hilt for sticking it in the ground is about the same length, and blade and hilt are joined by a short, smooth stick of wood.

We left Marangu favorably impressed by the place and people, and particularly by the amiable disposition and intelligence of its young Sultan. It seemed to us hardly possible that he could be the same savage who had, but two weeks before our visit, caused his own brother to be speared in the most brutal manner. This brother, it seems, was a gay young cattle-lifter and slave raider whose growing popularity excited Miliali's jealousy. The latter therefore ordered his body-guard to waylay him and spear him to death. What brutes these Africans are, even the best of them! They place no more value on life, except their own, than the beasts of their native forests. Of the finer feelings they know absolutely nothing. Mandara, Miliali, these "intelligent and amiable" chiefs of Kilimanjaro, what are they? Human beings? Undoubtedly; for they stand on two legs, wear clothes, talk, and get drunk.

But beyond that what do we find? Animals who would, if they possessed the power, kill or sell into slavery every chief, every man, woman and babe on the whole mountain outside their own people. Such is

Africa and the Africans, at any rate East Central Africa, and no exaggeration. It is, alas! only too true that the spirit displayed by the average chief is more ferocious, more atrociously bloodthirsty toward his fellows than that of the hyenas that prowl about his capital. I have yet to see an African in Africa with the "soul" of a Newfoundland. But then, come to think it over, he displays more noble qualities than most of us whites do, and why then should we, forsooth, expect to find his equal, or anything approaching him in people four thousand years behind the times?

It is the utter absence of "feeling," of sympathy for their kind, of pity for suffering, of all that is best in the heart of a white man, that jars so harshly on the sensibilities when one first comes in contact with Africans. That young warrior who has been making himself so agreeable about your tent, whose fine physique you have admired, and whose amiability has created a favorable impression on you from the first, will take part in a slave hunt to-morrow. He will think no more of jabbing his spear through a poor old woman because she isn't worth bringing away than you would of killing a dog, nor half so much.

And that laughing young woman with the intelligent face and symmetrical form, who wants you to buy her bunch of bananas, will see her sisters of a neighboring tribe brought in with their necks in heavy yokes, their babes clinging to their backs, their pickaninnies following at their heels, bellowing with fright. She will know they are doomed to slavery, never to see their homes again: she has heard exaggerated stories of the dreadful march to the distant coast, of deaths on the

way, of babes sold one way and mothers another. She thinks their fate ten times worse than it will in reality be, but she doesn't care. In the stare of curiosity with which she greets the shackled wretches as they are driven in there is not one glint of sympathy or pity. On the contrary, she laughs and claps her hands, for has not her husband taken a prominent part in the raid, and may she not therefore look confidently forward to coming in for a necklace or two of beads from the Swahili traders who will buy the slaves? She hopes that her gallant warrior of a husband will continue to spear his fellow Africans, burn their houses, rip up their helpless and unmarketable old mothers, chop down their banana groves and sell their wives and children into slavery, until she shall become the most bead-bedecked woman in the tribe.

But our brief visit to Marangu is over. For the present "kweheri!" "Kweheri, bwana kweheri!" returns Miliali; "kweheri, kweheri, kweheri!" chorus his fourteen wives, grinning at us in great good humor as we file past the royal home. "Kweheri!" shout the people as we wind our way back through the narrow dracæna lanes, across the charming little parks, through the banana plantations, crawl through the hole in the log gate, and reach the Taveta trail.

A few days later found us at Arusha-wa-Chini, three days' march southwest of Taveta, interviewing the Arab traders. They had heard nothing of Stanley, they said; among them was a man who had accompanied the great explorer on his journey "Through the Dark Continent." Our way led us through a thin forest of hyphene palms toward the low dark mass of the Kahè

forest. The Wa-Kahè are celebrated gatherers of wild honey, and from hundreds of the hyphene palms swung their crude honey-boxes, hollow cylinders of wood, such as we had seen at Taveta. We saw but little of them, as it was near dark when we reached camp; but they are rather inferior, physically, to the other tribes of the Kilimanjaro region. They arm themselves with bows and poisoned arrows rather than with spears, this being a matter of poverty in iron, however, rather than of choice.

At the time of our brief visit their poverty was more apparent than usual, as they were but slowly recovering from an awful thrashing administered by Mandara, chief of Moschi. One day a band of Wa-Kahè hunters met three of Mandara's people on the hyphene plain we had just crossed and wantonly murdered them. A few days later the koodoo-horn trumpets blared fiercely on the hills of Moschi; the "Napoleon of Chaga" collected his warriors, and, after killing a goat and examining the liver and entrails to make sure that the fates were propitious and success a certainty, ordered them to go and "eat up" Kahè. The Moschi spearmen succeeded in gaining entrance into Kahè during the night, and in the gray of the morning smote the astonished foresters hip and thigh. Many warriors were killed and many women and children carried off and sold as slaves. The victors then completed the orders of their chief by chopping down the banana groves and burning the houses. The remnant of the tribe found it extremely convenient to sue for peace. They got it, and now, at certain seasons of the year, long files of Kahè women and warriors may be seen wending their

way to Moschi, carrying on their heads tribute of natron, which is the salt of this part of Africa. The Wa-Kahè collect this on the plain and convey it to Moschi in sacks made of the fibre of the borassus palm.

The Arusha-wa-Chini are a tribe of Wa-Kwavi, or sedentary Masai, who have been compelled to adopt an agricultural life through the loss of their herds. Once they owned vast herds of long-horned cattle and lived a nomadic, or semi-nomadic, life, as many thousands of their kindred do at the present time. Then the young warriors were valorous El-Moran, the salt of the earth, and lived on beef and milk exclusively, despising all other kinds of food. In those good old days they considered themselves the aristocrats of all the world, for whose particular benefit all cattle were created, and they were wont to see the big Swahili caravans cringe and tremble in their presence. Sometimes they were so amused at the abject terror of these caravans that the temptation to take advantage of it was too great, and so they speared the porters and appropriated the goods. "Another caravan annihilated in Masai-land" would be the news in the bazaars of Zanzibar and Mombasa.

But at length misfortune overtook them and humbled them. Tribal wars broke out in Masai-land; the Arusha-wa-Chini were sadly beaten and their cattle swept off by thousands. Only a remnant of their once numerous herds remained—not nearly enough to provide the clan with food. The war continued and they were in great danger of losing even these. All the El-Moran were slain in battle. Only the El-Morau (the married men) and the women and children were left. The out-

look was about as bad as it well could be. They were in danger of starving to death. A council was held, a sad council, in which, after much palaver, it was decided to make a virtue of necessity by adopting a new mode of life. Like the Wa-Kahè, the Wa-Taveta, the Wa-Duruma, people whom they had hitherto despised, they must now place barriers of thorns between themselves and the rest of the world, and take to growing bananas and cassava for a living. This was a terrible come-down for the proud Masai clan, but there was no alternative.

As Wa-Kwavi, however, the Arusha-wa-Chini still retain many of their ancient customs, and although the warriors eat vegetable food, they ape the manners of the El-Moran in every possible way. Soon after our arrival they assembled and gave us an interpretation of the Masai war-dance. Each warrior was armed with a huge spear of the old-style shovel-bladed pattern, a simè and a big elliptical shield of cow or buffalo hide. In the pride and memory of other days their shields were painted with the heraldic device of their clan in red and white. To match their shields, red and white were also the predominating colors of their bodies. The groundwork was an odorous layer of grease and ochre; on this some had streaked and figured themselves most fantastically with a darker red, others with some substance white as chalk.

Gathering into a compact company, the flower and chivalry of Arusha-wa-Chini held their shields above their heads at full arms' length, like umbrellas, sheltering themselves from the sun as if roofed over. Their appearance was profoundly savage and remarkably

picturesque, as they now advanced in this close order toward our camp. A stalwart warrior led them by a pace or two, taking the initiative in every move, as proud and important in his bearing as the proudest of drum-majors. Following his lead the dark-red band advanced with a peculiar, high-stepping prance, flourishing their gleaming spears and chanting the Masai war-song. There isn't much to the latter, by the bye, but its melody; only a repetition of "Yakh-yaho! Yakh-yaho! Yakh-yaho-yaho-yaho-o-o!" But it was musical enough, and the whole performance was certainly very striking as they pranced about in perfect time to the melody. The spectacle was among the most interesting sights I ever saw, as this fantastic band of fifty naked warriors advanced and retreated and wheeled to the right and left on the green ground of the sward on which we were camped. Their movements suggested a crude knowledge of military evolutions. In their performance we probably saw the savage germ from which has developed the marching and wheeling and the machine-like movements of the modern regiment. The Arusha-wa-Chini are governed by elders, much like the Wa-Teita and Wa-Taveta. These ancient gentlemen decide the question of war or peace, and exact hongo, or tribute, from passing or visiting caravans. No longer warlike and terrible, as they used to be in their old nomadic days, instead of demanding tribute as their right without giving anything in return, they now take advantage of the necessities of their visitors and refuse to sell them food until a satisfactory present has been given. This is, indeed, the method resorted to by most African tribes when situated favorably for putting the

screws on a hungry caravan. Like true Africans, the Arusha-wa-Chini elders exact all they think they can get before granting a market. Hours of "shauri" were spent in arguing down their exorbitant demands, before the expectant porters could indulge their insatiable appetites for bananas.

The ladies of Arusha-wa-Chini were a revelation to us. They had, true to the conservatism of the sex, retained even more than the warriors the customs and dress of the Masai. They came in great numbers to our camp to sell bananas and sugar-cane, and to enjoy the rare excitement of white visitors.

I have often, as an amusing experiment, pointedly looked some dusky Eve in the eye as she stood among the crowd, gazing wonderingly at the things about our tent. Why did the great Mzungu look at her in that pointed way? Magic? Horrible possibility! and the young lady would quickly dodge out of sight behind the crowd. A moment later one black eye would be seen peeping cautiously over a neighbor's shoulder. Was the white man still interested in her? still following her with those strange, blue eyes of his, eyes the color of makona beads.

Good heavens! Yes; they were still looking at her as fixedly as if she had never hidden herself! Could it be possible that those eyes, so strange in color and expression, were able to look straight through the dark mass of humanity in front of her, and see her there, behind. Not quite sure of this, the maiden would, after a longer interval of concealment, venture on another sly peep. Surely by this time the Mzungu would have forgotten all about her. Not so, however; the blue

eyes were still interested in her movements, and, to her further bewilderment and fright, their owner smiled—smiled pointedly at her!

The limit was reached. The smile was quite too much for the superstitious damsel; it was only too evident that the Mzungu had some design in singling her out in so marked a manner from the crowd. Fearful always of "ichaw," or black magic, and having heard all sorts of marvelous stories of the white man's powers in that mysterious art, the maiden would, quietly, for fear of attracting further attention, steal away to another part of the camp.

I tried this little experiment on a sleek-skinned, reddish-colored young beauty of Arusha-wa-Chini, and, to my utter astonishment, it wouldn't work at all. On the contrary the lady seemed remarkably pleased with my attentions, and the black eyes twinkled knowingly as they met and returned my gaze.

"Ah, ha! my fine lady," thought I, "do you mean to say you're not afraid of the Mzungu? We'll see about this; come, how's that for a smile?"

"Not so bad," the young woman evidently thought, for instead of bolting or dodging behind the crowd, as an M-Teita woman would have done in a moment, she smiled in return. As a last resource I tried the effect of a wink. Imagine my astonishment when the lady winked boldly, and, I must say, very knowingly indeed, in reply! To say I felt crushed is expressing it very mildly. We subsequently discovered this to be one of their old Masai customs. Winking is one of the accomplishments of the Masai lady, but the art does not seem to have spread to other tribes in East

Africa. The Arusha-wa-Chini ladies inherit the practice just as they inherit the huge senengè ornaments and the habit of painting the face. Many of the markings on the face were very grotesque. The correct thing among the more fashionable is to paint a broad white circle around each eye. These rings, whitening cheek bones, temples and forehead, contrasting sharply with the dull-red ground of the face, produce an effect most comical to the white man's eye. It would make a capital face for a circus clown; none better. The head is smoothly shaven and all traces of hair are carefully removed from the eyebrows. The lady wears no head-covering, and the hot sun glistens on her smooth, shiny pate almost as brightly as on her senengè ornaments. Senengè is thick iron wire, as thick as telegraph wire, and when worn as ornaments is kept polished bright as silver. Senengè ornaments encompass the Arusha-wa-Chini belle like a suit of armor. But as a more detailed description of these remarkable ornaments will be in order when we encounter the real Masai lady, of whom the Arusha-wa-Chini lady is but an imitator and a forty-second cousin, it only remains to be said that the latter wears more clothing than any we have seen since leaving the coast. From shoulder to ankles she is shrouded in a loose-fitting sheet of cowskin, dressed smooth. This is fastened over one shoulder, passes under the other arm, and is bound at the waist with a beaded belt.

A message was to reach me from Zanzibar at Taveta in two months from the date of our departure from the Sultan's capital. It was to be, for me, a momentous message. On its import would depend the scope

and nature of my African experiences. If nothing had come of the hints and rumors born of the simultaneous dispatches from Zanzibar and St. Thomé, after this further two months' grace, my duty would plainly be to organize my expedition and, without further delay, proceed to the far interior.

The porters were happy. They were thinking of their sweethearts in the forest Arcadia, and the warm reception that would await them should they return with huge loads of dried buffalo meat, their perquisite to give away or trade for this and that. So in this happy frame of mind we bade farewell to the good people of Arusha-wa-Chini.

CHAPTER V.

VISIT TO MACHAME.

FIRST we determined to pay a visit to the Chief of Machame in order to make purchases of food, and besides we anticipated much pleasure in visiting a chief who had never yet set eyes on a white man. Our way led through a very charming plain country, very African in its appearance. The gently undulating plains were dotted with small cones of a hundred feet or thereabout in height, so small, symmetrical, and uniform in shape as to suggest bubbles floating on the green waves of the plain. Rhinoceroses, giraffes, antelope, buffalo, and zebra abounded in great numbers, roaming over the free, broad plains like herds of cattle.

We camped near a swamp, in which we found abundant signs of elephants, but saw none of them, and in the morning proceeded to Machame. Machame is the largest and most populous of the Kilimanjaro States, and with its neighbor, Kibonoto, occupies the western extremity of the cultivated plateau that distinguishes the mountain on its southern and eastern slopes. Though the largest, it is the least known to Europeans, and so we looked forward to a novel and interesting visit to its Sultan and people. So long ago as 1849, Rebmann, of the Mombasa Mission, who as stated, gave to the world the first reliable news of Kilimanjaro, paid a visit to Machame. The chief looted the mis-

sionary's caravan and ruined his expedition. Rebmann returned to the coast broken in health and spirits, and died.

Snce that event no white traveler, I believe, has ventured into Machame, much to the disadvantage of the latter. While Mandara, Miliali and other chiefs have profited and grown in power and importance from the visits and the presents of the white man, Ngamini, the present Sultan of Machame, still lives and languishes under the shadow of that ancestral sin.

The approaches to Machame consist of the usual narrow, tortuous paths, leading through dense thickets of scrubby and thorny vegetation, and instead of gates the defenses by this route are deep, narrow ravines, which have been trimmed down and deepened into big trenches. A pole thrown across one of these ditches forms a bridge, on which the natives, sure of foot as monkeys, cross over, and in times of war remove.

Passing these obstacles with no little difficulty, we at once found ourselves in the proximity of banana groves, and objects of more than usual interest to swarms of bronze-skinned warriors who had in a remarkably short time collected on the adjacent ridges. We wondered where they had all come from so quickly. They were by no means certain of our intentions, and for some time held aloof, watching us with the keenest interest. At length we managed to make them understand that our intentions were commercial only, and a few of the more venturesome individuals came and pointed out a place for us to camp. After much palaver with an ancient and exceedingly peaceful-looking savage in a greasy goat-skin toga and anklets of the same

material, we sent a present to the Sultan and stated our intention of paying him a visit next day.

Our delegation was hospitably entertained by the chief, with a goat and big jars of pombe, but the men were kept in the royal boma until our appearance next day; this as a guarantee, so we afterwards understood, that we would keep our promise and come to see him. He was most anxious to receive us, and particularly requested that the entire caravan might be brought to his residence. We hardly liked the look of this latter proposition with the example of the last white visitor before us; but, on the other hand, we knew that our men would stand by us here, notwithstanding their ridiculous fears of the Masai.

We had no idea how far it was nor how difficult might be the way. It turned out to be up hill and down dale for many trying miles, through banana plantations of astonishing area and across clear, cold mountain streams that nearly swept us off our feet. It was a much longer distance than we had expected. The paths, moreover, after a drizzling night were slippery as ice to the naked feet of the porters. But fifty eager warriors, probably acting under orders from their Mange, ran ahead, and with the hilts of their spears dug footholes in the steeper and more slippery places, helping us along all they could in this way. It is customary in Uganda, and I believe in Unyoro also, for the King to send porters and carry the travelers' baggage from the frontier of the country; but such is not the custom among the chiefs of Kilimanjaro. The warriors of Machame, though anxious to help us along, would laugh at the struggling porter as his feet slipped

KIMAWENZI. KILIMA-NJARO. KIBO

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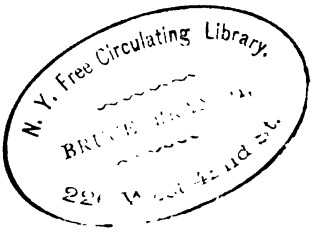


from under him and his load came to grief. They would gouge a hole to give him footing, but were much too proud to render him laborious aid.

The country was lovely, a chaotic jumble of narrow hills and dales, the whole sloping gently up toward Kibo and clothed with luxuriant vegetation of every shade of green. Everywhere could be heard the music of mountain streams coursing over rocky beds at the bottom of the cañons, or leaping and tumbling over cataracts or down rapids. Between the banana plantations stood little patches of primeval forest, and about them, so characteristic of Chaga, were the charming little parks we have noted in Marangu. The groves are believed to be peopled with the shades of their ancestors, and votive offerings are placed before the trees.

Irrigating ditches were everywhere, and narrow lanes of dracæna hedges divided the plantations. Much wet weather had converted these lanes into gutters of very slippery mud, in which many a porter sat down very abruptly with his burden, to the uproarious approval of his comrades, one of whom, however, was only too certain to quickly follow his example. At length we came to a halt on a strip of sward, at the brink of a formidable cañon several hundred feet deep, down which coursed one of the largest streams we had yet encountered. No more charming situation could be imagined. Five hundred feet below us a torrent, clear as crystal, cold and fresh from the glaciers of Kibo, tumbled and foamed over the rocks or raced along with gurgling tones. Immediately beyond the chasm a broad table-land of parks and groves and banana planta-

tions stretched away with a slope of one in twenty. The variegated shades of green in the irregular patchwork of forests, park, and field made a most delightful study in colors. The dark remnants of the primeval woods contrasted beautifully with the lighter shade of the parks, and these again with the yet lighter fields of wimbi and the pale green of the banana groves; moreover, the far-reaching table-land sloping down toward our position placed the picture before us as on an easel. All this, easy enough to put in words, conveys but a meagre idea of the real beauty of the scene. Nor was this all nature had to show our wondering eyes in Machame. Hundreds of warriors, with spear and shield, their naked forms the only dark objects in the landscape, showed out in bold contrast and picturesque relief against the green groundwork of their surroundings as they stood and squatted in dense groups or stretched in long, irregular lines on the opposite brink of the cañon. Beyond all this was a dense mass of cloud that rested on the farther reaches of the green table-land and hid almost the whole of Kilimanjaro. But not all, for the higher strata of the clouds sometimes broke and revealed the eternal wreath of snow on Kibo, at whose very base we now seemed to be standing. Some day an artist will come and paint this picture I have feebly attempted to describe, and make himself famous.

Preparatory to visiting the Sultan, whose boma was a couple of miles beyond the cañon, we had to take part in a curious ceremony. A fat young goat was brought and its throat cut. The ancient ambassador and a few of the older and wiser warriors then examined

critically the liver and certain parts of the intestines for favorable signs. This investigation turning out to their satisfaction, they next brought several small strips of the animal's skin and slit holes in them sufficiently large to insert the middle finger. These were solemnly placed on Abbott's finger and mine, each ring by five separate pushes and to the accompaniment of the Ki-Swahili numerals: "Moja, bili, tatu, ena, tano"—"Moja, bili, tatu, ena, tano," etc. This done, we on our part were required to perform the same office, numerals and all, for them.

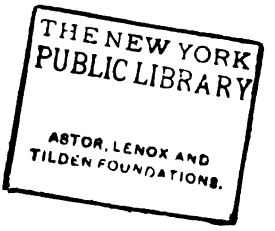
These preliminaries over, we collected our men on the brink of the cañon and fired down into its echoing depths a volley in honor of the Sultan of Machame. The echoes of this noisy compliment rolled along up the cañon and died away in its far recesses with a rumble like distant thunder. We then took a guard of honor of twenty men, and, preceded by a troop of warriors, made our way down a steep and narrow path to the stream below. Fording this, several of us hand in hand to prevent being swept off our feet by the current, we found awaiting us on the other side, and in the bottom of the gorge, another group of the Sultan's people with another goat. This animal was slain and examined like the other, more goatskin rings were placed on our fingers, and more numerals solemnly repeated. Thus doubly fortified against a breach of good faith on either side, we proceeded on our way.

Hardly had we started, however, than the Machame warriors ahead of us motioned us to halt, and a moment later the report of several guns and the appearance of a large body of people hurrying down the steep

portance of the occasion. Anxious to do anything he could think of to please his visitors, he and all his elders were too ignorant of the white man's character and requirements to know just what to do. The whole assembly appeared to be in a profound puzzle. We, on our part, made him the customary present of cloth, beads and wire.

We entertained him and his astonished people with the performance of the "Mikado." This was not Gilbert and Sullivan's spectacular creation, if you please, though I doubt whether that charming opera ever had a more appreciative audience than did our little metallic Jap with his revolving umbrella and waving fan—a shilling toy bought in London. We showed him his own bloated features for the first time in a mirror, and amazed him with the ticking of a Waterbury watch. After much discussion among themselves, he and his elders seemed to make up their minds that the proper thing would be to take us into the royal boma, poverty or no poverty. The boma itself was a poor affair. It consisted of a small stockade of planks set on end, which had been laboriously hewn from big logs with native tools. Inside the stockade were several houses of very neat construction and of a pattern that is peculiar to Machame. At all events, we had never seen anything like them anywhere else. Instead of the beehive houses of Marangu and Taveta, the Machame hut is of an exaggerated bell-shape. Set the lower half of a turnip on a table and cut off the root within a trifle of the bulb, and you have a miniature model of a Machame house, without the porch. The framework is a mere cage of poles, bent to the requisite shape; over

MACHAME HOUSE (*unknown before*).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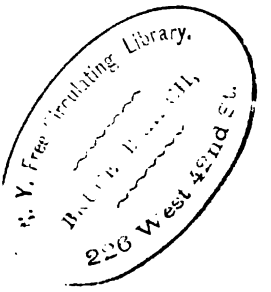
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this is a thatch of banana fronds a foot thick, which are laid on and trimmed in the neatest possible manner. On one side the poles and thatch, instead of descending to the ground, form a little porch over the entrance.

The house we were led to had a longer porch than ordinary, and inside and out was thickly bedded down with dry fern, which graceful plant we had seen in great variety and abundance in Machame and elsewhere on the lower slopes of Kilimanjaro. It was a perfect snuggery, low of entrance and bedded down with the nice, dry bracken; very suitable indeed it seemed for the lair of this fine young human animal, the Mange of a savage state.

Just outside this boma was an inclosure of quite another sort—the kraal in which were kept the royal cattle. This was a remarkable affair, and strong enough to be a good fort. Young trees had been planted in a ring to form a fence. They were planted in such numbers and so close together that as they grew up they formed a living wall of tree-trunks several feet thick, and so compact that one could not see through it.

To our astonishment the King's boma seemed to contain no women, a most extraordinary state of affairs, and when we asked the question as to the number of wives he had—always a complimentary piece of curiosity at an African court—he smiled and shook his head.

"What, none!—why, Miliali, of Marangu, has fourteen, and Mandara, of Moschi, many more than that."

Our looks of surprise and incredulity set the chief and all his elders to laughing. There was evidently a

"nigger in the fence" somewhere. This full-blown, sensuous-faced young potentate without a harem? Impossible. And then one of us remembered that, contrary to our experience elsewhere in the country, the fair sex in Machame had kept themselves well out of sight as our caravan passed their houses. They were too timid and superstitious to let themselves be seen by the white strangers, who might, for all they knew, take it into their heads to assail them with their mysterious powers of ichaw, which everybody knew they possessed to an alarming degree. The Sultan had wives, then—a goodly number, no doubt—but all had scampered off and hid themselves at our approach, fearful of ichaw. We had scarcely come to this conclusion when a bright and prepossessing young woman came into view from behind one of the other houses and bravely advanced to satisfy her curiosity. This feminine trait had conquered her fears of ichaw, but she was the only one who mustered up courage enough to face us. She walked up in the most grotesque manner, with a mincing step and smiling face. Her sense of modesty was admirably in an African belle, and she seemed a far superior person to her liege, the Mange. Her bandera wrapper was folded about her shoulders and held together from within. Nothing was in evidence but face and feet—not even a hand. As she stooped to clear the porch and enter the house, however, one of those shapely members was thrust timidly into view beneath the chin and presented for a shake. We shook and smiled. The Sultan laughed, the elders laughed, all laughed. The fiction of an African chief without the pick and choice of the young women of his

tribe dancing attendance on him had been exploded by the curiosity and courage of one dusky belle.

Bacchus, however, seemed to have rather the upper hand at Ngamini's primitive court. I doubt if anything weaker than millet pombe is ever drunk inside the royal boma. During our visit that beverage flowed as freely as beer in a brewery. A huge jar of it was lugged in and placed in the middle of the assembly, and men ladled it out and passed around the gourds continually.

The Sultan was opulent enough in the matter of pombe, if not in European goods, and so did his best to win our approval of his immense resources in that product. He took us into his brewery, a smaller inclosure that formed an annex to his resident kraal, and enjoyed immensely our astonishment at the vast size of the vats. These were earthenware jars, of bulbous shape, eight in number, and capable of holding two hundred gallons or more of liquor. I had seen wine jars as large, though of different shape, in Persia, but never expected to find such giant pottery in a Chaga state.

In brewing pombe the millet, or wimbi, is first pounded with stones to break the grain, then boiled in earthen kettles until it resembles thin cereal soup; the whole is then emptied into the big jars, covered with a cowhide and allowed to ferment. When dipped out for use the sediment is stirred up from the bottom, as also when dipped from smaller vessels to be passed round. Pombe in this condition is a solid tipple which comes as near being both food and drink as anything of an intoxicating nature can be, and many an

African chief all but lives on it. It has a pleasant twang to it, and the European soon comes to like it almost as well as the native boozer does. It goes to the head, too. A pint puts a white man in a joyous frame of mind and sets a negro, who effervesces easier than his white brother, to singing and whooping. The chiefs, however, are as a general thing animated pombe-sponges, constantly soaked and with the gourd seldom out of reach.

Our interview over we returned to camp, the Sultan promising to return our visit on the morrow. Soon after our arrival we heard a ripple of half-suppressed laughter, sundry low whoops and other signs of merriment in the camp. We stepped outside the tent in time to receive an ambassador from the Sultan with presents. These consisted of a goat, several bunches of bananas, and a brace of exceedingly plump but badly frightened—I would like to add, "partridges," but veracity compels me to say—young women.

Dr. Abbott blushed profoundly, but was nevertheless as much amused as the writer. It was, in short, this latter valuable item of the Sultan's present that had caused the irreverent outburst of merriment among our followers. An African camp, be it known, is the most public place in the world, and in no place in the world is public opinion more freely expressed. The daily affairs of one are known to all. The "bwana" is as conspicuous as a king in the camp, and everything he does—his mode of eating, his ability as a hunter, his temper, his habits, the color and luxuriance, or otherwise, of his whiskers, his particular way of doing this or that—all are discussed with scant reserve by the

porters, and one often hears from these mental feather-weights quaint scraps of sage comment, such as in more intellectual lands fall from the lips of precocious babes.

And now this august concave of a hundred colored judges and commentators stood by, enjoying our perplexity with the negro's keen appreciation of the ridiculous roused to its highest pitch. That the Sultan of Machame should, in the innocence of his soul, think the white men cannibals filled their black skins so full of merriment that some of them went off and rolled on the grass.

As for ourselves, we soon came to a decision. During our brief experience in the Kilimanjaro country we had breakfasted off rhinoceros steak and lunched off cold saddles of zebra; but a roasted African belle was more than we had bargained for for dinner. We accepted the goat and bananas, made the other two items of the present happy with strings of beads, and still happier, I suppose, at finding that they were not to be cut up and eaten. And we sent a message to the Sultan thanking him for the present, but informing him that Americans never indulged in cannibalism.

We stayed at our pleasant camp on the edge of the cañon two days, and discovered in that time that the large population of Machame lives almost exclusively on bananas. A homestead consists of a neat little hut, fenced in with an equally neat dracæna fence and a grove of bananas. Very little else seems to be grown, though on the outskirts of the State were fields of millet, from which was brewed the Sultan's pombe; but not a chicken, yam, or root of cassava was to be obtained.

Everywhere on exposed places were patches of ground cleared of grass, and little groups of women and children fanning the ground with banana leaves to drive or attract white ants. They were brought to us for sale in banana-leaf cylinders, and as an extra recommendation for us to purchase, one or two would be taken out and rolled between the palms to show us how nice and fat they were. These termites, lightly roasted, are considered a great delicacy by the people of Machame.

The Sultan of Machame provided us with a guide for a hunting trip to the Letima Plains, below his country, after which we would return to Taveta, visiting Mandara of Moschi on the way.

CHAPTER VI.

MANDARA OF MOSCHI.

WE reached the confines of Moschi in a warm, pattering rain, and proceeded toward the royal boma over slippery clay paths. Our way led us past Mandara's baby-farm, a curious institution where his wives and concubines are domiciled to bring up their offspring out of their loving husband's sight and hearing. The "farm" consists of a large boma, or kraal, surrounded by a wall of piled boulders built up ten or twelve feet thick and eight high, inside of which are a number of large conical huts for the accommodation of the women and children. The number of women and children it contains is not known even to Mandara, whose mind has never yet awakened to the advantages of a census. Indeed, that gay old potentate doesn't even know how many spouses he happens to be blessed with, and can only give an approximate guess at the number of his own offspring. If you ask him how many wives and children he has, he smiles proudly and says "minge" (many), and that is as near as he can come to it. Whenever any of the blooming buds of the country whom he falls in love with, and installs in his royal favor from time to time, give promise of adding additional lustre to his name, they are packed off to his flourishing establishment within the big stone wall, where they receive bountiful rations of bananas, maize,

and cassava. Mandara's own boma was plainly visible on the crest of a hill a mile or so farther on, and so we halted in a little park outside the baby-farm and honored him with a salute. We were answered by the squalling of many infants inside the enclosure, and a number of chocolate-faced women came and peeped timidly through the entrance.

The doughty chief of Moschi used to live in this kraal himself a couple of years before our visit. But one morning the warriors of his mortal foe, Cena of Kibosho, attacked it suddenly, and only by the valor of his body-guard and by scuttling over the wall and into a banana grove was Mandara able to escape. After that thrilling event he moved higher up the mountain, and now installs therein the numerous objects of the royal affection in regular succession as their youthful attractions begin to fade. Here, in this park, too, were the granaries that supplied the baby-farm with maize. And you might guess for a week at the shape and dimensions of these granaries—for there were many of them—and miss the mark. Imagine a tree with many stout branches; and hanging from every branch, a number of ears of corn in the husk, made up in big bunches. Then picture to yourself a number of such trees scattered about a small park, and you have before you the granary that astonished my unaccustomed eyes in Moschi. After no end of slipping and sliding and scrambling up steep paths, we entered a big boma enclosed with a neat dracæna hedge. It contained a large, barn-like house of Swahili, or coast, architecture, besides several large specimens of the usual bee-hive houses of the country. A still larger

MANDARA'S HOUSE.

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

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BRUCE BRANCH.

Swahili house was in process of construction. On the front wall of the chief's residence was fastened a mirror, six feet long and three deep, and seated on a bench where he could admire himself in it, was a man as remarkable for a negro chief—though as yet less widely known,—as the late Mteza of Uganda.

He has lost one eye; but the other seems to have absorbed the light and "cuteness" of the departed in addition to its own; and every moment, as we sat and talked, it roved in restless curiosity all over our persons. The lobe of his left ear was stretched to enormous proportions, and passed round a wheel-like disc of wood like a rubber tyre. Occasionally Mandara poses before his people as a big medicine-man able to control the elements. The chiefs of this part of the Dark Continent are not given to rain-making and the assumption of supernatural abilities to the extent that we find them in the Niletic provinces, as described by Emin Pasha, but Mandara when in his cups is fully persuaded that he is no ordinary son of Ham, and so takes a shy, so to speak, at the business once in a while. When building the new boma and the house we found him living in, after his narrow escape from the vengeance of Cena, and moreover, being anxious to finish it as soon as possible, he sent heralds with loud-tooting koodoo-horn trumpets, up and down the hills and dales of Moschi, proudly proclaiming that he had ordered it not to rain until his new house was finished. Luck was with him. The rain *did* happen to hold off, and great was the reputation of Mandara in consequence. But he is shrewd enough not to try this sort of thing too often; and so far as I was able to learn had rested

on his laurels ever since this signal success was granted him.

In the matter of European novelties such as find their way to African chiefs, Mandara might be said to have already had a surfeit. He even possessed a sewing-machine, which, however, wouldn't work, and a real opera hat! Yes, there it was hanging on a peg in Mandara's bedroom, coy and unassuming in its collapsed condition. Mandara fetched it out, tapped it tenderly with his knuckles to remove the dust, and—ah! up flies the crown; it assumes at once all the dignity that rightfully belongs only to the stove-pipe; and, smiling proudly, the old chief holds it out for our inspection. To this important acquisition to his treasures, Mandara is indebted to Mr. Otto Ehlers of Berlin.

It is related of Mandara that a visitor once gave him a wax doll; an article he had never seen or dreamed of at that time. The Napoleon of Chaga was greatly taken with this miniature European lady. He examined it very critically, then gave utterance to a low whistle of astonishment. "Was this a correct representation of a white lady?" he asked the donor; "and were all European ladies built that way?" "If so,"—and the severely critical African chief plainly intimated that if such were the case, he was perfectly content with the sex as they existed in his own dominions.

He, of course, was given to understand that the doll was in no sense perfect, at which he seemed much gratified, and nowadays there is nothing in the world that he wishes to see so much as a real white woman. Any lady with a taste for being lionized and well-nigh worshiped, may gratify herself to the full by taking a

trip to Moschi. She would find the intelligent chief I am now treating of, kind but critical, predisposed in her favor, and he would probably offer her his hand and heart inside of an hour after her arrival.

Some time ago, General Matthews, Commander-in-chief of the Sultan of Zanzibar's army, came to Moschi and presented Mandara with the Arab flag. By and by along came the Germans and handed him the German flag in token of the new dominion that had, with the German concession of territory, been established over him and his people. Mandara accepted them both with the greatest of pleasure; and is moreover equally ready to accept the flags of England, Italy, Austria, Russia, China, Japan, and all the other nations of the world, so long as he can get them for nothing. He didn't think much of the Sultan's flag because it is only a plain red affair, and he had plenty of plain red calico among his own stores. The red, white, and blue of Germany was somewhat better, but still nothing to enthuse over. What he wanted was something of a different pattern to anything any of his young women had ever worn about their waists before, so that he could bestow it on the favorite of the day. This extraordinary conception of the duty of flags having come to our notice by seeing one young woman encased in the Arab flag and another in the German tricolor, we at once pointed out to Mandara the superior beauty of the Stars and Stripes.

"What do you think of *this* one, Mandara?" we asked.

"Minge sana!" (much prettier than the others).

"Think you that your handsomest young woman will

have any objections to coming under the protection of the American flag?"

Mandara intimated that the said young person would be perfectly delighted; and so in our simple republican way, without any fuss or ceremony, we then and there humbled the Arab and German emblems of authority and dominion to the dust, and bestowed upon the fairest portion of Mandara's possessions the protection—literally—of the starry emblem of freedom. For a moment we turned our eyes to Kibo's snowy summit, and listened solemnly for the scream of the eagle. The young lady, who stepped behind the partition and enrolled herself under the banner of light and liberty, was as plump and well put together as Miss Columbia herself, and her skin was about the color of copper. The day after this exploit our caravan re-entered Taveta, and there I found the expected message from Zanzibar.

And what a message it turned out to be, that reached me there in this African Arcadia on the Lumi! It was a message direct from Mr. Stanley himself, telling, in graphic, forceful language, of all that had befallen him since that memorable day, June 28, 1887, now two years gone, when he cut loose from the strings of civilization and with the advance of his expedition turned his back on his Yambuya camp. It went on to tell all about the terrible hardships of the journey through the savage and unknown Congo Forest, the frightful mortality among his people, the wholesale desertions and the harrowing perfidity of his porters. Then came the brighter words: the escape from the dismal forest into the sunlight of an open country; the meeting with Emin Pasha, and the hopeful prospect of success; and further

on, the dismay at finding the dispersion of his officers of the rear guard, and the shipping of his personal effects down the Congo under the supposition that he was dead! And how did this message from Stanley reach me?

I handed to my companion the clipping from the *London Times*, through the medium of which Stanley's long message had reached me, and sat down, to reflect.

Accompanying the clippings from the *Times*, was a private letter stating that Stanley was understood to be coming down through Masai-land toward Mombasa. It did not take me long to make up my mind what course to pursue. Both Abbott and myself wanted to see something of the Masai. If Stanley was coming down through Masai-land, why not go and meet him, as the best thing left to be done by a newspaper?

CHAPTER VII.

INTO MASAI-LAND.

THUS it happened that on a bright June morning we emerged from an area of thorn-grown plain, on to the open pastures of the Lytokitok Masai. On our left was the rugged peak, Kimawenzi, and beyond it, to the west, peeping over its dark rugged shoulder, was ever-snowy Kibo. We met long files of Masai women with donkeys, going to Useri to buy vegetable food, and we passed several of those landmarks of the Masai border—deserted kraals.

It was always to us a curious phase of the savage life of these people, to see the women fearlessly venturing to places where the warriors, with all the bravery of arms and masculine courage, dared not go. The abandoned kraals, too, spoke eloquently of the vast difference between the Wa-Seri and their truculent neighbors. One a race of timid toilers, carrying bundles of grass ten miles every day rather than expose their cattle to the raiders; the others, fighters and marauders, disdaining work as beneath their dignity, grazing their herds under the very noses of the Wa-Chaga, and in defiance of a host of covetous neighbors.

A few hours' march took us from the spot where people ran away when they saw us, to a fine open park, in which, on the crest of a swell commanding a broad view of the surrounding country, stood three young warriors, who certainly hadn't the remotest idea of bolt-

ing at our approach. On the contrary they stood, shading their eyes with the hands, and boldly sizing us up as we marched toward them. As we came near they motioned us to pass on by, with the air of men who owned the earth, and claimed the right to tell other people where they might or might not tread. Their gestures were of a proud and domineering people, accustomed to dictate and to be obeyed. When we had passed by they motioned us to stop, and waved at us bunches of grass in token of peace. Here were three young men, assuring a party of more than a hundred that they would do us no harm! We were extremely amused at their insolent bearing, which seemed to sit on them as naturally as politeness on a Jap. The porters, who had bull-dozed the Wa-Seri most unmercifully but a few hours before, now became the humblest and the most anxious to please of mortals. They smirked and grinned in ghastly compliance, as the three Masai inquisitors poked them with their knob-sticks and turned them about in curiously impudent scrutiny of their persons. As for Minara, our M-Taveta interpreter, he had begged the day before a piece of cloth for the purpose of binding up his fine large ears, lest the Masai should yield to temptation and, grabbing for his ear-ornaments, tear his slender lobes in twain. And indeed it seemed not an unreasonable precaution to have taken, for the manner in which these three warriors poked him and others about, looked very much like a case of highwaymen going through our party for valuables. They did all this, however, with such great good-humor, and, withal, it seemed so natural to them, that all we could, or cared, to do, was to laugh in return.

They showed us where to camp on a little stream, where we ran up a boma in short order.

When traveling in Masai-land, as soon as the caravan reaches its camping-ground for the night, "boma, boma!" is the order, and immediate execution is enforced. Ready to hand, in all directions, is a choice and varied assortment of bushes, belonging to the savage vegetation of the pliocene age rather than ours, bearing thorns anywhere from one to six inches long. Some of these thorns are of fish-hook or wait-a-bit pattern, others resemble miniature scimitars, others again are little pairs of cow-horns set on knobs, or from a common center shoot forth several formidable spikes, three inches long. The African bush may be said to bear thorns instead of leaves.

In the matter of the boma, the porter's sense of danger is usually sufficient to stimulate him to unwonted activity, and a hundred men, some with axes chopping down and the others dragging them in and arranging them in a circle, tops outward, soon put the camp in an efficient state of defense.

Our boma was on a strip of open pasture, through which meandered a tiny rivulet. The population of several kraals visited us, and made our presence the occasion of a general turn-out and sight-seeing.

Four bands of El-Moran came dancing and drumming, chanting and evoluting up to our camp, one after another, to demand their hongo. The day was bright, and with my Hawkeye detective camera I crouched behind the scattering bushes and took instantaneous photographs of the bands as they came prancing up. These were the savage gentlemen, whose reputation

A PAIR OF EL-MORAN.

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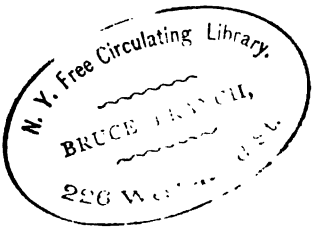

for annihilating caravans and stabbing porters made it so exceedingly difficult to drag the latter out of such safe havens as Taveta, and gives you endless trouble to prevent them stampeding at their very shadows, and bolting like demoralized mules.

Behold these people, then, of whom we have heard so much, on that grassy knoll, outlined in bold relief against the gray clouds. One of them seems to be delivering an oration; and if his words are but half so eloquent as his gestures, depend upon it they are as worthy of your ear as an after-dinner speech from Chauncey M. Depew. Now, like a member of Congress, a second warrior "rises to explain." Number one motions him to resume his seat. "Just three words, Mr. Speaker; only three words, upon my honor." "No!—sit down; you're out of order, I tell you." Number two, realizing the justice of the rebuke, falls back without another word and squats beside his spear. The speaker who has the floor, as though thrown on his mettle by the interruption, grows more and more eloquent as he proceeds. At the beginning of his discourse his hand mechanically sought the knob-kerrie, thrust, sword-fashion in the strip of raw-hide about his waist, and drew it forth. Was he going to crack some presumptuous opponent on the head with it, or only keep it in hand to be used in case of a general row? Neither of these, my readers; nothing is further from his intentions. Holding it by the stem end, the orator emphasizes each important remark by a curious half-striking motion toward first one and then others of his audience, as though impressing them with the weighty character of his views by tapping them

one after another on the nose. Having at length exhausted his stock of ideas, number one retires. Three others rise simultaneously to take his place. One is a splendid six-foot savage, of whose superiority to the others as a fighter there can be no doubt. His acknowledged physical superiority gives him the upper-hand. He waves his rivals back to their seats with scant show of courtesy, and drawing his knob-kerrie proceeds to deliver his opinions in the same manner as number one. Being of even more forceful delivery that that individual, however, the tapping action of his knob-kerrie is yet more demonstrative, and the noses of the listeners apparently in still greater danger.

In this manner some half-dozen orators addressed the assembly, when they at length seemed to have reached a satisfactory conclusion, and surely an important one as the result of so great an expenditure of words. Four of the Masai now separated themselves from their comrades and came over to us, the rest remaining in their squatting attitude, looking on in silence. Rising to speak in turn these four brought to bear on our interpreter their formidable battery of eloquence, standing about him, towering head and shoulders above him almost in the attitude of fencers, and making play at his small figure with their knob-sticks at the end of every sentence. Minara was an undersized individual, and when he entered our service we had taken him a step in the direction of civilization, or thought we had, by presenting him with enough merikani to make himself a shirt. Some of our warm-hearted men had kindly volunteered to make up this garment for him, and, as a matter of course, purloined half the material. The

result was that it fitted him as tight as a sausage-skin and lacked a foot of reaching his knees. It was the most uncomfortable and undignified garment that ever spoilt the appearance of a savage. His small person, further reduced in size by the tension of this abortive costume, and by it also deprived of the last vestige of that dignity which naturally belongs to the savage, cut a sorry figure indeed as the oratorical opponent of the four stalwart Masai. Only one of these nomads stood under six feet, and all were proportioned like athletes.

As our very meeking-looking little interpreter drew his knob-kerrie and cleared his throat to reply, we could hardly keep our countenances; and when he actually began to lay down the law of what his employers, the great white men, would or would not consent to, and described emphatic curves at them with his baton, we almost expected to see one of them rebuke his impudence by picking the manikin up under his arm and walking off with him. Notwithstanding his size and meekness, however, they heard him out very respectfully, replied each in turn, allowed him to answer again, then came to an understanding with him.

The amount of tribute exacted was forty coils of thick iron wire, sufficient to make two leg ornaments for a fashionable Masai woman; several pounds of copper wire and the same of beads, to which was added, for the El-Moran, half a dozen naiberè or war-dresses. All this time the main party of warriors kept themselves carefully aloof, as though it might be a point of honor with them not to come near enough to influence the negotiations by their presence. It is not likely that this was their object, but still it looked to me very

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much like it. At any rate their behavior was in marked contrast to that of the people in other places under similar circumstances, where the chiefs or elders usually had to shout at and bully their people, to keep them from crowding too closely about us.

Seeing that we had come to an amicable understanding with their representatives, however, and were proceeding to our boma to make up their hongo, they rose as one man from the ground and proceeded to celebrate the occasion with a war-dance. As my assistance was not needed particularly in the boma, I remained outside with our four friends and orators and looked on. The married men, having retired on their laurels from war-raids, cattle-lifting, and all military pursuits, took no part in the dance. There were, in fact, but a couple of El-Morau present, their village being represented and their share of the hongo looked after by this small delegation. The El-Moran seized their shields and spears and divided themselves into two bands, representative of the two villages, or military kraals to which they belonged. Striking up a musical chant of "yakh-yaho!" they moved in compact double rows, like soldiers at company drill, this way and that, marching with the same cock-of-the-walk strut we had observed in the warriors of Arusha-wa-Chini. We had seen and admired their humble imitators then; but now the real article, the warlike El-Moran, the salt of the earth, who never touched vegetable food, and I must say the difference was great. These men were full of martial pride, and as they warmed up to their exercises one could see their eyes kindle with the spirit of the born soldier. Now and then some enthusiastic

warrior, unable to contain himself under the stirring influence of the chanting and marching, would rush out of the ranks, and, drawing his simè, run amuck among imaginary foes, cutting and slashing like a madman. Sometimes two would thus leave the ranks together, and engage in mimic fight, the victor chasing the vanquished with his simè until others ran from the ranks and interposed. It seemed a case of touch and go, whether these combats were real or mimic, so viciously did they whack away with their rude simès. These little side-shows were, I fancy, largely for the benefit of the porters. Several of those gentlemen, seeing no bloodshed, had actually ventured outside the boma, while the others watched the proceedings over the barrier of thorns.

At length, the dance proper being over, the two bands spread out into single lines of men and wheeled and wheeled and marched, their big oval shields all held in the same position on the left arm and their spears at the perpendicular in the right hand. They made a fine military picture of savage life as they spread out into these even lines, and the effect was greatly heightened by the strange heraldic devices of the clan, which were painted in red and white on the black ground of the buffalo-hide shields. Their evolutions ended, they finished the interesting performance by squatting down in even rows and gently scraped and strummed on the inside of their shields with their spear-hilts.

This produced a peculiar buzzing, waspish noise that sounded well in keeping with the whole performance. It was the only military band these soldiers had ever had to thrill their ardor; it wasn't much, but their black

eyes kindled and they displayed their even rows of ivories, attesting their delight.

The Masai, like all East Africans save the Wa-Taveta, are atrocious thieves; and having the courage and impudence to back up their propensities, they are troublesome at times. Often articles were grabbed and made off with. We would then have to give chase to the culprits, who, upon being detected and overtaken, would laughingly relinquish their plunder.

I never saw such people for laughing at anything and everything. I believe the Masai warrior laughs at the foe he is attacking, and dodges poisoned arrows and spear-thrusts with the same good-humor that you or I would dodge a snow-ball. And he thinks so little of human life that he would with a chuckle of glee split a skull with his simè, or with a merry laugh thrust his huge spear into a man's stomach and twist it round and round. Life is a short and a merry one to the Masai warrior. He never knows a pang of remorse, though he may in a quarrel kill his own brother or bosom friend. He faces death with a laugh and deals the same out to his enemies with equal good-humor. From first to last we never saw any expression on the face of a Masai warrior but the merry devilment of good-natured but mischievous boys; nor could the writer imagine him capable of a genuine scowl of anger, though I have often seen him assume the same, to scare, and enjoy the fright of, a porter. The asinine terror of our men seemed to us the most ridiculous thing we had ever heard of.

The Masai were much mystified at the way we killed game. They called us "lyboni" (medicine men), and

pointed out to one another the holes in the animal's skin, and the trickling blood. They do not yet understand firearms, nor have they any ambition to arm themselves with them. The perfect weapon, to them, is the long, handsome, but really cumbersome and inferior spear which they are armed with. In this we realized the gulf we passed in crossing over the Masai border. The Wa-Chaga would swap their wives, if necessary, for guns and ammunition. The Masai, living near by, know nothing of guns, nor seem to have any desire in that direction. To them the gun with its noise and smoke is a mysterious product of the white man's power of magic. That there was some uncanny connection between those little punctures in the skins of the stricken animals and the hollow tubes of our rifles, they quite understood, but beyond that they shook their heads and answered "dower" (magic medicine). In dress the Lytikitok warriors differ but little from the Arusha-wa-Chini. They wore the same fantastic rings around the eyes, the short goat-skin toga over one shoulder, and their massy "mops" of hair and string were mostly gathered into a heavy pig-tail behind. As for the rest they were quite naked, although they didn't know it. One soon comes to understand in Africa that clothes have very little to do with modesty, and that the whole matter of clothes or no clothes is purely an affair of education. A coating of grease and clay protects the East African savage from evil effects of sudden climatic changes, as clothing protects us; and with plenty of that, and a few ornaments, he deems himself well and fashionably dressed.

They believe themselves to be the salt of the earth,

and ages of domineering over other people has made them insolent in their bearing and tremendous fighters in their own opinion, as well as in the opinion of others. They now act very much like spoilt children and bad boys, who have become so used to doing as they pleased that they ill-brook any attempt at restraint. The big warriors used to pout like school-girls when we ordered them to stand back or keep their hands off; but any little difficulties of the kind always ended with a laugh and victory for us. Like any other half-wild animal the El-Moran is capable of being managed with a little tact and patience. He is a great and amusing braggard. "I'm an El-Moran!" he says proudly, conscious unto himself that he could give you no higher recommendation, no greater credentials. He seems fond of using the word. "El-Moran, El-Moran—El-Moran," this is the burthen of his remarks, to a ridiculous extent.

One of his peculiar beliefs, and the one that guides and governs his whole scheme of life, is that all cow-kind were made for his especial benefit. He considers it his right to search out and seize upon those animals wherever he can find them. He has no objection to fighting for them. All he wants to know is where cattle are to be found; and a raid is organized and away he and his comrades go, to Kavirondo, to Ulu, Ukambani, or the coast, as the case may be. On these raids a herd of cattle are driven with them for food.

So persistently have they followed this course that they have left very few cattle in the surrounding country to raid for. All other tribes have been driven to seek safety with the remnants of their herds on

mountains, like the Wa-Teita and Wa-Chaga, or in forest fastnesses like the Wa-Kahè and Wa-Arusha. They have, in their savage improvidence, about killed the goose that laid them golden eggs, and their marauding must eventually end for the lack of cattle to repay them.

Like everybody else—whether they ever had any good old times or not—the Masai warriors of to-day sigh for the good old times when their neighbors owned ten cattle where they now own one, and when they used to come back from a raid into Gyriama with a thousand head instead of a beggarly hundred and fifty. But hard as times are with him, war and cattle-raiding are still the life occupations of the El-Moran. From the day he becomes a warrior and enters the ranks of the warriors and the community of the military kraal, to the time when his powers of endurance begin to wane and he leaves the military life to marry and settle down, the Masai lives on an exclusive diet of beef and milk. Vegetable food he regards as the diet of women and children and toothless old men, and he would be irredeemably disgraced in the eyes of his comrades by eating it. They regard cattle as the one thing above all others necessary to their existence. Cattle is to them more than the reindeer to the Laplander, or the bison to the American Indian fifty years ago. Though game, as big and almost as tame as cattle, abounds in astonishing qualities, they scorn to eat it, and though when raiding their enemies they may chop down banana groves, they would go with empty stomachs for a week rather than taste the fruit. They differ from their neighbors in that they never raid for slaves;

and this at least ought to secure for them the good will of the Anti-slavery Society, and of humane people everywhere.

As a boy the young Masai's sole ambition is to become an El-Moran. If there is an object in the whole world worthy of worship, it is to his young savage mind the warrior with the big spear and shield, who is a terror to all the tribes, and in whose presence the big trading caravans stand humiliated with fear. As soon as he is old enough he whittles out a wooden spear, rigs up a small shield, and plays at being an El-Moran, as boys in America play soldier.

He hasn't much time for play, however, for during the first ten years of his life he has to herd the cows and goats of the domestic, or home kraal. He belongs to a race where might is very near right, and so long as he is too small to assert himself he has to shoulder a good share of the drudgery. But about the age of ten or twelve he is promoted to a similar position in the warrior kraal. He now herds the cattle belonging to the El-Moran, a tremendous step upwards in his estimation from a domestic cow-herd.

Seven or eight years later he has become big enough to join the ranks of the military. Good-by all drudgery now. The humble cow-herd blossoms out into the proudest of mortals. Spear and shield are procured; he is admitted into the close comradeship of an experienced warrior and into the charmed circle of En-ditto (young unmarried women) and El-Moran.

A pleasing feature to contemplate in this military circle is the comradeship of the warriors. A sort of brotherhood appears to be established between these

comrades-in-arms, who fight and wander about in pairs. We could not find out whether any sworn brothership or any ceremonial was indulged in; but we often saw these pairs walking about with arms thrown affectionately round one another's necks, and laughing and chatting like a couple of school-girl companions. It is considered a disgrace for one of these comrades to return from a fight in which his brother warrior has been killed. Thus do we find in these savage soldiers something of the spirit of chivalry that animated the knighthood of crusading days.

Twenty years or so of beef-eating and gallantry in the military kraal, and in the pursuits of this new and exalted estate are passed by the Masai. He has in that time been on twenty or thirty expeditions far and near; sometimes to make war, but generally with the sole object of stealing cattle. Every time a caravan has made its appearance in his part of the country, he has joined his comrades in the war-dance heretofore described, and prancing up to the camp of the strangers has demanded tribute of their goods. With much amusement and self-pride he has seen the legs of the porters tremble beneath them at his approach, and for a lark he has sometimes scowled at them and threatened to spit them on his huge spear. Sometimes a panicky trader, exaggerating the situation, has lost his head, and resorting to his guns has brought about a fight in which all the savagery of the hot-blooded young warriors has been aroused, and the unlucky caravan has been utterly annihilated.

But these glorious days of his ardent youth finally draw to an end. Age and its infirmities are close

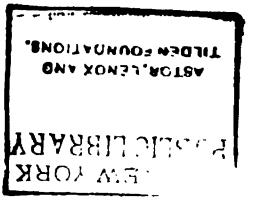
and stand prepared to hold it against all comers. In all their actions there seems a singular want of unity. Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost, seems to be the governing principle of their society. They, however, look up to and seek advice from certain great "lyboni," or medicine men, and suffer their affairs to be regulated, after a manner, by the old men of the clan. The warriors, moreover, choose a captain or leader to head them on their raids, and to prance before them in their military evolutions when coming for hongo. He keeps in front of the ranks, as a drum-major before a band, and is usually distinguished by a most magnificent physique, and a perfect spear and shield.

A remarkable change comes over the Masai as soon as he leaves the military, and marries and settles down to domestic life.

In Masai-land I never saw a married man smile! And this in a land where, as before noted, the single men are all jovial blades. Whether it results from the responsiblities of the married state, or whether eternal regret pursues them at leaving the wild, dissolute life of the warrior kraal, who shall say?—but certainly the sharp contrast between the deep gravity of the married men, and the merry devilment of the El-Moran, is very striking indeed.

Such then is a cursory sketch of the life, appearance, and characteristics of the remarkable men who swarmed into our boma at Lytokitok. A further glimpse of their social life was afforded us when they got ready to swarm out again and go home. Two-thirds of our audience were women and young girls. The warriors,

MASAI WAR-PARTY.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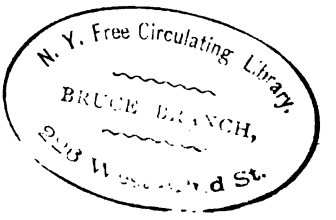
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when they thought it time for clearing out, simply picked up sticks and proceeded to drive the females before them toward the opening, as though they were a flock of sheep.

Notwithstanding the friendly relations we had maintained with the El-Moran of Lytokitok, our party were all the time in a panicky frame of mind. Their ridiculous fears are not to be described in print. Even inside our own thorn castle, porters might be seen edging away from warriors with every symptom of fear. And once when an axe and a package of beads were stolen, and the whole crowd of Masai rushed from the boma, the excitement was prodigious. "Bunduki! bunduki! (guns! guns!) was the panicky shriek, and for a minute we really expected some trembling lunatic to fire his gun, and bring about a fight, in which that same brave soul would have been speared in the back while running away. Not a man would have dared to raise a hand in defense of our goods, and so when in "dangerous" localities one of us always remained in camp. We received a fair warning not to relax this precaution, one afternoon. We had just selected a camping-place on the Kimangelia River, and the rear of the caravan was straggling in, when, without the slightest warning, several Masai warriors appeared on the bluff above our heads. For a moment our hearts beat anxiously. Here was a new experience, according to all accounts, of a most ticklish nature, confronting us without a moment's notice. True we had met the dread warriors in their own country behind our strong thorn bomas; but here was a war-party, and not so much as a bush to protect the camp.

"It would be bad enough, in all conscience, to come in contact with them (the El-Moran) in their own country. But to meet them on the war-path with heated blood, and without any restraint, was a matter still more serious to contemplate," says the gallant pioneer of Masai-land, Mr. Thomson, in justification of his decision to retreat "and stand our chance with the notorious chief Mandara"; at the rumor of a war-party ahead. We thought of Mr. Thomson's words, and might have followed his example had we had the chance, notwithstanding our favorable impression of them in their own country, for surely there must be *some* foundation for that gentleman's terrifying descriptions.

But we had no chance to bolt; for here the dreaded warriors were, not forty yards from us, in all their hideous and fantastic war-paint, calmly looking down on us from the bluff. They said nothing; they were quietly "taking us in." I wonder what opinion they arrived at from *our* conduct. Abbott and I had set our guns up against a tree. Ordering the men to look to their Sniders, we hastened to secure our own weapons, quite expecting this time to have to fight for it. At the same time, however, we plucked grass and waved it at the El-Moran in token of peace.

Those savage gentlemen, in happy contrast to our own trepidation, and the utter collapse of the valiant people about us, who were now meekly sitting down on their loads awaiting their doom, stood leaning on their big painted shields in splendid indifference, as we stepped to the tree and grabbed our Winchesters. Did we mean to shoot? They didn't know, and they

seemed to care still less. We felt rather ashamed of our suspicions, too, I must say, as they scrambled down the bluff and jumped the little stream, and advanced in the most confident manner to shake our hands.

In reply to our questions: "We're El-Moran," they said, "going for ngombe" (cattle). This in the most matter-of-fact way in the world, as from men pursuing a calling of which they had no reason to be ashamed. But they wouldn't tell us where they were bound for; they laughed and shook their heads at this. As yet we didn't know how many the party might number, for the main body kept out of sight. They soon turned up, however, about seventy or eighty warriors. Among the curious head-dresses, we noticed the stomachs of calves or goats, with the spongy cell-surface turned out. These fitted the head as snugly as nightcaps, and were trimmed to come down to the eye-brows and slope down over the neck, much like a close-fitting leather helmet.

The Masai gave us a war-dance on the bluff. We presented them with a few handfuls of beads, and for the rest of the day fraternized in the most agreeable manner. They had about two hundred head of cattle with them—their commissary on the raid. They earned, if anything, even a better opinion from us here than at their homes. They acted very like a crowd of jovial blades out on a tremendous skylarking affair. Evidently they regard a raid as a sort of holiday. They made great sport of the all too apparent terror of the porters. A great joke among themselves, was for a warrior to assume a truly theatrical scowl and pretend to

spear one of the latter, amid roars of merriment from his comrades. The porter thus honored would respond with a grin so ghastly that the delighted El-Moran would go into another fit of laughter.

But even here the spirit of commerce was dominant. These people may love fighting, but they are ten times more anxious to trade. Even though on a war-like expedition, some offered their spears, others shields, simès, head-dresses—anything they had, for trade.

They camped a short distance below us for the night. We had read, among other things, that to observe, whether accidentally or otherwise, a band of El-Moran eating, was to do so at the imminent peril of one's life. But we had by this time grown rudely skeptical of the many dangerous qualities attributed to these warriors, so that while my companion went out to shoot something, I had no hesitation about strolling down to their camp.

They were in the act of knocking over a cow when I arrived. They knocked it down with a spear thrust behind the ear, then opening the jugular with a small knife, one after another applied lip to the hole and drank with great relish the warm blood. They then hacked the carcass to pieces, and proceeded to roast it, after the manner of our own men. It was a strange sight to see them eat. A chunk of beef being ready, several warriors would take possession of it, and proceed to devour it with as much haste and as little ceremony as the same number of dogs. It was very evident that among this ravenous band a modest, retiring individual would soon starve to death. Such an one

however, was not among them. All were eager, grabbing, devouring, rending animals at this truly savage feast. It was grab and hack and bite, from hand to hand, mouth to mouth. Each warrior, as he could get his hand in, grabbed the meat, stuck his teeth into it, and with his spear slashed a piece off. The play of the spears, for carving off big mouthfuls, looked so rapid and reckless that I expected every moment to see one of them slice off his nose.

In this mode of eating the Masai resemble the Abyssinians, though the latter, I believe, use knives rather than spears.

Equally marvelous with the play of spears, was the sharpness of their teeth. They handed me a piece of beef, which I found so tough that I couldn't get my teeth through it, though I have excellent incisors; yet these carnivorous "buffateers" masticated the rubbery flesh with the ease of wolves. Later in the evening they brought roast beef into our camp to sell. Pieces they didn't sell they devoured in the same manner, to the astonishment of our men.

This was the last occasion on which we saw Masai warriors. That they are a strangely interesting people the foregoing remarks amply testify. I have endeavored to give a faithful account of them as we saw them, though in so doing the disagreeable task has sometimes fallen to my pen, of flatly contradicting the evidence of an illustrious traveler to whom we are indebted for well-nigh all we know of Masai-land.

Great is the opportunity of the pioneer explorer, and great is the world indebted to the pioneer of Masai-land.

But when that gentleman solemnly (?) tells us that certain ferocious warriors will kill you for your impudence in approaching them while they are eating; that from boyhood up they carefully cultivate a fiendish scowl; that they hold vultures and marabout storks sacred, and are murderously angry if you shoot one; that they rigidly abstain from the universal East African vice of snuffing, etc, etc,—it is certainly rather startling to find these same warriors always begging you and your men for snuff; constantly worrying you to shoot vultures and storks for them, in order that they may secure feathers to stick in their hair; to not only kill and eat beef in your presence, but to offer you pieces; and whenever you meet them and under all conditions to find them with laughing instead of scowling faces! But never mind; this is a changeful world; perhaps the next traveler in these regions will find the Masai warriors wearing trousers and smoking cigarettes.

In the author's opinion their ferocity has been exaggerated, and their amiability has been overlooked in order to magnify the danger of travel and exploration in their country. Their boyish laugh that ever ripples over their pleasant, intelligent faces has been tortured into a fiendish scowl, and because they are not cowards, and the poor human asses who are bought and sold at from fifty to one hundred dollars apiece in Zanzibar, and who are dragged into their country with bales of goods on their heads, tremble before them as asses before lions, they have been dubbed human devils. The white man they scarcely regard as a being of their own world; he hails from another sphere, which they know nothing about. They regard him with a sort of

BAND OF MASAI WARRIORS APPROACHING CAMP.

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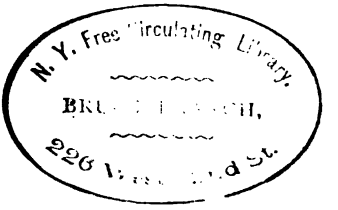


mild awe, as they do anything they don't understand, and though they demand hongo from him as from everybody else when he visits their country, and though they might even have the rashness to fight him if he refused to pay it, they yet have the African instinct which teaches them that they are in the presence of superiors.

CHAPTER VIII.

MASAI WOMEN.

THE Masai women are quite as interesting, in a way, as the men. From the standpoint of physical excellence, however, they are strangely inferior to the sterner sex; though the opposite holds good in many of the other East African tribes. The Masai women are altogether unlovely. They seemed of a race apart from the men. They were angular and spindle-shanked and, forsooth, an ill-favored lot from any point of view. The plumpness that characterizes the women of the Chaga and other neighboring tribes, was entirely wanting in the women of Masai-land. Even the young damsels were not plump; all seemed skinny and spare of flesh.

Nor did they possess even the charm of modesty to redeem them, or the timidity before strangers that becomes so well, elsewhere, the African maiden. Even the little girls of this strange people were bold and agressive in their demeanor. I well remember an amusing illustration of the insolent character of the very children that came under my eye at Lytokitok. Rashid-mitt-Athmani, one of Dr. Abbott's gun-bearers, was stationed in the rear of the tent to guard against itching fingers at that point. A number of women and little girls were crowded around there looking in.

"Open that box you're sitting on, you pack-animal,

and let's see what wonderful things it contains," commanded a domineering miss of seven or eight summers.

"No," replied Rashid, and he shook his head.

"What?—you wont open it, eh! Well then, take that!" and little Miss Arrogance gave the astonished gun-bearer a sounding smack on the face, that came very near waking him up from the lethargy that had defied our daily threats and promises for three months.

The ornaments of the women are very remarkable, and we wondered whether these were not, in a measure, responsible for their slim, bony figures—their lack of embonpoint. The habits of the sexes are responsible perhaps for these striking contrasts. To the exercise of mountain-climbing every day between field and house, we attributed the well-developed limbs of the Wa-Teita women, and to the loafing lives of the men, their spindle shanks. And if these surmises were correct in regard to the Wa-Teita, perhaps it will be sufficient to point out in Lytokitok that the duties of the women are confined to the household and the milking, while the warriors are always coming and going on marauding expeditions after cattle. Other speculations touching upon the domestic relations of the Masai woman to the tribe might be indulged in concerning these physical peculiarities, but as the wise (?) parent conceals knowledge from the children, so, because of the refinements of civilization must the traveler among barbarous people refrain from criticizing in a popular book some of their habits.

In speaking of limbs, however, it is quite impossible that a Masai lady should be well-formed. Arms and legs are the victims of cruel fashion in the same degree,

if not quite to the same extent, as the feet of the Golden Lily of China. A Masai lady has no calf to speak of; and if she is an aristocrat and a fashionable woman, she has none whatever. From foot to knee her leg is compressed within a cylindrical ornament of closely coiled big iron wire. This is brightly polished and might aptly be termed a steel stocking without a foot, or, better yet, a steel gaiter. The coils widen out to a bell-shaped bottom at the ankle, to give free play to the foot.

Arms are encased in like manner from hand to elbow; and around the neck is a huge plate-like collar of the same heavy material, that rests on the shoulders, and above which the head protrudes as through a hole in a steel trencher, two feet in diameter. The more fashionable ladies can scarcely walk; their movements are encumbered to the same extent as those of a dismounted knight in the days of Agincourt and Cressy. The clothing is an ample garment of dressed cow-skin, which envelops them from armpit to below the knee. And so with their massive iron ornaments, covering about all of the body that is visible, it is not difficult to suppose them Amazonian warriors armored cap-a-pie.

Other ornaments are heavy brass coils of wire in the ears, the weight of which has to be supported by a band over the head; bead ornaments around the neck, and neatly patterned bead belts. Beside these is a curious ornament of many iron chains that loop down from a neck-band to the waist. Their cow-skin garment is belted at the waist with a band of beads. The head is smoothly shaven, and the by no means lovely face, is rendered grotesque beyond description by broad white

rings painted around the eyes, which we have seen the beginning of at Arusha-wa-Chini. The Masai ladies have a wicked habit of winking at strangers, a compliment that seems to lose none of its significance from these clownish white circles.

The fair sex of Masai-land lead curious lives. As a baby the future consort of the El-Moran spends her days in a leather sling strapped to her mother's back, and her nights on a cow-skin mat. She is never washed, and swarms of flies buzz about her young head all day, and myriads of fleas make sport of her helplessness all night. One wonders she lives through it all; but she does.

After babyhood she grows up about the kraal like a rank young weed, in dress and ornaments a miniature of her mother. She is precocious according to our ideas, for nothing is hidden from her, and before she reaches her teens she knows as much as her mother does, and believes in her inmost soul that she knows a great deal more.

As she develops into a sentimental miss, much of her conversation relates to the El-Moran. The big bumptious warriors are the beau ideal of all that is admirable in man, in her eyes, in the eyes of her young brothers, in the eyes of her mother, of her father. From the day of her birth she has heard more talk of the El-Moran than of any other subject on earth or off it. "El-Moran" is the topic in Masai-land as the dollar is in America; Bass and sport in England; bier, shport and Fatherland in Germany; and pice and rupees in Zanzibar.

Her father boasts of the doughty deeds he performed,

of the number of foes he speared and the cattle he lifted when he was a proud occupant of the military kraal and a leading spirit among the El-Moran in their great expeditions for cattle; and he sighs because age and failing powers at length compelled him to retire from military life. Her mother, too, often refers to the happy days, when as an En-ditto she was one of a hundred or so young women whose privilege it was to live and love in the warrior kraal, companions and consorts of the El-Moran. To become an El-Moran has been the dream of her young bro'her from the day he was old enough to talk, and often has the bloodthirsty instincts of that youth impelled him to chase her with his wooden spear.

What more natural, then, and what more certain in the very nature of things, than that our young lady's maiden fancy should dwell chiefly on that same worshipful being, as she approaches the mature age of twelve or thirteen summers, which period of her life she has been looking forward to with impatience, as does the civilized young lady to the time of her entrance into society.

At that age the Masai girl has become a young woman. Up to that period she has been but a "chit of a girl," too young to have a lover; but now arrives the days of her social emancipation, and her admission into the charmed circle of the warrior kraal. Rigged out in a bran new cow-skin mantle, and loaded down with an astonishing quantity of senengè and bead ornaments, the armor-like leg-ornaments, arm-ornaments and huge neck piece, polished till they shine like silver, she leaves the paternal roof and enters

the strange community of the big warrior kraal, near by.

Here she finds, say, a hundred and fifty warriors, the proud young manhood of the clan, and about the same number of young women. The former are known as El-Moran, and the latter as En-ditto. She now becomes an En-ditto herself, and for a number of years she leads a happy, romantic existence from the Masai point of view. From our point of view, however, it must be confessed that the domestic economy of the military kraals might be improved upon. The duties of the new En-ditto are to aid her sisters in attending to the wants of the El-Moran, to roast the beef and milk the cows that are set apart by the tribe for the support of the military kraals. Her duties are not arduous, and she may be said to live an easy and luxurious life at this period of her career.

In the course of time some warrior of thirty-five or forty years, is forced to the sad conclusion that his powers of endurance are no longer what they ought to be. He returned from that last big cattle-lifting raid to Kavirondo regularly done up. Upstart young warriors whom he once bullied and ordered about, have now taken to bullying and ordering him about, and to twitting him on his failing powers. He therefore reluctantly decides to leave the gay circle of brave warriors and fair women, and marry and settle down. His proud title of El-Moran is relinquished as sadly as a fallen monarch yields up his crown; he picks out for a wife our En-ditto, pays her father half a dozen cows for her, and retiring from the glory and circumstance of the big military kraal, the couple, after an absence of ten

years on her part and fifteen on his, re-enter the humble precincts of the domestic kraal and settle down to rear a family.

As she grows old and atrociously ugly, her husband buys a younger wife. She has no objections, and though, feminine-like, she views with sorrow the deepening wrinkles and crows-feet of old age, her compensation is found in the merry donkey-parties it now becomes her privilege to join, that go on food-purchasing expeditions to agricultural tribes.

Even though the Masai and their agricultural neighbors may be at war, and the men of either side would, if caught, be brutally speared, it is the custom to let the women pass back and forth unmolested, to trade. Africans, even the Masai, who are supposed to be chiefly devoted to war and raiding for cattle, are above all else commercial in their instincts. It appears that, with all their savagery, choice scraps of wisdom are to be picked up among these people here and there. Who could imagine the armies of two European countries proceeding against each other, while the trade across the frontier flourished unimpaired in the care of their women?

Masai-land proper is a strip of territory averaging about a hundred miles in width, and situated about twice that distance from the coast. It extends through six degrees of latitude—1° N. to 5° S. inclusive. The inhabitants are in many respects the most remarkable people in Africa. To one whose ideas of the Africans have been largely drawn from the distinct negro types, the savages of Masai-land are a wonderful revelation. Their skin is of a fine, rich chestnut color, shading from

chocolate hue to the light sallow of a Chinaman in different individuals; and their features are, as we have seen, strikingly Caucasian-like.

To quote Mr. Thomson's interesting work: "Learned philologists profess to have discovered, from a study of the Masai language, that it belongs to the Hamitic family, as does also the language spoken by the tribes of the Nile and North Africa. This seems to be the only clue to their family relationship, and it reveals very little. The reader will therefore clearly understand that the Masai are in no sense negroes," etc.

Very little seems to be known about their origin; but their mode of life, the breed of their cattle, their physique and courage, lead one to turn an inquiring eye in the direction of Zululand rather than northward. Their semi-nomadic life, their dependence on cattle for a living, their warlike disposition, splendid physique, all point suggestively toward Zululand and the Zulus. Though great fighters, however, and with every man's hand against them, they have no central government, and no great military organization, like the irresistible army which made the Zulus terrible in South Africa. There is no Masai "Nation," like the people who flocked to the banner of savage conquest under King Chaska. No great "impis" gather at the call of powerful chiefs to set out and wipe whole tribes from the face of the earth in campaigns of terribly savage onslaught.

Fortunately for their neighbors the Masai are too uncivilized for organization and big schemes of conquest and territorial aggression; otherwise they could, united, sweep East Africa as disastrously as Chaska's armies used to overrun the south. It is impossible to

say anything reliable about their number. The greatest number of warriors we ever saw at one time was at Lytokitok, which could not have been more than a hundred. Perhaps all Masai-land might muster ten thousand El-Moran. Uganda and the Somali are probably the only two powers in East Africa capable of holding their own against such a force, organized into one body of fighting men.

But there is no likelihood of such organization taking place under any conditions. The whole race consists of a large number of small divisions or clans, which acknowledge no authority but their own sweet will. Each goes off cattle-raiding on its own hook; or, for a larger expedition, joins forces with the warriors of another friendly kraal or district. Internal warfare between clan and clan is not uncommon, though their fights and raids are generally directed against people of alien race.

Having prosecuted my enquiries about the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition in all directions, and as far north as Njiri, where a band of El-Moran had just returned from Kavirondo and had heard nothing of a white man's caravan, I decided that Mr. Stanley was not coming that way, and so set about returning to Zanzibar. There was no satisfaction in longer groping in the dark. Stanley might reach the coast by another route, and I be out of the swim altogether, if I stayed at Kilimanjaro longer.

Again we were in Taveta, I bound coastward, my companion there to see me off. He had determined to remain some little time longer on Kilimanjaro. So here, in charming Taveta, our wanderings in this interesting region; my waiting for the tardy coming of Stanley;

our search for the novel and interesting among its strange people; our glimpses of the slave traffic and its story of woe (to which I have devoted a special chapter); our visits to the warlike Masai and our exploits in the field of sport, came, as all things earthly will and must, to an end.

Circumstances had thrown us together much longer than either of us expected when we left Zanzibar. Stanley having at length revealed the secret of his long silence, in his letters from the Aruwimi, which reached London shortly after our start into Africa, had, by altering my program, extended our companionship to six months, instead of two. Need I add, then, that we parted with regret; that after the hearty grip and the good-bye, outside the forest delta of Taveta, each turned on his heel with suspicious abruptness, and hurried away, my warm-hearted companion back to Kilimanjaro, I toward our camp for the night, on the Big Lanjora.

I expected a dry march to the coast; but my men were now lightly laden, and now that their faces were turned homeward their feet would not lag, nor would the want of water dismay them.

Our march was rapid, and on August 23 we again found ourselves among the cassava fields of the Wa-Nyika and within sight of Rabai. Our faces were fanned by the breeze of the ocean, and we answered the music of the surf with our guns.

There was no danger of Masai now, and so the porters astonished the peaceful cultivators of Rabai, by assuming, as far as they could, the character of those dreaded warriors, and there is small doubt but the

women and girls working in the fields believed them a fierce and dangerous body of men. We had a number of Masai spears as curios, and they flourished and brandished these fearlessly at the terrified women and children in the fields, uttered blood-curdling yells, sang the Masai war-chant and pranced and danced the military measures of Lytokitok with prodigious spirit.

They addressed each other as "El-Moran," as they swaggered haughtily about among the astonished and worshipful people of Rabai; and when any of the latter presumed to favor a porter with a homely "Yambo," he scornfully answered, "Subai, subai!" Upon my honor, these people are capital actors in their simple way, and as imitative as monkeys.

We lay at Mombasa ten days waiting for the coasting steamer *Kilwa*, on which passage was secured to Zanzibar.

The region in which I had been knocking about for five months has come into prominence of late, in connection with the Imperial British East Africa Company's possessions, and the possessions of Germany in East Africa. Taveta, and the country to the north and east of Kilimanjaro visited, come within the British sphere of interest. All the Chaga States, Kilimanjaro, Arusha-wa-Chini and Kahè, belong to the Germans. The future development of the two territories will be watched with great interest. Notwithstanding the blunders of their first efforts, the Germans will eventually profit by the example of their tactful and more experienced neighbors, the British Company, in dealing with the natives, and the code of humanity and civilization will prevail, instead of bullets. Slavery will be wiped out in a very

short time, within their respective spheres of interest. The Masai will be compelled to cease their depredations, or migrate. The agricultural tribes will be encouraged to extend their fields and increase their flocks and herds. On their prosperity and consequent capacity to consume European goods will depend very largely the commercial value of the concessions. We may fairly assume that a railway will be built by one or the other, or, perhaps, by both, within a few years, to the Victoria Nyanza. Hindi merchants and traders will then flock to the terminus of the railway, and a city will spring up on the shores of the Lake. It will be the Chicago of Africa. Five years after the railway is finished, it will be a city more populous than Zanzibar, and its trade will be $30,000,000 a year.

In the author's opinion none of the territory in either concession is fit for the colonization of small European farmers. No white man could cultivate Equatorial African soil and retain his health. But, on the other hand, there is no finer ranching country in the world, than the millions of acres of elevated and well-watered plains that roll away in every direction from Kilimanjaro. There is pasture for countless herds, and so far as could be learned, no tsetse flies. The Masai raiders drive cattle for commissary purposes wherever they go. Horses, too, should do well. And it occurred to me that this might eventually be the breeding-place of remounts for the British Indian cavalry. The idea was suggested by the numbers and large size of the zebras; and supported by the fact that we never shot one of those animals that wasn't plump and well-conditioned.

Asses do well among the Masai, who rear them by the thousands.

It is only by pursuing a wise course of development that the country can be made financially valuable to the *concessionaires*. It is idle, to say the least, to hint at India and the East India Company, as a parallel case from a commercial point of view, as was done by the promoters of the I. B. E. A. Co., in a prospectus issued in the early part of 1889. There is absolutely no similarity from any point of view. India, with its teeming population of civilized, tax-paying and industrious people is in no sense to be compared with these East African concessions. The taxable capacity of any tribe we visited is *nil*. The territory can be made valuable by development, but every attempt to make a trading-station in the interior pay its way, has so far failed, because the natives have nothing to sell beyond a scant supply of food. Nothing can be done with the country that will return dividends on money invested, without a railway to the Victoria Nyanza. With the railway, substantial and enduring results may be confidently anticipated.

Perfect health for the average European is not to be hoped for in Equatorial Africa. From Mombasa inland to Kilimanjaro, however, and on the elevated plains over which the author hunted, and scouted for news of Stanley, one need fear nothing worse than what the pioneer settlers of America had to contend with in the line of fevers and agues. It was always something of a puzzle to Dr. Abbott and myself, why a robust man should not escape sickness altogether. We lived well. Every day we disposed of a saddle of venison; ringing

the changes from day to day on hartebeest, wildebeest, mpalla, zebra, water-buck, eland, with now and then a rhinoceros roast or steak, or other variations. About once a month, however, we would come in for a touch of fever. Burroughs, Wellcome & Company, the American chemists of Snow Hill, London, had kindly fitted out the expedition with a chest of their excellent tabloids. These were always immediately effective in breaking up the fever, as well as in curing the many ailments of the men. One cannot speak too highly of the medicines put up in the compact form of tabloids by this firm. Their extreme portability is not the least of their recommendations to the African traveler. Stanley, in recommending these medicines in his "Congo and the founding of its Free State," has earned the gratitude of every man who goes to a tropical country. Their saccharine tabloids are especially valuable, as they have three hundred times the sweetening power of sugar.

With a railway and the introduction of a few of the comforts of civilized locomotion, however, I believe the European might escape even the light taps of fever we experienced in this region, which is undoubtedly the most salubrious part of Equatorial Africa.

For a photographic outfit the traveler should avoid all "apparatus." The "Hawkeye" detective camera is the best. It is extremely compact, portable, and efficient. As an aid, for securing small objects, I also found the little "Kodak" handy at times. The photographs to illustrate this work were secured by the "Hawkeye." Our hunting adventures I have grouped into special chapters, as being a more presentable form of narrative to the general reader of books of African travel and adventure.

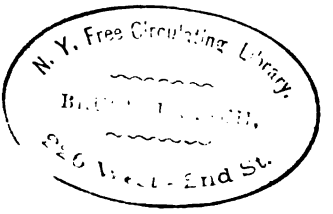
CHAPTER IX.

HUNTING ADVENTURES.

GAME is extremely abundant in the Kilimanjaro region. The pictures of wild animal life were often very imposing. One morning when marching from Taveta toward Masai-land, short dry grass and bare adobe plains characterized our way. The big game of the country seemed to appreciate this half-barren region; for, like domestic cattle, these wild herds prefer short pasturage to long.

Big herds of zebras galloped across the dry patches of adobe, and showed their contempt for our long crawling line of men, by kicking up their heels in sportive mood and creating in their wake dense clouds of dust. Brimful of their wild, free life, these beautiful striped chargers of the Kilimanjaro plains seemed to think that in us and our insignificant show of speed they had found something to make merry over. What a picture they made, as the great herds thundered across our path a couple of hundred yards ahead, their glossy black and white stripes glistening in the bright, hot sunlight of an African noon! The front squadrons would kick up such clouds of dust that the remainder of the herd would be half the time obscured; and we would be treated to the weird spectacle of a host of striped creatures flitting at racing speed through the breaks in the clouds of dust. And now a sight truly African, if

A SUCCESSFUL MORNING.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ever there was one, greets our vision. The zebras, finding that we are not to be fooled into a trial of speed, have halted, and now stand in long lines, symmetrical almost as troops of cavalry, looking at us and greeting us with their peculiar barking neigh. The whole herd seems to be taunting us for a set of dotards and stick-in-the-muds; and now and then a spirited stallion walks toward us a few paces and in a few well-chosen barks berates us for our glaring want of speed, and demands to know our business.

But this is only part of the picture of wild Africa presented to our view. A dozen ostriches are seen off to the right, strutting leisurely about in search of choice morsels of lava, bleached bones, and kindred delicacies to which these birds in their native haunts are partial. They haven't seen the circus over our way yet. But see!—one wary old cock, some distance in advance of his fellows, now hears the excited barking of the zebras, and looking in this direction, takes in the situation at a glance. Away he goes, straight as an arrow across the plain, in long, even strides. His alarm is immediately communicated to the others, and in an instant they are strung out in single file at curiously regular distances apart, and speeding away at a pace that would for a mile or two try the mettle of the swiftest horse. And how big they look, too. One never realizes the size of an ostrich until you see a party of them racing across the open plains of their native country. As they pass behind our neighbors with the black and white stripes, the latter look quite small and squatty beside them, though the zebras of the Kilimanjaro region are much larger than those you see in the mena-

geries at home, which are a smaller variety, caught, I believe, in Abyssinia. But the sight of the fleeting ostriches seems to electrify the zebras, and turning tail on us and giving us a parting fling of dust, they gallop off in thundering pursuit. Yon herd of hartebeest too, who from a distance have been quietly observant of all that has passed, think it about time to be off. They also join in the rout with their curious, stiff-jointed canter; and so the strange company speed on together until out of sight.

On the march from Taveta to Arusha-wa-Chini we encountered our first herd of buffalo, but the ground was too open to admit of successful stalking. A herd of those animals is extremely difficult to approach. Always more or less scattered, they seem ever keenly on the alert, and when a hundred pairs of eyes, ears and nostrils are watching, listening and scenting, wary indeed must be the sportsman to escape detection.

The African buffalo is quite a different animal from his distant and now almost extinct relative, the American bison. Had the latter been half so wary and dangerous as the former, many a noble herd would yet be roaming the Western plains. The African buffalo is peculiar for the massiveness of his horns. They rarely attain a spread of more than four feet from curve to curve, but often weigh as much as fifty pounds, and present at their base a surface as rough as oak bark. The sportsman seldom obtains his victims from a herd, for reasons mentioned above. It is the solitary old bulls whom the youngsters have driven from the herd, and strayaways or loiterers, that he happens on in the bush that fall to his rifle.

It may be added that of all African game—save in certain kinds of ground, the elephant—the buffalo is the most dangerous to hunt. The lion? By no means. A noble beast, of course; but as regards danger to the hunter, not a circumstance to a fierce old buffalo bull. The lion is easily killed or disabled by a well-placed bullet of forty-five calibre; but a buffalo is as tenacious of life as a grizzly bear, and to wound him with a rifle of small calibre is a dangerous performance. You may riddle him through and through and even pierce his vitals, and the peppering only serves to make him more savage and revengeful. And if you wound but fail to kill him, and escape his charges, as you value your life hunt no longer in that particular "neck o' woods." Many a gallant sportsman has paid the penalty of his rashness with his life by hunting over ground on which he had, the previous day, left a wounded buffalo.

But he is noble game. He almost always charges you when you wound him, and he is full of fight so long as he is able to draw a breath. Luckily for his future he has no valuable robe on his back, that fatal covering which sealed the fate of the American bison. His body is virtually hairless, and it is only for the grand trophy of his massive horns that the sportsman covets him. He is nocturnal in his habits, another point in his favor against annihilation. During the day the herd usually lies hidden in the dense rushes or papyrus of a swamp, or in some thick patch of jungle by a stream. At nightfall they come out on the plains to graze, and usually get under cover again by eight or nine next morning. To hunt him successfully you must remain for some time in the vicinity of his habitat, long enough

to learn his daily habits and movements. You must be out and about before daylight in the mornings, or your chances of bagging will be very slender. But you are likely to stumble on solitary specimens at any hour of the day and in all sorts of unexpected places, as my friend, Dr. Abbott, once had good cause to remember. The plains about Arusha-wa-Chini afforded good sport. Rhinoceroses and giraffes abounded, and big herds of buffalo and zebras, while hartebeest, wildebeest and other antelopes were there by the thousands. We found the buffalo extremely wild and wary, as they had been hunted perseveringly week after week, and as a matter of necessity, by two German traders who had occupied the station. They had been left to rub along without supplies much of the time, and had to hunt buffalo and pay their way among the natives with meat. A herd of buffalo that have been hunted much by sportsmen with guns, are afflicted with chronic wildness for a year after, and it needs but the report of a gun to start them off, helter-skelter across the plains for miles.

One morning I was out with my two gun-bearers and ten men to carry in meat. I had come upon a herd of water-buck in a dry basin, and knocked over three before they had discovered which way to run. Leaving the men to skin and cut them up, I walked with the gun-bearers up the wind to the brow of a swell that would give us an extensive view beyond. We discovered a small lake or ziwa, with an area of dense green grass on the farther side. A herd of animals, which, with the aid of my field glass, I made out to be buffalo, were grazing on this sward. They were headed towards us, slowly grazing along, and I could see the

swarm of birds that always hover about a herd of buffalo, in quest of the ticks that infest their bodies. Fortunately the wind was favorable, though in the absence of cover between them and us, they had us at a disadvantage. They had not heard the report of my gun. Beyond them, moreover, from the lake was a fringe of brush, which, if it could only be gained, would place me within range. As this fringe broadened out into quite a patch of jungle to our left, it seemed but a question of tramping a mile or so, to gain the point desired.

Soon we were creeping up a small, bushy nullah that led into the thicket, I leading the way, followed closely by the two gun-bearers. We had penetrated a hundred yards or so into the jungle, when, with a crash of bushes and a snort of alarm, a huge bull buffalo sprang from the cover of a dense patch of thorns less than ten yards away. He was lying down, hidden under the thick brush away from the heat and flies, and we had wellnigh blundered into his lair without seeing him.

With head erect and eyeballs glaring wildly, he stood for a moment, snorting savagely and shaking his head, as I stood, gun in hand, waiting for him to present some vulnerable point. I had taken the precaution of carrying the heavy rifle myself before entering the thicket, as I didn't yet know my gun-bearers. It was a wise precaution, for both of these worthies at the first crashing of the bushes bolted in an opposite direction and hid.

The buffalo presented no mark above the bushes but his head, which it would be quite useless, not to say suicidal, to shoot at under the circumstances. Should

I blaze away through the twigs on the chance of a lucky neck shot? It was that or nothing. I was just raising my gun to carry this idea into effect, when, as if conscious of my intention, the gallant old fellow gave a locomotive snort and charged me. I could only dodge to one side and crouch, hoping to see him rush past and away. Losing sight of his enemy, however, he stopped short, thought better of it and, turning about so close that the commotion of the bushes knocked off my helmet, he went crashing through the thicket in an opposite direction.

The whole affair happened in far less time than one can tell it, and from first to last I saw nothing but his massive head and horns. The latter were a fine pair. I hated to see them escape me. As he left the thicket on the far side, we heard a tremendous commotion and smashing of bushes in the shrubbery beyond, and the ground we stood on fairly seemed to quake as he communicated his alarm to a big herd of his fellows, of whose presence we had until then been ignorant. We rushed up the bank of the nullah and had the mortification of seeing this second herd thundering along towards the first. A minute later both herds, numbering, perhaps, three hundred buffalo, were engaged in a neck and neck race across the basin, throwing up two clouds of dust towards the disturbers of their peace.

On the way back out of the nullah occurred a comical incident, illustrative of the nerve possessed by some of the colored gentlemen from Zanzibar, on whom your life might possibly depend at times. I was in the lead, the two gun-bearers, one behind the other, close on my

heels. Suddenly the one in the rear blew his nose—snort! His comrade, hearing but not seeing, sprang about three feet off the ground, nearly knocked me over with the butt of his gun, and dodged into a bush. The nose-blower, seeing his companion spring into cover, and fancying he must have good reason for his action, followed suit. Turning around and seeing nothing to warrant all this fright, but thinking they surely must have seen something, perhaps a lion, I stood for a moment on the defensive, gun at full cock.

The nose-blower now uttered a loud guffaw and both the startled darkies issued from their hiding-place. Explanations followed. Sulieman Hassan, not yet recovered from the scare of a few minutes before, and in prime condition to see a savage buffalo bull behind every bush, naturally fled when he thought one of those animals snorted close at his heels. Umwazi, who did the snorting, and not realizing that he was the innocent cause of his comrade's flight, merely followed suit on impulse.

On another occasion we were huntiug on the Letima Plain, a district swarming with game. We were a mile or so from the scene of an adventure with a rhinoceros, and were forcing our way through heavy masses of rank grass and bush, when we heard a noise, which we at first mistook for the distant roar of a water-fall in the stream on which our camp was pitched. Louder and louder the strange noise grew, however, and the men, ever quick to scent danger, cried out, "boga, boga!" (buffalo) in tones of alarm, and dropping their loads of venison sought safety in the tops of the scrubby thorn trees round about. It was too dark for me to

see much, but the sense of hearing grows acute in moments such as these. The herd of buffalo, for such it was, was plainly in headlong flight, stampeded, most likely, by lions, and was coming in our direction. The indistinct noise quickly developed into a tramping under foot of bushes and a snapping of the long, tangled rope-grass by the irresistible rushing of the herd. I waited a moment and listened, to satisfy myself that they were really coming our way, then, for the second time within an hour, meekly followed the example of the men and sought a tree.

On the herd thundered, and from my perch I could faintly distinguish the moving mass by its dark color; though it was more of a mental recognition, born of the crashing noise, than of the sight. Some of the men committed themselves to the care of Allah, like true Moslems; others, getting panicky, shouted like maniacs to try and turn the buffalo from their course. Their Sniders would have been popping, too, had I not shouted out strict orders against firing a gun. A wounded African buffalo is a dangerous foe at the best of times, and with an unknown number of such enemies laying for us, our position in that thick scrub on a dark, rainy night would have been critical indeed. The buffalo passed by a little to the right, making tremendous havoc of the thicket, and, without slackening their speed, disappeared in the thick darkness beyond. The nearer edge of the herd swept over the spot where the men had dropped their loads, and trampled part of the meat into the ground; but the loss was nothing compared to the appreciation of our own escape from a like experience. The African buffalo is never seen in such

enormous herds as used to move over the Western prairies. He never migrates to great distances, for he lives in a summer land, and so there are no great musterings and marchings in the spring and autumn. The limit of the herds in the Kilimanjaro country seems to be about three hundred head. The African buffalo, however, is a larger animal than the bison, and stands shorter and more cow-like on his legs. One never hears of people being trampled by them here, as sometimes used to happen to horses, wagons and emigrants in the West. But this does not prove that such occurrences never take place, and our own experience on this occasion savored, at least, of such a possibility. And a lone M-Kamba hunter, stalking a herd of buffalo, with his bow and arrow, in the long grass, might be supposed to run a certain amount of danger.

Although the buffalo is of nocturnal habits, you sometimes come upon a belated herd, chiefly on dull, cloudy mornings. Out of such a herd, I secured a pair of horns with the widest spread of any that had been seen in Zanzibar. Others have been secured of longer curve measurement, but these were of an exceptional width and peculiar curve. Mr. W. Chanler, of the Knickerbocker Club, New York, who has hunted in the same region, also secured several very fine pairs.

The dimensions of my pair are:

	Inches.
Under measurement, from base to tip, each horn	43
Upper measurement, from base to tip, each horn	38
Round base, greatest girth, each horn	26
Between the tips, straight line	34
Between the greatest breadth or bend	48
Round the horns, across forehead from one tip to the other	85

I use the personal pronoun in connection with them with mental reservation, and kindly remembrance of my companion. We both fired into the herd. Dr. Abbott insisted that it was I who did the deed. I insisted that it was he. We came near quarreling over that splendid trophy. I finally consented to keep it.

Danger to the sportsman is not to be apprehended from a herd. It is of solitary old bulls, or cows with young calves that get separated from their fellows, that the sportsman must beware. Many a gallant fellow has paid the final tribute to the savage charge of a solitary African buffalo. We camped one afternoon near the Ziwa, or papyrus swamp of Ngiri. We took possession of an old boma beside the swamp. On a big tree within was carved the inscription "G. C. D., Feb. 28, 1889." Another thorn boma, smaller than this, near by, contained an oblong mound, and on another tree at its head was another inscription to the same purport.

Here was buried the Hon'ble G. C. Dawnay, M.P., who, six months before, had been killed by a buffalo. His companion, Mr. Buckley, the celebrated English naturalist, had returned to Mombasa just as we were leaving. We remembered a request he had made, and "touched up" the boma around the grave.

This gallant sportsman and well-known member of Parliament was a victim to his own intrepidity. He had successfully hunted big game in all parts of the world. He had fearlessly plunged into the thickest of the jungle about the Ngiri swamp. In a thicket where, fully aware of the danger, he had magnanimously forbidden his gun-bearers to follow, he, within an hour, laid low a buffalo and a lion, stopping the latter on the

charge when but six feet from him; and had then bearded in this dangerous den a second old bull buffalo, the most dangerous animal, at close quarters, in Africa. But the sportsman's time had come. In the harness he loved so well to wear, he died. Never did Nimrod fall before a foe so worthy of his bullets as the grim old Masai-land "boga" of the Ngiri swamp.

Mr. Dawnay was, at the time of his death, a member of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee. I shall never forget the expression of deep and painful interest that came into Mr. Stanley's face, as I told him of the fatal adventure in the Ngiri swamp, in his camp at Msuwa.

Doctor Abbott had a very narrow escape one day, whilst marching at the head of the caravan along a creek known to us as the Ziwa Stream. Without the slightest betrayal of his presence there, a buffalo rushed from behind a bush he was passing, and catching him between its horns tossed him into the air. The brute was frightened at the shouts of the men and hurried away. Fortunately the Doctor escaped the points of its horns, and as no bones were broken, he received no permanent injury. He stoutly maintains that he went up as high as a good-sized tree. He admits, however, to being slightly flurried at the moment, and acknowledges that the conditions were favorable to exaggeration.

LIONS.

Lions are quite plentiful in many localities of the country we ranged over. A favorable place for shooting them is at some isolated spring, where all the animals for a long way round have to resort for water. In knocking about you often camp at one of these

spots, for the country offers much the same conditions to you in regard to water, as to its wild denizens. The nights would then be enlivened by the roaring of lion after lion, who, all night long, sought the spring for water or for prey. Every hour or so the men would spring up and replenish the fires, as the moaning roar of a thirsty "simba" would startle us by its nearness to the camp. On one occasion, a dark, rainy night set in, a most miserable one for the men, and their situation was made yet more miserable toward morning by the roaring of three lions, who seemed to be investigating our position. The men couldn't light fires and so wanted to fire their guns to scare the lions away, but I forbade this, hoping to get a shot at them in the morning, and confident that they wouldn't molest our camp. The impressive concert ended before morning, however; the beasts went away without being able to appease their hunger at our expense This leonine concert, so unpleasantly near our camp, was a demand for food rather than water, for there was no scarcity of the latter. As a general thing they have no designs on human flesh, though that of goat or donkey has an attraction for them. Nine times out of ten, however, you are camped at a spot where lions are in the habit of drinking, and because they are afraid to come and drink in your undesirable company, they squat on their haunches in the near-by bush and roar.

Our nights at Ngiri were such as to impress our memories of the place so deeply that they will never be forgotten. The papyrus swamp, close beside which our camp was pitched, seemed alive with lions. So close did they prowl about, that their roars seemed at

times to issue from our very midst, causing us to start up more than once and seize our guns. The nights were brilliantly moonlit—almost as light as day. One evening, when alone outside the boma, and without arms, the writer was fairly driven inside by a prowling lion. His moaning roar came nearer and nearer as he crept toward me through the dense papyrus, until it became glaringly evident that I was the object of his solicitations, when I retired at discretion. The safest place to hunt lions on moonlight nights is undoubtedly up in the fork of a tree. You cannot take the quick, sure aim that is very necessary in lion hunting, by the light of the moon, however bright that luminary may shine.

My companion was a much better sportsman than I, and his adventures were consequently more varied and interesting than mine. It never fell to the writer's share to be tossed by a buffalo or to bag a lion, nor did the novel sensation of a steeple-chase in competition with a pugnacious orphan rhino fall to my experience.

One of the most interesting of Dr. Abbott's experiences, though devoid of active adventure, happened one day in the theatre of a small open park. Similar spectacles may have been seen by other African sportsmen; but since the writer never happened to hear of such a thing before, it may be presumed that it will also prove new to many of my readers.

The Doctor was out hunting, not far from the junction of the Tsavo and Useri, and about noon emerged upon a small open glade. As he stepped from the bush, he found himself in the presence of the most novel tableau he had ever witnessed in the wild animal

world. Quietly stepping back under cover, he stood and watched the scene with absorbing interest. On a bare spot in the center of the glade lay a lion and lioness, blinking and napping in the warm sun, and collected about them, at a respectful distance, were hundreds of mpalla and Grantii gazelle. These animals were looking at their formidable majesties, stamping their fore feet excitedly and giving utterance to angry scolding cries! They were simply mobbing the lions, as the reader has, doubtless, many a time, seen a swarm of small birds mobbing an owl or night hawk, when those predatory enemies have ventured to appear in the daytime. The lions were taking not the slightest notice of the scolding antelopes and their excited demonstrations. Abbott watched the fascinating sight awhile, then shot at and wounded the lion, who, however, limped nimbly off after his consort and escaped.

One is likely to stumble on lions at any time. As a general thing the king of beasts will bolt like the veriest cur, on sighting a man. Abbott and I came unexpectedly on a pair, one day, while walking some distance in advance of the caravan. I had nothing but a shotgun at the time, but my comrade had a Winchester sporting rifle. The lion bolted before Abbott could get a shot at him. The lioness paused a moment, and got a bullet for her temerity, but she carried it away into a thorny ravine, where prudence forbade us to follow. On another occasion, my companion happened on three lions devouring the carcass of a rhinoceros. He was within thirty feet of them when he saw them. Carrion of a very "high" order had been apparent to his nostrils for some time, and going toward it, he was

suddenly confronted by the sight of three of these royal epicures bunched up inside the capacious carcass of the rhinoceros, and feeding off the foulest carrion imaginable. The Doctor fired into them with his Winchester. Two of the lions leapt over the carcass and bolted, while the third, evidently badly hit, turned to one side and crept under a bush. Abbott, following it up, dispatched it, the lion growling menacingly at his approach. It turned out to be a patriarchal old fellow, mangy and covered with the scars of many fights.

I also had good sport that afternoon, but with less noble game—though, speaking of nobility, one's idea of the king of beasts is apt to receive a rude shock by discovering three of them bunched up in the stomach of a dead rhinoceros, feeding on carrion; fit food for jackals and hyenas, but hardly for a monarch among beasts. Many people have a romantic idea, derived from school books and hunters' yarns, that the lion, in his kingliness, disdains to eat anything that he has not himself killed. Nothing is more erroneous than this idea. The lion is a big dog without any of the fastidiousness of the domesticated canine. He has no more scruples about his food and the manner of obtaining it than a hungry pariah. In fact the lion of Africa, like his figurative relative, John Bull, prefers his venison "high." The higher, the better.

CHAPTER X.

ADVENTURES WITH RHINOCEROSES.

IN many localities rhinoceroses are extremely numerous. When on the march, encounters with these animals are of almost daily occurrence. Every other fighting animal in Africa runs away from man, if given half a chance, and only becomes dangerous and combative when wounded. The "stupid rhino," however, charges on sight, and refuses to be driven off save by a bullet. My first adventure with a rhinoceros was a day's march south-west of Taveta. It was amusing enough, in the light of experience acquired later, and illustrates the difficulties under which the novice essays to hunt big fighting animals in Africa.

I took my gun-bearers, Suliman Hassan and Umwazi, and skirmished around a little in search of game. Meeting with no success beyond partridges, I was returning to camp when we stumbled on a place where a rhinoceros had very recently treated himself to a roll in the mud, a luxury to which these animals are exceedingly partial. We judged his performance in the mud to be less than half an hour old, and his spoor told us that he had sauntered very leisurely away. We followed his track for a while, and then losing it on a stony hill, again started for camp. At the foot of the hill we encountered an area of thorny jungle.

We had barely entered this when Suliman Hassan, who carried my heavy double-barreled rifle, whispered excitedly just behind me, "kifaru, bwana, kifaru!" Looking in the direction he pointed, I saw a huge, dark mass showing indistinctly among the dense thorns. Motioning the gun-bearers to drop out of sight and to remain quiet, I seized my heavy twelve-bore and crept softly forward. As yet I was unacquainted with the rhinoceros in his native lair and his extremely eccentric behavior in the presence of an enemy. Only in ignorance or accident is there any danger to speak of in stalking these big brutes, whom one soon comes to regard as the most stupid of animals, and their killing mere butchery. As it was, I was decidedly inexperienced, and crept toward this my first rhino, not without a sense of rather oppressive curiosity as to what would happen when I fired.

There seemed small hope, in that dense bush, of doing him much damage at the first shot. The question then was, would he charge me or bolt, when wounded? I drew nearer to the spot where he stood, and was peering about for an opening through which I might get good aim, when I was startled by a tremendous crashing in the bushes ahead. The game had scented me, or the gun-bearers had made their presence known, and up the wind he sped with a snort of alarm, crashing through the wait-a-bits, and breaking down the big thorn-bushes with his ponderous form. I was really in more danger than I knew of at the moment, as his course brought him so close to where I crouched that the bushes swayed above me as he went past. The danger lay in the fact that he might have run right

over me, while his allies, the tenacious wait-a-bits, prevented any active dodging on my part.

Three months after this incident I had become so intimately acquainted with the rhinoceros and his weak points as an antagonist, as to spring my detective camera on him at twenty paces. But I had also grown wise enough to avoid such traps as a wait-a-bit thicket in which to approach him.

Sometimes, however, you stumble on the rhino in some ugly thicket unawares. Two weeks after the above incident we were camped on a stream of water on the Letima Plain. We found hunting in the shoulder-high, sopping grass and the never-ceasing rain anything but agreeable. In many places it was all one could do to force a way through the rank, tangled growth, and to stalk game in it in the rain might have been rare sport for an amphibian. I spent one whole afternoon at it, trying to scrape up an acquaintance with a herd of giraffe, but shot a zebra and three hartebeest instead, and then gave it up. The day was not to pass, however, without adventure. One never knows what is in store for him when hunting the big game of Africa.

On our way back to camp we had to pass through a dense piece of thicket, I in the lead. It was growing dark and still raining. While picking our way through I well-nigh butted my head against a huge rhinoceros that stood "unperceiving and unperceived" behind a clump of bushes, in passing through which I had to bend down pretty low. I wasn't hunting for rhinoceroses or anything else just then, being chiefly interested in getting back to camp before dark; and the bushes, the

rain and the gathering gloom were all against a successful shot. However, I crept back a few paces, and poking my gun through the bushes, took a quick, half-random shot at his neck. The peculiar smashing sound of the bullet as it struck the thick skin of the big dark object aimed at told its own story, but a crashing of bushes as the stricken rhino spun round and round told another.

My ball had found its billet, but instead of being killed, the rhino was only badly wounded, and as these animals nearly always do when shot in the neck and not brought down, he was spinning furiously around on the axis of his ponderous legs. The scared negroes, who were at my heels when I ran afoul of him and wondered what was up when I fired, flung down their loads of meat and fled out of sight as the bewildered monster made the ground we stood on tremble, and in his pain and rage trampled the big bushes under foot like straws. In the circumstances it was impossible to deliver a second shot. I could only follow the excellent example set by my men and hide, and like them hope the enemy would be magnanimous enough, or cowardly enough, to betake himself off in some other direction. Nor were our hopes futile, for in a minute we had the satisfaction of hearing him trampling a new path through the thicket, quite anxious to escape from the scene of his late lively surprise. We drew a breath of relief and continued on our way.

Our caravan was marching across the same plain one afternoon, when some of the men descried a cow rhinoceros browsing just within the edge of a thin clump of mimosas. As there was every probability of her

charging the caravan if she saw us, I decided to go and have it out with her in advance.

Followed by a gun-bearer carrying Dr. Abbott's double-barreled eight-bore, I succeeded in gaining the shelter of the mimosas without awakening her suspicions. A few minutes careful stalking brought us within fifty yards; but by this time our game was all attention, having scented danger in the air. Not quite certain which way the hidden enemy was, however, she stood sniffing the air, when, with a roar like a small canon from the eight-bore, I planted a bullet behind her shoulder. The rhino trotted off up the wind, snorting violently, and as she passed by, I gave her the contents of the second barrel at thirty paces. Even this failed to bring her down, however, and she disappeared over a swell of the plain.

Hastily reloading we gave chase, but on the top of the ridge discovered her bulky form stretched full-length on the ground. The men of the caravan had seen her fall and were now racing, helter-skelter, to get first chances at the meat. Ismael Nasib, the gun-bearer, reached her first, and, standing on her neck, essayed to cut her throat in orthodox Moslem fashion, so that no reproach might result to him and his brother Mohammedans by eating the meat without first drawing off the blood. (These people have no hesitation about eating an animal that dies from your bullet, but if you, an infidel, cut its throat, they will not touch it. It must be a Mussulman who slits its jugular.)

The rhinoceros, however, notwithstanding the five ounces of lead in her vitals, had no idea of meekly pandering to Moslem tomfoolery, as practised by Swa-

hili porters, and so at the first thrust of Ismael Nasib's keen blade, the old lady gallantly scrambled to her knees and dumped that worthy all of a heap on the ground. At the same time several others, who had just run up, turned sharply about and took to their heels. But the effort was too much for the stricken rhino; she rolled over again, and a minute later Ismael Nasib had taken his revenge by half severing her head from her body, while fifty black butchers, with formidable knives, were hacking and slashing at her carcass in gory rivalry over the choicest cuts.

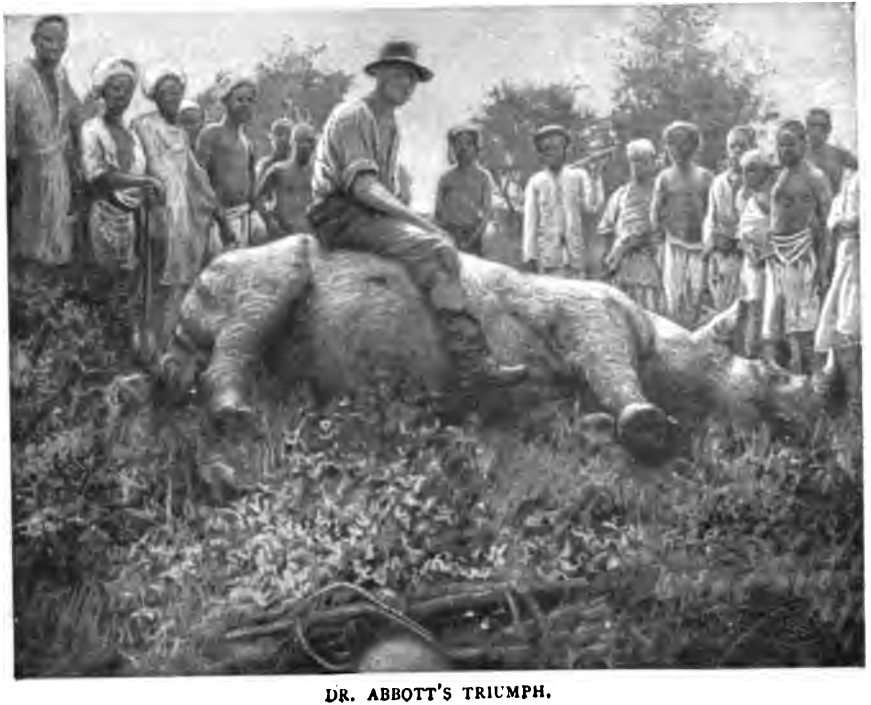
It is one of the sights of Africa to see a crowd of porters struggling over the carcass of an animal you have shot. A pack of wolves would hardly make the same amount of clamor, nor could their behavior be a whit less violent and savage. They swarm over the defunct animal like a pack of dogs, hacking it to pieces in a surprizingly short time. Hands are often slashed, all get covered with blood, and squabbles over pieces of meat are the rule. The liver and parts of the entrails are very much coveted. There are always wrangles, sometimes fights, over these choice tit-bits; and you may see one porter racing away with the liver, and others giving chase, altogether like animals. When the squabble is over the men tie the chunks of meat to their loads, and proceed on their way, a gory and happy crew, rejoicing in the contemplation of an evening's feast.

Several times, on that and succeeding days, were we annoyed by the tendency of these big, stupid brutes to charge the caravan on sight. The rhinoceros in his native wilds is an animal of a curious disposition.

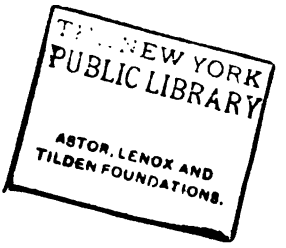
After you come to understand him, from experience, you can tell, almost to a turn of his big body, just how he will act under certain circumstances. If he scents you without seeing you, and is not feeling particularly pugnacious at the time, he invariably runs away up the wind. This often brings him uncomfortably near you as he passes by, but at the same time enables you to pour a broadside into him if you are properly weaponed at the moment for game of his size.

Your gun, for rhino, ought not to be smaller than a double-barreled rifle of eight-bore calibre, carrying ten drams of powder and two and one-half ounces of lead. The gun should be provided with a rubber pad at the butt to protect the shoulder. A good first shot is to take him squarely through the shoulder; this will bring him to a halt and enable you to finish him with your second ball through the heart. One shot, unless through his most vital parts, rarely brings a rhinoceros to the ground; a second shot is necessary, even with a gun of the size and power mentioned above. He may run a mile with a two-ounce bullet through his lungs, and where game is so plentiful as in the region I am writing about, that distance seems too great to follow even a wounded rhinoceros, unless you know him to be mortally stricken.

If the rhinoceros sees his enemy without scenting him, he almost always charges him; your best chance then is to dodge out of sight behind a bush or quietly drop down in the grass; or this failing you, a shot in the most vulnerable part presented will, in nine cases out of ten, cause him to think better of it and sheer off. Fortunately for you if you happen to become



DR. ABBOTT'S TRIUMPH.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the hunted, he is anything but keen of sight, and when he charges, it is usually sufficient for you to drop down in the grass and remain motionless. In adopting this course, there is certainly the danger of being stepped on as he blunders by; but between lying down and running away, if the ground is open, the chances of escape are ten to one in favor of the former.

Our plan when we saw rhinos ahead, near the road, was to go forward in advance of the main body of the caravan, and try to drive them off. We had no wish to kill them, in fact had compunctions against doing so, unless the caravan happened to be short of meat, or now and then, when one carried an exceptionally fine pair of horns (the African rhino is two-horned); and still more senseless did it seem to us to inflict unnecessary wounds. In many cases, however, it was absolutely necessary for our own safety to bring the pugnacious brutes to their senses with a bullet.

Not more than two miles from where I shot the cow rhinoceros we came upon another pair. Walking up to within a hundred yards of them, Abbott and I shouted and whistled and flaunted our hats to try and get them to clear off. The rhinos pricked up their stumpy little ears, and thrusting their great horns aloft, sniffed the air and looked toward us in the most belligerent manner.

Hi-ih! whoop! ya-ah! whistle! and wave hats, ya-ah! Ah, the stupid brutes!—here they come; it's no use to study their safety, because they are too pig-headed to act for their own good.

On they came toward us with their steady, ponderous trot, which always suggested to the writer's mind a locomotive. Waiting till they were near enough for

a sure shot, Abbott's bone-crusher smashed into one, and my twelve-bore into the other. Simultaneously with the thud of the bullets on their bodies, they both did what we had been trying our best to get them to do before harm should overtake them, and striking off at right angles, sought safety in flight. "You stupid brutes, why couldn't you run away just as easily before being wounded, as after?" After running a few miles they would lie down and bleed to death, or fall prey to lions that very night.

What a shame it seemed, and certainly was; and we determined then and there that we would try an experiment on the next ones that crossed our path. Instead of crashing into them with a heavy rifle, why wouldn't it answer the purpose just as well to merely prick them through their thick armor of hide, with a ball from a Winchester carbine? Happy thought! and all in the interest of humanity, too. Surely we ought to be kindly remembered by the S. P. C. A.

An opportunity for the experiment was not long in presenting itself, for our friends with the horns on their noses were exceedingly plenty. This interview was with a happy family party of three—a bull, a cow and a half-grown youngster. The whole caravan was in plain view, but the rhinos had neither seen or scented us yet.

Our men laughed as I called up Kilimbili, the second head man, and took from him the little 44 cal. Winchester carbine he carried; and all predicted that my attempt to drive away the kifarus with it, would be "hyfie" (a failure). Abbott, with his eight-bore, and a gun-bearer with my twelve, were to form a reserve to stand by and defend the caravan, should my attack

turn out abortive, and the rhinos charge past or over me. This arranged, and all being ready, I crept cautiously toward the enemy, who were already sniffing suspiciously in our direction. Coming to within seventy-five yards, I stood up in plain view, took careful aim at the paterfamilias, and fired. "Spat!" went the little conical messenger spitefully against his armor-like skin, but whether to flatten out against some horny fold, or to puncture it, was the question.

Anyhow it sufficed to wake him up and kindle his belligerent spirit to action. Instead of turning tail he elevated his ugly proboscis and charged the all too well-meaning author of the assault on his person and his repose..

"You impudent clown, you!" his actions seemed to say, as he trotted threateningly in my direction. "I'll teach you to play your measly little practical jokes on a creature of my size and importance—snort!"

In this indignant resolve the old fellow was most heartily supported by his wife, and small but equally offensive-looking son, both of whom trotted doggedly by his side, and like him, bent on avenging the common insult. They seemed to regard it as a family matter throughout. I already began to feel sorry for what I had done, though there was no philanthropy in my thoughts this time.

I had a full magazine to the Winchester, and rattled away at them as they came on, the balls pattering against their solid fronts as against a rock, and apparently doing as little damage in one case as they would in the other. So far as stopping them was concerned, I might as well have been peppering away at a locomo-

tive. Finding my bullets and my phlianthropic efforts of no avail, I dodged out of sight behind a friendly bush, and as the rhinos thundered on to charge the caravan, Abbott's big gun roared, and in a twinkling all three were showing us their heels. "A great pity," we said again; for with two ounces and a half of lead in him, the old bull would surely fall a prey to lions that very night; but we could do no more than we had done to try and save him from the reward of his own uncalled-for pugnacity.

On the plains of Lytokitok, too, we had many curious adventures with rhinoceroses, which were as numerous and combative here as at any place we visited. At one point we had a regular stampede, the only occasion during the expedition that we didn't manage to kill or turn the course of a charging rhino. Luckily nobody got hurt. The whole affair was laughable in the extreme, and afforded the men amusement for days. We had just crossed a nullah and resumed our march across the plain, when, with an excited snort, which had become a very familiar sound in our ears by this time, a cow rhinoceros issued from behind a clump of bushes and charged the caravan.

Abbott and I were in the lead, and we had passed the rhino without seeing her or attracting her attention; we had no time to use our guns to prevent a charge, nor could we have used them, anyhow, without danger of hitting the men. There was a scrambling scatterment of the porters, who dropped their loads and incontinently fled. Pursuing her headlong career, the rhino made a pass with her horn at a wicker hamper containing our tableware, which lay in her path. And now we

were treated to the ridiculous spectacle of the big, excited brute, blundering along, with the hamper impaled on her sharp horn, while tea-pot, enameled cups and saucers, pots, pans and what-not, littered the ground in her wake. As soon as she had passed well clear of the caravan and out of the range of the men, we blazed away at her, causing her to spin furiously round and round. She shook the basket off her horn, and made her escape with one, perhaps two, bullets in her hide.

Another encounter on the same day was of a rather exciting, though quite different, character. Sighting an old bull rhino ahead of us, who, if left alone, would be pretty sure to charge, we halted the caravan and went ahead to drive him off. We succeeded in this, but saw two others half a mile ahead. We both carried our heavy rifles, but no extra cartridges. These animals turned out to be pugnacious, refusing to clear out, or to cease their belligerent charging hither and thither in search of the mysterious foe who was shouting at them, until we had given them a taste of lead.

This left us with one cartridge apiece; and to our astonishment, yet another pair of the big, ugly brutes were in our track ahead! There was nothing for it but to tackle these also. They, too, were decidedly on the war-path. To all our shouting and whistling efforts to frighten them off, they replied by assuming a most offensive front, and by sniffing the air and trotting excitedly this way and that, endeavoring to find us. At length my companion fired at the bull and broke his back. The cow, as is always the case when her lord is stricken down, became terribly excited. She

ran here and there, circled about her wounded mate, snorting violently and raging like a demon. The bull dragged himself about with his fore-legs, trailing his hind quarters on the ground, and in his rage and pain rooting up earth and bushes with his horn. The cow hovered and charged about him, refusing to run away.

We were crouching behind a small bush, but half concealed, not twenty yards away, viewing, not without apprehension, this formidable tableau of brute rage and ferocity, having but one cartridge left in my gun. This must be kept in reserve, for fear of discovery and a charge from the enraged cow, while more ammunition could be got up. With extreme caution my companion crawled away and shouted to the gun-bearers to bring more cartridges.

While these were coming up, my position, as may be supposed, was of absorbing interest. The wounded monster, dragging himself about, tearing up bushes and digging his long horn viciously into the ground, while his faithful old wife fussed about him in prodigious excitement, snorting and charging this way and that, in search of the enemy, was a sight to behold, I assure you. And here was I, the very culprit the angry old dame was so anxious to interview, crouching behind a flimsy bush, almost within her reach. In a few minutes my bold boy Alfred came running up with cartridges. Alfred advanced fearlessly until the wild tableau of animal passion, as described, burst upon his startled senses, when he wheeled about and as fearlessly took to his heels. I was afraid to shout after him for fear of attracting the infuriated enemy to my hiding-place. So I had to crouch low until Abbott came up

with replenished rifle, and with a couple of shots from his eight-bore bone-crusher, sent the cow away to die within an hour, and turned up the toes of the gallant old bull.

Rhinos are seldom seen more than two together, though I have stalked families of four full-grown animals. One day I stalked a pair, with the idea of securing a remarkably fine horn possessed by the male. (The females have the longest horns, the males the thickest.) Taking but one gun-bearer and keeping to leeward, I found no difficulty in creeping up to within a dozen yards of where the fussy-looking old couple stood cogitating on their domestic affairs and crouching behind the only available bush, waited for the big-horned bull to present a vulnerable point.

He seemed determined to stand head on, however. I whistled, coughed, and in various ways within the limits of discretion endeavored to arouse his dormant suspicions, without exposing myself to view and attack, but all in vain. The most he would do was to prick up his stumpy ears and sniff the air in an indifferent sort of way. Perched along his spine and scrambling all over his big body and head, in search of ticks, were a number of rhinoceros-birds, which—in the school-books and the imaginations of certain old African sportsmen—are the rhinos's guardian angels, and should have notified him of the nearness of danger.

After waiting patiently for some time, and as the rhino refused to turn broadside on, I decided to risk a shot behind the ear, as he slightly turned his head to protest against the actions of his wife, who was scratching her rump against his shoulder. It was not without a sharp twinge of compunction, however, that I raised

my gun to destroy the happiness of this affectionate old couple. At any rate, let us say, it must have been this prick of conscience that caused me to hit the old chap an inch higher up than I intended, and to flatten my bullet on the neck bone, instead of putting it into the hollow behind his ear.

Down he dropped, however, like a pole-axed steer. In her excitement and rage, the old cow was terrible. She charged madly about and came near smashing into the bush that only half-concealed the author of this gross outrage, and she fussed and fumed around her stricken lord at such a prodigious rate that prudence compelled me to hide as best I could. I felt small indeed in the presence of her mighty rage.

The rhino scrambled to his feet in a few moments, and as though conscious that the source of the mischief lay behind my solitary bush, the cow shielded him with her own bulky form and away they went, helter-skelter around a knoll and out of sight. Not wishing to wound the cow, I let them get off without a second shot.

On stepping to the spot where the bull had stood, there, on the ground, lay a rhinoceros-bird. I picked the little fellow up and examined him, and found not so much as a feather ruffled, and he, moreover, immediately began to revive in my hand. He was sitting on the head of his big friend, foraging for insects, when I fired, and the concussion of bullet against bone had simply stunned him.

And in connection with this little incident allow me to say that the pretty little fiction about the rhinoceros-bird warning the rhinoceros of approaching danger,

evolved from the imaginative brain of the Munchausen sportsman who wrote it. There is not a pencil-stroke of truth in the picture, though it is pretty enough to deserve to be true, and not at all a congenial task to deny it. Time and again, however, has the writer crept, gun in had, to within twenty paces of a rhinoceros, on which dozens of these birds have been picking about for insects, and never once did I see any attempt on their part to notify the rhinoceros of his danger.

While on the subject of rhinoceroses, I remember seeing one morning, in a patch of timber, one of these bulky animals jump over a dead log, that I measured and found fully five feet above the ground. I was rooted to the spot with astonishment at the sight. I couldn't see whether he touched his fore feet to the obstacle, or whether it was a square steeple-chaser; but it gave me a new idea of the nimbleness of these huge quadrupeds.

On these hunting excursions I sometimes used to take my detective camera, and attempt a little stalking with that. One morning I spotted a rhino standing beside a bush; another small bush stood about twenty yards from him. Creeping up to the latter, camera in hand, I gently moved from behind cover and took four instantaneous photographs of him, without exciting his suspicions. Such feats can only be performed with a detective camera. I also succeeded in stalking a herd of zebra with the camera, and got near enough to secure a very good picture. Probably these feats in photography have often been accomplished before, however, by sportsmen whose duties did not embrace the responsibilities of a scribe, and consequent

public announcement of the facts. But if so, it has never been my fortune to hear of them.

Before leaving the subject of the rhinoceros, my companion will, I know, pardon me if the temptation to relate a certain little tableau of wild and exciting adventure, in which he figured as the "heavy villain" pursued by outraged innocence—an adventure that often formed the theme of conversation between us—prove too great.

One day the Doctor was ungallant enough to knock over a cow rhinoceros, because she sported a particularly long horn, regardless of the fact that a youthful edition of his father ran joyously by her side. Having laid his victim low, Abbott walked up and endeavored to shoo away the aforesaid youth by shouting and waving his arms at him. But the young kifaru, though no higher than a table, refused to "shoo." He looked at his mother's destroyer in an enquiring sort of way, then assumed the offensive and charged him. The tall M.D. "shoo'd" and menaced him a moment, then seeing that the pugnacious young avenger meant business, took to his heels. He hadn't a single cartridge left in his Winchester, and would probably have been too astonished at the temerity of his assailant, if he had, to have used it. His astonishment at the youngster's pugnacity, however, was quickly overshadowed by his still greater astonishment at his speed.

My friend is six feet two in his socks, and active; but the bumptious young kifaru hustled along in the culprit's wake with his eager snort, perilously near where the latter's coat-tails would have been had any such garment been worn, as pursued and pursuer rushed

along through the tall grass. "Whoo!" grunted the savage young brute as he reached the object of his wrath, and, with a vicious upward prod of his undeveloped horn, essayed to lift the Doctor from the ground. Abbott had the disadvantage of having to break a road through the grass, otherwise, he says, he could easily have outstripped his pursuer. But as it was, he was badly handicapped in the race, and felt singularly uncomfortable, as the warm, snorting breath of the pursuer pierced his trousers, and an avenging, rooting sort of lift now and then accelerated his pace. After chasing him about three hundred yards, the young rhinoceros returned to its mother; while the Doctor sat down to recover his wind, and collect his thoughts. One of the first thoughts that came home to him, now that the perils of the situation were over, was that he had all the time had a big six-shooter full of cartridges at his hip.

CHAPTER XI.

ELEPHANTS AND OTHER GAME.

ELEPHANTS are not so numerous about Kilimanjaro as in some parts of Africa. We were constantly stumbling on evidences that elephants were in our vicinity, but we never attempted seriously to hunt them. Dr. Abbott, however, killed one shortly after I returned to Mombasa. In order to hunt elephants successfully the sportsman must devote himself solely to their pursuit. The natives of Kilimanjaro capture them in pits. Mandara keeps a force of Wa-Kamba elephant hunters in his employ, and among the retainers of the chiefs of Chaga, are numerous "pit-tenders," whose duties are to visit the pits, keep them in repair, and see if anything is captured. In traversing the forests, one has to be constantly on the alert for these pits, which are dug in the elephant paths.

The pits are dug wide enough to admit the body of an elephant, and carefully covered over with cross-sticks and grass, to look as near like the rest of the ground as possible. They are dug in the pattern of a wedge, the sides sloping down gradually till they meet at the depth of twelve or fifteen feet. Drive a common iron wedge, for splitting logs, in the ground, pull it out again, and you have in the hole a miniature elephant pit, as they are dug in the elephant forests of Kilimanjaro. This shape is adopted to prevent the captive

animal getting its feet to the ground and trying to scramble out. With his body sustained by the sloping of the sides, and his feet dangling helplessly below, the prisoner is absolutely powerless.

We saw no elephants, though we heard them trumpeting at night, and had been so close on them that the blades of grass in their huge tracks were rising from the pressing as we passed. But elephants have a wonderful knack of keeping out of sight. They can hurry through the forests without making the least noise, and big as they are, have the faculty of hiding themselves in places one would never think it possible from their bulk. They are also very acute of hearing. A word, the snap of a twig in the path, and away they go, swift, silent, betraying their presence only by their fresh foot-prints.

Among other animals that intrude on the sportsman's notice, may be mentioned the hyena. These ghoulish animals are singularly numerous in the Kilimanjaro region. Though you seldom see them, they invest your camp every night, and for hours keep up their dismal, howling "laugh." Sometimes they do not hesitate to invade the camp when everybody is asleep, and make off with anything they can find. A dog is a very necessary thing to have, as a precaution against these midnight prowlers. The best is a small fox-terrier, who will make a good deal of noise, and yet not be so presumptuous as to think he could chew up the intruder. A big dog that felt himself equal to these chisel-teethed brutes would get killed in no time.

We had a little dog of no particular breed and no particular name, who made a very good camp dog. He

would chase a hyena out of camp with prodigious courage and a vast expenditure of noise, and then, when outside the camp, the hyena would turn round to snap him up, he would change the notes of his song and come scurrying into the tent and creep under my bed. This little program would be gone over, in some particularly hyena-infested spot, many times a night. I am ashamed to say how often we reproached that poor pup on his parentage, and how many times we threatened to shoot him, but it was a case of putting up with his nightly racket or allowing the hyenas to range at will in the camp, and so the pup was spared, as being of two evils the least.

Hyenas are great travelers at night. In the morning their tracks are seen on every path, and if you drop anything on the road and leave it there over night, be assured that the brutes have overhauled it before morning. One evening, on the Letima Plain, far from any spot suggestive of hyenas or other carnivora, my boy Alfred fell behind a moment to adjust his sandals, and, as a matter of course, left my gun-cover on the road. We sent several men back for it next morning. They found the case exactly where it had been left, but chewed to pieces by hyenas.

The brutes seem well-nigh omnipresent. They are not dangerous to man, though instances have been known of their attacking children and very old people. Our men used, on moonlight nights, to have great sport chasing them from camp with clubs and stones.

Monkeys are very numerous. You see them in big crowds grubbing for roots on the plains near a stream. Their presence is a sure indication that water is not far

away, as they never leave the vicinity of water any distance.

It is in the forest of Kahè that the beautiful *Colobus Guereza*, of all monkeys the most interesting in appearance, is found. These Kahè monkeys are black and white, with soft, straight fur four inches long on back and sides, and often a foot long on the tail, which is sweeping and graceful to a degree. The skin of one of these monkeys was given me by our friend, Miliali. There is a similar monkey, a branch of the same species, in Abyssinia, and Emin Pasha's lost province, but neither of these are so beautiful as the specimens to be found in Kahè.

The Wa-Kahè object to having them shot. They believe that the spirits of their ancestors dwell in the bodies of the monkeys, and reverence them accordingly. In other words, a Wa-Kahè warrior protests against having his departed father or grandfather ignominiously knocked out of a tree, skinned and otherwise disposed of. He wouldn't mind about his ancestors so much, perhaps, but for fear that calamity might overtake him for permitting the sacrilege; besides which he expects to inhabit one of those same graceful forms himself when he departs this life, and shudders to think that if he allows the precedent, his spirit, too, might fall a victim to the poisoned shaft of the native hunter, or the mysterious "dower" of the white man's gun.

The little groves that are left standing in the Chaga States are peopled by colonies of large baboons.

Of the zebra, giraffe, hartebeest, wildebeest, bushbuck, koodoo, Grantii Gazelle, Gazelli Thomsonii, waterbuck, mpallah, and other of the exceedingly plentiful

game, I will not weary the reader by treating of at length. Enough has been written to show that the plains about Kilimanjaro may well be called the sportsman's paradise. It is almost superfluous to deal with particular localities.

We never saw signs of such tremendous quantities of game anywhere, however, as at Maraga Kanga, a little spring on the plains, between Njiri and Lytokitok. It was the only water for many miles around, and the whole of the ground about it was trampled into deep dust, as if by vast herds of cattle. Roads too, that looked like great cattle trails, led to the spring from many directions; all tramped by herds of game. During the hour or two we were in camp before setting out, every few minutes giraffes, zebras, rhinoceroses, hartebeest, wildebeest, mpallah, would approach the spring for water, and finding the place occupied by intruders, would retire.

Brindled gnu, the wildebeest of this region, were exceedingly tame and plentiful on the Lytokitok pastures. The Masai never hunt game, and so big herds of the finest game in the world graze securely on the same range as their own cattle, and are never molested by them.

Hippos are plentiful in Lake Jipè, below Taveta, and in a few other places; and I must bring this chapter on game shooting to a close, by relating what was, in some respects, a most interesting discovery. In a little strip of unexploited country, between the junction of the Useri and Tsavo rivers and the Kyulu Mountains, we discovered a clear, cold stream about the size of the Tsavo itself, flowing into the latter river. We followed

this new stream northward, till, after some three or four miles, it disappeared beneath the surface of a peculiarly rough lava country. Continuing on, we, at length, found ourselves on the brink of a small crater, in the bottom of which nestled a lovely little lake, bordered with borassus palms. We found a way down, and formed camp on the margin of our discovery. Its water was marvelously clear and sweet, and swarming with fish so tame that you could almost catch them with the hand. They were of the perch family, with greenish back and silvery belly, and the largest of them weighed as high as eight pounds. We distributed fish-hooks to the men, as far as we had them. The others made rude hooks of bent wire. They tied these to pieces of string, baited them with meat, and scattering themselves along the shore, with this rude tackle, woo'd the finny strangers with such surprising success that, half an hour after getting into camp, our hundred Isaac Waltons must have caught not less than a ton of fish, or an average of twenty pounds to the man! In a little while our camp was like a fish market—an African Billingsgate. It was the greatest bonanza the fish-loving porters had struck for many a day. How they reveled in their abundance!

It was as evident as anything of a circumstantial nature could prove, that we had scrambled over the waves and breakers of a volcanic upheaval into an interesting little bit of solitude, which had never before been desecrated by human foot-prints. Certainly the confidence of these fish had never before been trifled with, nor had the even current of their lives been intruded upon by a hungry horde of blacks, who, finding them

innocent of guile, straightway fell to catching them, roasting them, eating them, drying them, making merry over their simplicity.

But a discovery more interesting than the fish was in reserve. I was sitting on the branch of a tree that overhung the water, having rare sport with the fish. I could drop my line down into the crystal depths beneath my swinging feet, and see every motion of the finny denisons as in the tank of an aquarium. The rush of the big beauties for the bait, the consternation of the successful fellow as he felt the prick of the hook and found himself a captive; the frantic struggle, the strong, steady pull for liberty as I paid him out my rude, rodless line; the bringing him gradually to goal—all was visible as through a pane of glass.

What a fisherman's paradise!—but look! Heavens!—what is that monstrous object, walking on the smooth, gravelly bottom, twenty feet below the surface?—What is it? Almost beneath my feet a flat-bodied reddish-colored animal, as large as a rhinoceros, and unlike anything I ever saw, was strolling leisurely along the floor of the lake. The men have seen it too, and excitedly shout "kiboko, kiboko!" What?—that object a kiboko?—a hippopotamus? Such it was, however, but so distorted by the water as to deceive my startled vision into thinking it some monstrous amphibian, which, cooped up here in this isolated crater lake, had survived the ages and provided us with a living link to prehistoric times. But it was sufficiently curious to find hippopotami in this little hidden sheet of water. Later in the day we discovered a school of about twenty, and found much pleasure in watching them

walk along the bottom of this crystal lakelet, now and then rising to the surface to breathe.

Our lake was not more than a mile long, and a couple of hundred yards wide, so that it will hardly secure us the recognition of the R. G. S., but it certainly makes up in beauty what it lacks in size. We christened it Lake Sumaki (Fish Lake), and I can, at least, heartily recommend it to any lover of good fishing who may visit the Kilimanjaro region, and to anybody who wishes to see the rare novelty of a school of hippos browsing about the bottom of a crystal lake as peacefully as cows in a meadow. This little jewel, baby sister to Lake Chala, at the foot of Kilimanjaro, is situated Lat. 2° 52′ S; Long. 37° 53′ E. Its elevation is, approximately, 3000 feet above sea-level. It reposes in the basin of a crater, a hundred feet below the wall, which, in places, consists of such uniform blocks of lava as to suggest the handiwork of man.

Before closing this chapter let me protest against the senseless slaughter of the few magnificent relics of the golden age of wild animal life that still exist in Africa. Only a year or so before my advent in these great game pastures, a couple of English gentlemen, army officers, spent their leave of absence hunting on the plains east of Kilimanjaro. Their time was limited, to, I believe, about six weeks actual shooting. They made up their minds to "beat the record," killing rhinos; that is to say, they determined to try and kill more of those animals than had ever been done by huntsmen before in the same length of time. They succeeded in their ambition; killing somewhere between fifty and sixty head! Some people may call such a performance

as this sport, and the gentlemen in the case sportsmen; but, for my part, I prefer to call things by their right names. It is almost as easy to shoot rhinoceroses as cows, and the man who wantonly kills fifty of either in a month is more butcher than sportsman. The conduct of these gentlemen contrasted strangely with that of another Englishman, a true sportsman and a naturalist of world-wide reputation, whom we had the pleasure of meeting in Mombasa. The conversation turned on rhinoceros hunting. "Don't shoot them down wantonly," said this gentleman, "they're such jolly old duffers; it's more pleasure to sit behind a bush and see them roll in the dust and enjoy themselves, than to knock them over, any day. I never mean to shoot another one as long as I live."

CHAPTER XII.

ARABS AND SLAVES.

ASIDE from my quest of Stanley, part of my commission to Africa was to see what I could of the slave-trade. I endeavored to investigate and report upon it from as many sides as was possible within the scope of actual observation.

All African travelers, and even many missionaries, agree, that once the slave reaches his destination in Zanzibar, Pemba, or Arabia, his or her condition is often, though not always, improved. The violence and bloodshed of the raids in the interior, and the hardships and misery of the long march to the coast, are the revolting features of the slave-trade. It was the author's privilege to see something of both the darker and the brighter sides, as well as to take a glance at the subject from the standpoint of an old Arab slaver.

One Sunday I accepted an invitation to accompany a party of Europeans to an Arab shamba on a day's outing. A shamba is a country estate, or plantation. Spending a Sunday at an Arab shamba is a favorite form of recreation with the European residents of Zanzibar. The one to which we had been invited was situated about ten miles northeast of Zanzibar, near the shore.

There were six in the party; four were to ride out on horseback, the other two would proceed along the coast

in a cutter. The latter means of reaching our destination fell to my lot. Six stalwart blacks rowed us over, to the music of a monotonous refrain. They kept it up for nearly two hours, when, through our field-glasses, we could see black figures on the shore, near a house, making passes in the air with their bandera loin-cloths. These were monkeyish young slaves belonging to our host, imitating the signaling of the English sailors aboard the boats of the blockading squadron. In this manner they were hailing the coming of the Wazungu guests.

Soon our boat grounded on the coral beach, and ready slaves rushed into the water to carry us, pick-a-back, ashore. Broad grins and salutations of "yambo bwana" by a crowd of salaaming slaves, the property of the city Arab who had invited us to go out and "accept his shamba as a gift," greeted us on the shore. The welcome and the whole scene were eminently typical of slaveland and the East. The house was a rambling old mansion, built of coral rag, and cement, made by burning the same into lime. Of unpretentious Arab architecture, the palms and the dark massy foliage of the mango trees, in which it was half concealed, redeemed it from the commonplace far more effectually than gables and architectural devices.

Loafing about in sun and shade, doing nothing, were a crowd of slaves of every age and many tribal types. Arrayed in long white gowns, the head men, having seen us comfortably settled down in the place provided, squatted around and idly flicked the earth with slender canes. Young men scattered out to scale the tall cocoanut trees for madaffoo to quench the thirst of

their master's Wasungu friends. A madaffoo is a green young cocoanut containing nothing but milk. The way the Zanzibaris climb the cocoa palms is to slip both feet in a noose or loop of rope. Instead of cork-screwing their legs about the tree, as we do, they half encircle it with feet and rope, and, alternately advancing hands and feet, hop upward in frog-like motions, two feet at a jump. The ease and rapidity with which these supple young slaves mounted tall cocoanut palms in this simple manner, were highly suggestive of monkeys. Throwing down the madaffoo, they removed with a cleaver the thick outer husks to the shell. The green nutshell, though pliant as leather, is, of course, quite waterproof, and in this condition might fairly be described as a bulbous bottle of deliciously-flavored water. A lot of these madaffoo were thus prepared, dipped in water, and hung up in the breeze to cool. When hung up in this manner in the tropics the milk cools quickly, much as water does in the porous clay bottles of India. By slicing off the stem ends of the green nuts the slaves presented us with brimming vessels of fluid, the most healthful and palatable one could imagine, and which, as a quencher of thirst, is not to be surpassed by even fresh spring water.

Near by the open veranda and the dense shade of the mango trees, selected for our picnicking, was a square tank. Our host had been trying his hand at running a sugar mill, and had built a tank, sluices, water-wheel and aqueduct for power. The tank contained about four feet of water. Into this one of our party flung a handful of coppers. "Ki hi!"—Every slave-boy under twenty, within sight and hearing, came

racing like black water-imps to the wall of the tank and plunged in. The tank was for some minutes a wriggling mass of black, shiny forms, ducking and diving, splashing, gamboling, competing for the prizes that lay hidden somewhere about the bottom. Failing to find all the pice, these rollicking imps then opened the sluice and drained the tank.

Near by the house was a tiny mosque. At noon an ancient Swahili Mussulman entered, and lifting up his melodious voice, summoned all within its hearing to prayer. In Persia, Turkey, or Afghanistan, such a summons would have been the signal for sighs and prostrations from everybody present. But the negroes seemed to regard the invitation of this pious old Uncle Tom with as much indifference as the donkeys that stood and wagged their ears at the flies beneath the shed. The youngsters continued to fish around for missing pice in the tank, and the others stretched their black limbs at lazy length and gossiped, all oblivious to the summons to prayer. Evidently these slaves trouble themselves as little about their souls as they do about their bodies. The greatest boon they ask in life is to be spared the torture of having to exercise their brains.

Now and then throughout the day a troop of plump young damsels flitted timidly across the compound with jars of water. In Africa, as in Asia, and indeed the greater part of Europe, it is the women who do nearly all the hard work. This rule seems to hold good even among the slaves on an Arab shamba. Our Sunday, it must be rememberd, is not Sabbath in Islam. We were present on a working day. All the women seemed industrious as bees—all the men and boys we

saw were doing nothing. Now and then we would stir the people up and put a little animation into their limbs, by drawing a bead on them with my handy detective camera. They quickly understood that the object was to secure their pictures. To the negroes of Zanzibar there is something uncanny about having their photos taken. They dread the idea as they do ghosts and goblins. When a Msungu comes near them their first apprehension is very apt to be as to whether or not he has the means about him for taking their pictures. The warning cry of "picture, picture," from some waggish looker-on will scatter them like a flock of partridges. Anything in the form of a box is magnified at once by their suspicions into a camera.

Outside the compound we had heard for an hour cheery voices singing, and now and then the welkin rang with merry laughter. What was going on out there—some merry-making? So the sounds indicated, but, proceeding thither, we surprised about a score of young women quarrying and burning into lime coral rag. The singing ceased as the white visitors revealed their presence, but these were the merriest set of lime-burners I had ever set eyes on. They seemed to regard the whole process of prying out the lumps of coral and carrying them on their heads to the lime-kilns as a huge joke. More than that, they seemed bent on enjoying the joke to the utmost. Though too modest to sing in our presence their animal spirits were not to be suppressed entirely, even for a brief ten minutes, and so they laughed and laughed.

These young women were all well dressed, even handsomely, for Zanzibaris. Their wrappers of bright calico

commenced above the breasts and fell to the feet. These wrappers, too, were of the most astonishing patterns. Big sunflowers, peacocks with spread tails, roosters, elephants, giraffes, lions, camels; and suns, moons and stars, as big as soup plates, were the figures that adorned and beautified these maidens' clothes. Everything about them seemed sunny, tropical and radiant, in perfect keeping with their surroundings. Their task of burning lime they performed as children play at work.

All day long till the cool of the evening we stayed at the Arab shamba. We wandered among the clove trees, inhaling the subtle perfume of green cloves, and we strolled down the avenues of cocoa palms and looked over the plantation. Everybody we saw looked fat and lazy, happy and contented, at peace with themselves and all the world. Your correspondent couldn't help thinking that it would be extremely difficult to find a community of poor people anywhere else, on whom the burden of existence sat half so lightly as on these careless blacks.

One couldn't help contrasting the young women who were burning coral lime with the white slaves of London or New York of the same age and sex. The former were merry as larks—so brimful of animal spirits that they kept up a continuous round of song and laughter. Theirs, at least, the generous, sunny, outdoor life, the freedom from carking care. It seemed to me that, though, as a remote possibility, they were subject to appraisement and sale, like cattle, they were far less in need of the pity and philanthropic attention of people at home than the white slave girls of London

or New York, who suffer and toil under the sweating system.

Such were the reflections conjured up by a visit to an Arab shamba, and a glimpse of slavery in Zanzibar, in what is, no doubt, its pleasantest phase. That there is a darker side to the picture of slavery in Africa, however, all are only too well aware.

On several occasions I came in direct contact with this darker side, on the journey from Mombasa to Kilimanjaro, and in the states of Chaga. When halting at Taro there came into our camp three of the toughest-looking specimens of the hybrid Arab Swahilis I ever saw. They regarded us with a curious, leering scrutiny of apprehension as they approached, but advanced with more assurance as they recognized and were recognized by my comrade, Dr. Abbott, who had met them in Taveta some time previous. Although I had never met their ilk before, no explanation was necessary to announce their character and their calling. Slave-trader was legibly written all over them, from the hang-dog and brutish expression of their faces to the soles of their sandaled feet.

There seems to be an impression among the people of Zanzibar that Americans are not prejudiced against slave-trading, as are the English and other nations of Europe, and may be depended on not to interfere or make trouble. They attribute this to the fact that slavery prevailed in the United States itself until comparatively recent times, which makes them expect from Americans something akin to sympathy, or at all events, tolerance. Morever, while English ships are always on the lookout to capture their dhows and make it warm

for them, American ships are seldom seen and never in the character of slave-chasers.

As soon as our visitors ascertained that we were "Merikanis," and assured themselves that I, as well as Abbott, was "all right," they disappeared in the thorny jungle and brought their caravan up to the water without further ado.

They had between thirty and forty women and children and a few tusks of ivory. The latter were carried by their own porters. The slaves looked excessively thin and foot-weary, and some of the women, with babes, were relieved of the burden of their offspring by Wa-Teita warriors, who were accompanying the caravan to the coast. You always find in these convoys of slaves a greater proportion of women with babes in arms than any others. This is because their maternal instincts are against them in the chase when their villages are raided by marauders. While others, unencumbered, manage to seek safety in flight, the mothers subject themselves to capture by endeavoring to save their babes.

While water was being passed around from slave to slave, the infants were unstrapped from the backs of the Wa-Teita and allowed to seek refreshment at their mothers' breasts. And when the caravan started again, it was indeed a strange and touching sight to see the grim Wa-Teita savages carrying pickaback in a piece of cloth a number of squalling and quite naked infants, who had evidently been unable, during the brief halt, to satisfy their hunger at those shrunk breasts.

Except in the case of three or four favored women, reserved as consorts for the leading men of the caravan,

WA-TEITA WARRIORS.

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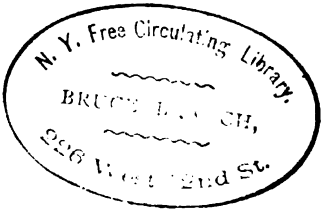


the whole consignment of slaves were so woefully emaciated that their heads seemed disproportionately large. This was difficult to understand, as they had been brought from one of the Chaga States, but a few days' journey beyond, where food was at the time cheap and abundant. It would certainly seem to have been to the interest of the slavers to have brought them to the coast in good condition. We remarked, however, that the slavers themselves seemed about as lean and travel-worn as their charges. The usual plan is to make each slave carry a small bag of grain, sufficient to last them to their destination, when coming from a point no farther inland than Kilimanjaro. Nothing approaching humane considerations is to be expected from Africans, of whatever condition or degree, and least of all from Swahili mongrels, who, brutal enough by nature, are further hardened and brutalized by their traffic in human flesh. Yet, while these slaves were poorly fed, all, save of course the youngsters, who in Africa always go naked, were decently clad—better, perhaps, from our point of view and our ideas of decency, than they had ever been before. All the women and girls had wrappers of kanika sufficiently ample to cover the breasts and fall below the knees. None of the slaves had yokes, though these were very likely taken off and passed on down the road to avoid the appearance of unnecessary harshness before us.

I hastily produced my camera and tried to secure a picture of the slaves as the Swahilis huddled them up together and passed around the gourds of water. Here were some forty helpless women and children being driven along like cattle, and like cattle bunched up and

guarded by villainous men while being "watered." No white man, I suppose, ever looked for the first time on this all too common African spectacle unmoved. Had the slaves been men, instead of women and children, it would perhaps have been different; but had I followed the impulses of the moment I should certainly then and there have blown the brains out of those brutal-faced traffickers in helpless women and tender children, and have taken the slaves under our protection.

Yet, impassionately viewed, that would have been a very foolish thing to have done, even setting aside the tragic part of the proceeding as unnecessary, and, moreover, all things considered, the release of the slaves would have been an act of very doubtful humanity. What could we have done with forty half-starved women and children whose homes were probably scattered over a wide extent of county?

Moreover, Dr. Abbott, regarding the scene with more accustomed eyes, would, in no case, have been in favor of interfering. He had received a useful lesson the previous year from the experience of a couple of Australians, who went to Kilimanjaro for the purpose of buying ivory. These gentlemen, on the way up, met a slave caravan not far from the spot I am now writing about. It was the first time they had witnessed the spectacle, and, as in my own case, their sympathies were deeply enlisted on behalf of defenseless women and children. But they made the mistake of acting on their impulses, without thinking the matter over a second time. They drove the Swahilis off, and took the slaves on with them to Taveta.

Thus far they had no doubt that they had at least

done something for the cause of humanity. The slaves, they ascertained, were from Ugweno, a mountainous district to the south of Taveta, a few days' march. Their idea was, of course, to return the captives to their homes. To their utter astonishment, however, they found out that the latter were decidedly opposed to this apparently happy arrangement. They rarely got enough to eat in Ugweno, they said, where the ground was poor and the rain uncertain, and they wouldn't go back unless they were made to. The Australians were completely taken aback and at their wits' end what to do with them. They would now willingly have handed them back to the traders, and very likely have been willing to have given the latter something to take them off their hands. But it was too late for this remedy, and, in the end, they were forced to leave them in Taveta. Shortly afterwards the Taveta people sold them to a Swahili slave trader, and for a second time they started for the coast and the "plenty to eat," for which, it seems, they were very willing to exchange their liberty.

One hesitates to say a word that would seem to detract ever so little from the atrocity of the African slave trade. One even runs the risk of appearing to be in sympathy with it by revealing its less repulsive features, instead of confining one's self exclusively to its most devilish aspects.

Nearly all slaves are captured amid scenes of blood and violence, but not all. In times of famine women and children are often sold, and men often sell themselves into slavery to avoid starvation. And again, many chiefs sell individual subjects into slavery for certain crimes and offenses, as the law in more civilized

communities sends them into the far harsher slavery of the penitentiary, or of some far penal settlement for life. For example, the celebrated chief Mandara, of Moschi, cognizant of the evil that has come upon some of the neighboring tribes through the flirtations of the women with the porters of passing or visiting caravans, maintains the health and morals of his own people by holding over the women the penalty of being sold into slavery.

On the other hand, Mandara, intelligent chief as he is, and the chiefs of the fourteen Chaga States, are forever raiding each other, killing, destroying and capturing at the instigation of such human brutes as those we met at Taro. Like vultures these wretched dealers in women and children squat on their haunches day after day about the bomas of the chiefs, expectant of profits, as the wild young warriors assemble and start off with exultant acclaim to attack and surprise their neighbors in the gray of the morning; and gloating as buzzards over a carcass, at the sight of their returning, leading, in hastily-improvised yokes of forked sticks, a score or so of miserable victims.

As the convoy started for Sambura and the coast, our porters, mostly slaves themselves, and thorough Africans all, whooped and yelled in brutal sport at the sight which, in the white man, touched a spring of infinite pity. Some days later near Kilimanjaro we surprised a small slave caravan, proceeding, like the one we met at Taro, from Chaga to the coast. We were within two hundred yards of the traders before they saw us. They immediately tried to hustle the slaves out of sight among the bushes. We were too close

upon them, however, for this, and we reached them in the midst of their confusion and alarm. As we came up they essayed to put a bold face on the matter, and they shook hands and "yambo sana'd" profusely when they found that we were not disposed to interfere. It was a small caravan of only a dozen slaves and four tusks of ivory. The slaves, as usual, were women, mostly with babes, and little boys.

One of the women was an ancient, leathery-faced dame, who seemed to us scarcely worth taking to the coast. She had probably been "thrown in" to complete a bargain, or some hopeful Chaga warrior had sold the venerable but no longer useful author of his being for a few strings of beads or a doti of merikani. She was dear, however, at any price; it seemed unlikely that she would ever live to reach the coast. Many of the slaves from the Chaga States die of the fever at the coast. The change from the raw cold of their mountain homes to the heat of the clove plantations of Pemba proves fatal, it is said, to 25 per cent.

All had slave-yokes about their necks, save the ancient dame, who was too old and feeble to run away had she wanted to. The yokes consisted of a coil of thick iron wire around the neck, to which was attached a stout stick four or five feet long. The slaves were not fastened together, but each one was allowed to carry the weight of the stick with the hands, as it stuck out before them. This seemed a most uncomfortable arrangement; more so than if they had been tied together neck and neck, as they sometimes are. The stick offered an impediment to running away, much as the "poke" of the Western farmer prevents breachy

cows from jumping fences. The slaves also carried on their heads small bags of beans, their food for their weary march to the coast.

I couldn't afford to antagonize the slavers, no matter how much I should have relished releasing the necks of their victims from the yoke and returning them to their homes. In the performance of the task he sets out to accomplish, the newspaper correspondent has often to suppress the more generous promptings of his nature, and wink at things he, at heart, abhors the sight of.

I must confess that I felt very much like a criminal, an accessory after the fact, as I looked back and saw the poor wretches in the yokes, their faces set toward their dreary destiny, toiling on in front of the villainous traders. It took me hours to get rid of the suspicion that I must be as big a villain as they, not to have raised a hand against them in behalf of the shackled women and boys they had in charge.

Apart from the experience of the two Australians, however, it has come to be very generally understood among African travelers, that the spasmodic interference of the casual European with the Arab slave-trader, does more harm than good. It merely irritates the Arabs against the whites, and incites them to be more crafty in eluding the vigilance of organized effort.

An hour beyond this point our nostrils were assailed by the stench of carrion of some kind, not far from the path. The dismal picture of the little slave convoy was still before me, or, perhaps, I should have associated the unpleasant stench with the carcass of some animal and thought no more about it. But as it was, a suspicion of what it might be drew me to the spot.

My suspicions were confirmed, for there, half eaten by the hyenas, was the body of an old woman. Not a bead or a scrap of clothing lay around, a fact which told at once her sad, simple story. She had been one of a convoy of slaves bound coastward, and losing her life from sickness or hardship, or from brutal treatment, the body had been cast into the bushes—and that was all.

There is a regular traffic in slaves between the Chaga States, on Kilimanjaro, and the coast. In this part of Africa the Arabs and Swahilis accomplish by cunning, what such slavers at Tippoo Tib do by force, and on a larger scale, in the farther interior. Instead of hunting the slaves themselves, the slavers of Kilimanjaro set the chiefs to raiding their neighbors, and then they buy the captives for a few doti of cloth, and drive them down to the coast. During our stay in Chaga, we saw something of the cunning intriguing of the Arabs, and its results.

One day at Mandaras there was a grand mustering of the warriors. Heralds hurried up and down the steep paths, shouting with marvelous lung-power "ya-ah! towot, towot, towot, towot! ya-ah! towot!" And a sight to be remembered was the long files of bronzed warriors, in red bandera waist-cloths, some with spear and shield, others with guns, racing along the ridges, dipping down into the valleys, and all streaming toward the boma of their chief.

These forces were collecting in response to messages from the Sultan of Machame to come to his assistance against Cena of Kibosho. We trembled for poor Cena of Kibosho, as we listened to the fierce blare of the koo-doo horns and the blood-curdling shouts of "ya-ah!

towot, towot!" He, it appeared, had been the aggrieved party, the victim of a peculiarly atrocious attack.

Swahili slavers, hungry for human merchandise, had made the foolish young chief of Machame believe that Cena was dead. "Cena dead!"—Ngamini's savage heart leapt for very joy at the news. He would rather have heard that every man on Kilimanjaro, outside Machame, was dead; but Cena was his worst enemy, and small favors were thankfully received. Hastily killing a goat and examining the liver and entrails, he and the old wiseacres of his tribe decided that the information was true and the fates propitious.

So, summoning his warriors, Ngamini sent them off to attack Kibosho, while everything should be in confusion over the death of the chief. Slaves and cattle were, of course, to be the booty. Cena, however, turned out to be a very lively sort of a corpse. The announcement of his decease was one of the many artful tricks that the slave-traders employ to set these simple chiefs to warring and raiding one against another. The chief of Kibosho not only thrashed Ngamini's warriors and drove them out of his own territory, but invaded Machame and for three days worked his vengeance on the people and property of that state for the fatal error of its Mange. The Kibosho warriors killed a hundred and fifty of Ngamini's braves, burned as many houses, and carried off many women and children. The villains who had planned all this bloodshed and misery then went over to the court of the victorious Cena, and, buying the Machame captives, marched them off in yokes to the slave-markets of the coast. It

was a matter of indifference to them which side was victorious, so long as slaves were captured and they were in a position to buy them.

The warlike mutterings and tooting of war-horns at Mandara's ended in nothing but noise, as such gatherings very often do among Africans. The whole party, some four hundred strong, started off with great éclat and belicose intent, through the elephant forest toward the seat of war. In the afternoon of the same day, when half-way to Machame, they turned back. We could not learn whether it was the queer actions of a bird, this time, or of a lizard that had provided the portentious omen of disaster. It is no uncommon thing, however, for a Chaga army to give up or postpone an expedition because a goat, a bird, or a lizard is observed to "act queerly."

The chief they were going against so valiantly is Mandara's great rival on the mountain. His country is locally famous for a system of subterranean ways in which the people take refuge at the last extremity, when hard pressed by an invader. We saw similar tunnels in Machame. They are a system of well-like holes twenty to thirty feet deep, connected by tunnels large enough for people to run along. Mandara's men once succeeded in driving a lot of Kibosho warriors down these holes, and then, by means of fire and red pepper, suffocated them like rats.

Much of Mandara's time is taken up in devising schemes of destruction against this rival chief. The Napoleon of Chaga's one eye glints ominously every time he speaks of Cena. It would be a sorry day for the Sultan of Kibosho, should he ever fall into Man-

dara's hands; flaying alive would be the most merciful punishment thought of, so savage and ferocious is the hatred of these bantam chiefs one toward another.

One day I went down to Mandara's boma to pay my farewell visit. Outside his house, seated around a jar of pombe, were four warriors in European garb. "Goot morning, Herr Merikani; yah, yah;" said they, in response to our greeting. These were the four envoys Mandara had sent to the Emperor of Germany, and who had just returned. They wore billy-cock hats, red blanket coats, and black trousers. They were, of course, the heroes of the hour. They were quite overwhelmed with what they had seen in Germany, and with the lionizing they had received in that country.

The soldiers, the ships, the crowded cities, the big cannons, and the innumerable marvels that had been revealed to their simple souls, had bewildered them utterly.

The immense number of people in Germany, however, seemed to have impressed them greater than anything else. "After seeing Germany, we come back and find in all Chaga only two people," was the expressive way they put it.

We talked to Mandara about Germany, and the impressions of the gay young blades without. Mandara had sent the Emperor several of the beautiful Chaga spears, and a pair of tusks. His mind naturally dwelt on the subject of the presents he was expecting to receive in return. The power, wealth and magnificence of Germany, as poured into his astonished ears by his ambassadors, had given him a new idea of Europe. The Krupp cannons!—his men had seen big seige guns,

and had seen salutes fired from ships of war; and Mandara had somehow made up his mind that the Emperor would send him two of these monster weapons. "Then—ah then!" said Mandara, his eye glaring with hatred of his formidable rival, "when *they* come, I shall be able to kill Cena, and destroy all his people." And yet Mandara is the most intelligent and civilized chief in East Africa. Though he talked sensibly enough on most subjects, his prevailing idea was nevertheless worthy of a bloodthirsty savage.

We paid a farewell visit too to Miliali. We found the young chief of Marangu in high feather at the success of a recent raid against the Wa-Rhombo. He had captured lots of slaves, and on the day of our arrival we found him arrayed in a European overcoat and perched on the wall of his boma talking business to a couple of evil-looking slave-traders. Inside the boma a number of fat, naked young women were seated on the ground weeping and lamenting. They were the select of the prisoners, and had been plastered and groomed with grease and ochre until their bronze skins shone gloriously, and they were profusely decorated with beads and Chaga ornaments. These embellishments were intended to set forth their charms to greater advantage, in the eyes of the slavers, and secure for them a larger price.

These plump prizes would probably sell for eight to ten dollars' worth of goods apiece. The price of an ordinary adult slave in Chaga, is about five dollars. Few, if any, adult males are captured and sold. Women and children are the booty sought for. Boys and young women are the more valuable; the former grow up on

the clove plantations of Pemba and forget their old homes, the latter also make good plantation hands, and there is always the possibility of a bargain in a good-looking girl. Young people fetch anywhere from two to twenty dollars, according to age, sex, condition, etc; though the last named price would only be for a very handsome girl, and is rarely realized. On the coast, or rather, in Pemba, which is the great slave-absorbing portion of East Equatorial Africa, Chaga slaves fetch from twenty-five to a hundred dollars apiece.

Outside the boma, in charge of other Swahilis, were a number of miserable-looking Wa-Rhombo women and children in yokes. These represented purchases already made; and the two long-gowned gentlemen on the wall were negotiating with Miliali for the polished and beaded young women inside; without, of course, the beads. The latter had been temporarily contributed by Miliali's wives for decorative purposes. These ladies, described in a previous chapter, were strolling about the boma, taking about as much notice of the tears and lamentations of their captive sisters as they would of the bleating of the same number of goats.

Upon seeing white men approach, the Swahili vultures and the young chief descended from the wall, and the tearful damsels were taken out of sight. We entered the boma and quaffed a social gourd of pombe with Miliali, then, desiring to secure a photograph of the wretches in yokes, I started to procure my camera. But these also had been hurried away.

Upon talking the matter of his Rhombo exploits over with Miliali, we were somewhat surprised to find

that there was "a woman at the bottom of the mischief." Even here, where, as we have seen, plump young women are polished up and groomed like fillies for the market, to be sold for a few paltry dollars apiece, wars may yet be waged on account of a single one. This one, however, was Miliali's sister, a young lady celebrated throughout Chaga for her beauty, and with whom an English sportsman, of a well-known aristocratic family, is said to have fallen in love, a couple of years before our visit. Moreover, it is hardly necessary to say, perhaps, that the young woman was a mere instrument in the hands of others, and played but the passive part of an African damsel.

Miliali is Mandara's son-in-law, he having wedded that chief's daughter. Consequently, they have been great friends and allies. Mandara, hearing of that young person's extraordinary charms, desired to add to his already choice assortment of young wives, Miliali's sister. Nothing loath, but conscious of the young lady's value, her brother set the price at thirty cows, the value of ten ordinary young women. These negotiations were going on during our first visit to Chaga. We now learned that the worldly-wise chief of Moschi, unwilling to part with so many bovines, had entered into a scheme with his son-in-law by which he might obtain possession of the coveted young princess without paying anything at all.

Mandara has long extended the protection of self-interest (the only African friendship) to a section of the Wa-Rhombo. Deficient in pasture-land in his own limited state, he sometimes sends cows and goats across the mountain to be fattened by the Wa-Rhombo; and

so tacitly regarded them as his portégès. In consideration of the free gift of his handsome sister, however, Mandara argeed to shut his restless eye and permit Miliali to raid for slaves and cattle in Rhombo. The result we have partly seen in the long row of shackled slaves without, and the brutal furbishing up and parading of naked young women within our amiable young savage's boma.

The rest of the picture we could see quite as plainly, though the vision was mental. We could see the Marangu braves, starting off over the mountain the previous day, and in the early gray of the morning, silent and swift, swooping down on the unsuspecting hamlets of Rhombo, a band of two hundred men. No organized resistance was possible, so sudden was the attack. For an hour there was a pandemonium of gun-shots, and wild yells, mingled with screams of fright and dismay from women and children. These latter, surprised in their houses, were gathered together, with cows and goats, and ere the Wa-Rhombo warriors could collect for defense or rescue, were hurried over the mountain toward Marangu.

It was all over in less than an hour. There was little real fighting. A dozen Wa-Rhombo braves had been shot down or stabbed before they could run away. They were horribly mutilated, after the manner of the Wa-Chaga soldiers. They were ripped up the back, with chopping blows of spear or simè, and the big shovel-headed spears were thrust into the bowels and twisted round and round in wanton deviltry by the younger men of the victorious raiders. A few hours later, the captives were driven into Marangu, fastened

together with rough wooden yokes, carried and concealed outside Rhombo for the purpose.

And who, think you, was at the bottom of this ingenious scheme of murder and outrage? Who thought it out from beginning to end? Who played on old Mandara's cupidity, and whispered into his big willing ear the siren story of how he might possess the beautiful princess of Marangu without parting with so much as a single cow? And who also, think you, persuaded the foolish and unsophisticated, but powerful brother of the princess that it would be to his pecuniary advantage to hand her over on these new terms? Who, indeed, but the same crafty villains who inveigled the Sultan of Machame to attack Kibosho, and then, when he was defeated, bought and drove to the slave-markets of the coast the wretched subjects of their dupe, who had been captured by the victorious Cena!

These two instances are fair samples of the manner in which these cunning scoundrels, these dealers in women and children, set the chiefs of Chaga to warring and raiding in order that they may obtain slaves for the Zanzibar and Pemba shambas. Some of these Wa-Swahili fairly live at the courts of the Chaga chiefs. They make it their business to hang about and keep informed of all that is going on, in order that they may concoct such rascally schemes as the above, by which they, without endangering their own precious persons, keep up the supply of slaves. They secure the confidence of the chiefs, then act in the capacity of advisers and friends. If these inhuman vultures were kept out of Chaga or suppressed, the great incentive of the chiefs to make war on each other would be removed, and there is no reason why, with a little good management,

peace and good-will might not be established between the fourteen bantam states of Kilimanjaro.

This populous and delightful country, the future sanatorium of East Equatorial Africa, is all within the territory of the German acquisitions. If one energetic European, with a force of fifty disciplined Somalis or Zulus, were posted on the mountain, with full powers to suppress warring and slave-raiding, and to keep slave-dealers away, a good understanding might soon be brought about between the chiefs. The Wa-Chaga are naturally amiable, well-disposed people, industrious and commercial, and, owing to their situation, there is probably no community of 50,000 people in Africa whose condition might be improved so readily if proper measures were adopted.

It is not sufficient to send missionaries. The gentle methods of the pioneers of the Christian religion are worthy of all praise; but Africans must first be made to feel the strong arm of authority; then they may be taught. Only power is respected by Africans. You may appeal to the finer feelings of the average son of Ham till you grow gray, and your reward will some day be the discovery that he has been systematically pilfering from your stores and playing you for an amiable fool all the years of your painstaking efforts to improve his moral character. With the small force mentioned above, a sensible European could, in two years, establish a reign of peace from one end of Chaga to the other. Then, on this good, peaceful ground, and this clear, well-prepared soil, missionaries may go and sow the seeds of the Christian religion, and the tares of the slave-traffic and the stones of ferocious hatred between chief and chief will not be there to choke and smother.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SLAVERS' POINT OF VIEW.

FOR reasons before stated the Arabs are friendlier to Americans than to other whites. The Arabs of Zanzibar, while they would be reticent and suspicious with a German or an Englishman, will talk more freely to one whom they understand to be an American. Wishing to hear the views of an intelligent Arab on the question of slavery, and compare them with my own experiences and impressions, as given in the foregoing pages, I had a long talk with an old half-caste Arab, who had passed most of his life in the interior of Africa, buying and hunting slaves. He was of the same blood and breeding as Tippoo Tib—half Muscati Arab and half Swahili. These half-castes are the brightest and most vigorous types of manhood on the Zanzibar coast. On condition that his name should not be used, the old slave-dealer consented to give his views of the slave trade, as well as sundry of his experiences.

He also spoke quite freely on what he considered the "mischievous effects of European interference between the Arabs and the blacks." There was a deal of sound logic in what he said, although much of his talk sounded like the irrational gabble of a child. The Arabs of Zanzibar, like the Turks, Persians, Chinese, and, indeed, all Oriental people, are a strange mixture of child and sage. The explanation is that the East is in its dotage. Its people are in their second childhood,

but they have inherited the wise saws and sage maxims of a more vigorous age.

According to this old Arab, the advent of the European in Africa has, up to date, produced nothing but evil on the people all round. He frequently spoke of Europeans as a race of "meddlers with other people's affairs." Now and then the old man grew very sarcastic, and he chuckled amusedly as I spoke of putting an end to slave-trading by blockading the coast, and kindred repressive measures. Said he:

"You might as well talk about stopping the heaving and tossing of the ocean, by taking measures against the surf on the shores, as of stopping slave-trading with a fleet of cruisers. One proposition is about as practicable as the other.

"There will always be slavery in Africa," he went on to say. "There always was and always will be. The Wa-shenzi (Africans of the interior) were cursed by Allah in the beginning, and were turned over to the whites, the Turks and the Arabs for slaves. Europeans, in giving it up themsleves, and in turning their hand against the Arabs, are outraging the will of Allah, and consequently cannot prevail. If the whites were to go to war and kill off every Arab in Africa, there would still be slavery and slave-hunting. Long before the Arabs spread over Africa, tribe made war on tribe for no other purpose than capturing slaves."

I jotted all this down, but smiled, for it was the veriest child-talk, and peculiarly Oriental. But flashes of wisdom soon came to the rescue, and the old slave-trader presented the matter in a light that was, to say the least, ingenious.

"What you are pleased to consider the horrors of the slave trade," said he, fingering his string of amber beads a little more lively, "have kept pace with the demands for ivory from Europe and America. The invention of ivory piano keys has caused the death of a million Africans and the devastation of vast tracts of country. Europe and America will have ivory. Very well. Who is to get it? Inshallah, the Arabs. How? By making long journeys into the wilds of Africa. Sometimes they are gone from the coast for years. Many of the porters they take with them get killed or die off. The money and goods that were advanced by the Banyans and Hindis, of Zanzibar, have, after years of perilous knocking about, finally been invested in ivory. But it is many moons' journey from Zanzibar. Who is there to carry it? Nobody.

"Still, the Arab trader must not think of defeat. All the world would be against him. Europe would berate him for bringing no ivory, the Banyan at Zanzibar would imprison him for debt, the Sultan would flog him for an ass, he and his family would be ruined and disgraced forever. What is he to do? All around him are human animals, strong in muscle, but weak in brain. The Arab seizes them, puts ivory on their shoulders and marches to the coast. Europe pats him on the head for bringing the white ivory, but belabors him with a stick for bringing the black. Yet without the one he couldn't have brought the other."

This was Eastern logic, plain and simple, and I begged him to go on. The old fellow, warming up to his theme, grew quite eloquent.

"But missionaries and travelers tell of burning vil-

lages, slaughtered people and general ruin, wantonly brought about by your people in the interior," said I. "What have you got to say to that?"

"Many things," answered the Arab, shaking his head thoughtfully. "Missionaries and travelers sometimes tell strange stories. They write books; a pen is a small thing and easily makes wrong marks; missionaries and travelers are very imaginative. An Arab never kills a M-shenzi unless compelled to do so in self-defense. When we go to a village to take slaves we prefer to take them peaceably, but if the wild men try to drive us off with spears and arrows, then our guns speak and we cease to spare. In the sight of Allah it is better that all the Wa-shenzi in Africa should be killed than one Mussulman."

"But, having killed off the warriors, you then drive off the women and children."

"That is true, for women and children give little trouble and bring good prices on the coast. Sometimes, with all our searching, ivory is scarce, and then, to prevent disaster and the anger of the men who advance the capital, slaves are the next best thing to bring down and sell. At Bagamoyo a woman is worth $75, a boy $50, and a girl $100, varying, of course, considerably from these average figures. I once brought a Mnyamwezi girl down to Dar-es-Salaam, and sold her to a Pemba clove planter for $300. I didn't capture her. I bought her from a chief for $50 worth of Merikani and beads. She was a perfect lulu (pearl) and a great bargain at $50.

"Three hundred dollars is the price of a very good tusk of Ujiji ivory, so you may guess she was a beauty.

Bringing her down to the coast and selling her was the best thing that could have possibly happened to her. It was a stroke of Allah's good will all round. It was a good thing for the Mnyamwezi chief to receive many dotis of cloth and half a farsilah of beads. It was good for me to make a profit of over $200, and, as I have just said, it was best of all for the young woman. The transfer from the huts and the crude, harsh life of Unyamwezi to the shamba of the Pemba planter would be to her like moving from earth to heaven. One month after being sold she would weep tears, bitter as aloes, at the bare threat of sending her back to Unyamwezi and her people.

"This is the history of three-fourths of the girls that the Arabs bring down from the darkness of Africa to the coast and the islands of the seas, where shines the creed of Islam. They realize the improvement in their condition in no time, and to send them back home would be more cruel than to cut their throats."

"According to all accounts throat-cutting is not so rare an occurrence on the journey to the coast," I suggested. "Is there any truth in that?"

"Truth in it? Why shouldn't there be truth in it?" returned the slave-dealer, with an impressive shrug, peculiar to the East.

"But you don't mean to say that you coolly cut the throats of people, as if they were animals?"

"Nobody cuts the throat of a slave for sport or wantonness," said he. "Slaves are worth money. Arabs don't fling away valuable property any more than white men do. I never saw a slave's throat cut, unless there were very good reasons. It is not a common occurrence, by

any means. When such a thing happens, it is resorted to as an act of mercy or of dire necessity. It is never done except as the very last resort.

"Sometimes a caravan, in crossing desert countries, is reduced to very great straits for food and water. A weakly woman drops down exhausted by the way. If there is water anywhere in the caravan it is brought; if there is food it is brought. If there are asses or camels the woman is placed on the back of one and the caravan hurries on. Everything possible is tried to save her, for we are now, perhaps, half or two-thirds over our long journey, and in one month the woman would be in our pockets.

"But sometimes there is neither water nor food nor asses, and no surplus strength in the whole party. The woman cannot walk. The caravan cannot wait. Which, then, is better: to leave the woman a living prey to the hyenas and the jackals, or, worse still, to spend days in slowly dying of thirst, or to——" and here the old Arab tragically drew his finger across his throat.

"We put a slave out of misery now and then, from motives of compassion," he resumed, "just as we would a sick ass; but to kill a slave wantonly would be like flinging rupees into the sea. Don't you believe that either one or the other is ever done by an Arab. Such things are inventions of prejudiced people and men who make books and pictures to please and amuse the people of England and America." (I had just shown the old Arab a picture from an English paper of a slave hunt.)

"But whether this is true or not, many people think

the whole business of capturing and selling slaves is nefarious—an invention of Sheitan."

"There are many inventions of Sheitan in the world," sagely returned the Arab, "but whether slave-trading is one of them or not, is a question with two faces. Slaves and ivory are the two products of Africa. Europe demands all it can get of one, and Asia and the Isles of the Seas all that can be got of the other. To obtain them both, rupees and sovereigns flow like water. We Arabs are simple traders in the matter. When people cease to demand slaves and to offer rupees for them, we shall cease to obtain them. That is all.

"As for the matter of cruelty, the hunters endure very much the same hardships as the hunted. When I go up country I separate myself from my wife and children for years at a stretch. This wrings my heart, but business must be transacted. I would much prefer to sit down quietly in Zanzibar. The Wa-shenzi have no feelings, such as Arabs and whites have. We separate wives from husbands and children from parents. That is a necessary evil of the business. Europeans greatly exaggerate the evil, however. There is a little cruelty in it, just as there is in forcibly separating or weaning a calf from its mother, but that is all. In a few days the Wa-shenzi forget; they never cared much.

"The grief of the wild African is never more than skin deep. A week after we have carried off their women and children, the Wa-shenzi warriors have taken new wives and built new huts. Where do they find new wives so quickly? Mashallah! women grow on trees in the country of the Wa-shenzi. There are women, women everywhere. Nothing is so plentiful

as women. New families spring up like vegtables. In a very little time all damage is repaired. Meanwhile the condition of every African brought to the coast by an Arab has been immeasurably improved. In the interior he was an animal, with his mind clothed in darkness. Whether he goes to Pemba, to Zanzibar, to Muscat or to Mecca, he comes to hear the voice of the muezzin and to know of Mohamet—he becomes a man and a child of the Prophet."

Much more to the same purpose the old Arab slave-dealer stated, but enough has been said to give readers an insight into the native way of looking at the question of slavery. This old fellow winked mysteriously at the idea of a blockading squadron doing anything effective by way of stopping the slave-trade. He intimated that a hundred slaves were exported to Pemba, Muscat, and Arabia for every one that was intercepted by the cruisers.

The late Sultan Khalifa, on the contrary, in an interview I had with him, expressed the opinion that the blockade was slowly throttling the trade in slaves, and would eventually stop it. It would be politic for the Sultan to so express himself, however. Europeans in Zanzibar were of the same opinion as the old slave-trader about the effects of a blockade. All manner of subterfuges are employed to dodge the fleet. By the treaty of 1873, between England and the Sultan of Zanzibar, any raw slave found aboard a dhow is "forfeited to Her Majesty." The dhow is subject to confiscation, and the captain and crew to fines and imprisonment. One favorite plan of transporting raw slaves is to dress them up like native coast people and embark them

for Pemba, or wherever they are to be taken, as passengers.

The mouths of the slaves are closed by weird stories about the designs and objects of the whites. These ignorant people are told that the whites are cannibals, whose real object in securing them is to eat them, or that they are clinical monstrosities who desire to dissect them and secure their vitals for making medicine and magic. They are instructed what to say in reply to questions. They are provided with bogus papers of freedom. Women pass themselves off as wives of the captain and crew of the dhow. It is often the most difficult task to tell which are slaves and which are not, or which are "raw slaves" and which domestic.

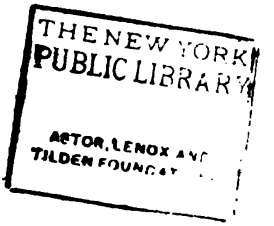
Running slaves over from the mainland to Pemba through the blockade has become a regular occupation of many Arabs with a taste for adventure. With a fair wind the run can easily be made between darkness and dawn. In case the wind is unfavorable the Arabs run the slaves over to one of the little coral islands that dot the intervening sea in canoes. Here they land both slaves and canoes, and remain concealed in the bush all day; the next night they finish the journey to Pemba. What is known as the "slave monsoon" commences in April. This is a breeze that blows from the southwest. By its aid the Arab slave-dhows flit, like a flock of birds, over the Indian Ocean to the various slave-markets on the Arabian and Persian coasts, and to Madagascar and the Comoro Islands. During this monsoon the dhows can run across to Zanzibar and Pemba in a few hours.

Since the author left Zanzibar, a law has been passed,

providing for the gradual emancipation of slavery in the Sultan's dominions.

The words of the Arab slaver were specious enough from his point of view if facts would only bear them out. Though nothing that he said could for a moment mitigate one's hatred of the vile traffic in human beings, or soften the white man's contempt for the people engaged in it, yet his talk was interesting and instructive as giving one an insight into the Arab view of the matter. There was even wisdom, of a sort, in some of his answers. It is well known that ivory is the only product of the far interior of Africa, that will bear the cost of transportation on men's shoulders to the coast. And even so valuable a product as ivory would often leave no margin of profit to the Arab trader and the Hindi financial backer in Zanzibar, if transported by free carriers to whom wages had to be paid.

In the writer's opinion, the one remedy for slavery in Africa, is cheap and improved methods of transportation—in short, railways. With a railway from the Zangian coast, from Bagamoyo or Mombasa, to the great lakes, the Arabs could not afford to carry even ivory on men's shoulders. They could transport it to market ten times cheaper by the railway, than by means of even unpaid slave labor. The slave question is a matter of gain, of profit and loss, and no fact in the field of economics is so well known and understood, as that a costly and cumbersome system of doing business, retires rapidly before a cheaper and quicker method. A railway to the Victoria Nyanza would do more for the suppression of slave-trading in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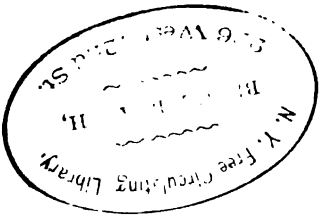
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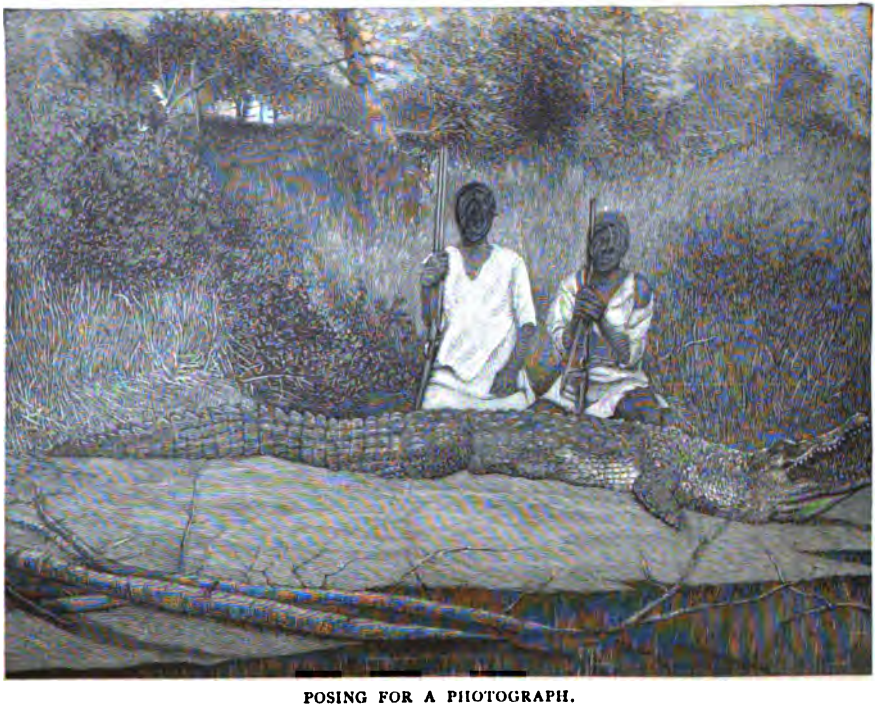


POSING FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.

Africa than any number of military measures directed against the Arabs. There is every prospect that such a railway will soon be built from Mombasa, by the Imperial British East African Company through their new territory. The Congo Railway has already been commenced, so that in a very few years, it is not unlikely that an all-rail and steamer journey may be taken from Zanzibar to Banana Point, across the Dark Continent—then no longer "Dark," save in the color of its people's skins.

CHAPTER XIV.

STANLEY AT LAST.

"ANY news of Stanley?" "Any news of Stanley?" was the question asked me right and left in Zanzibar upon my return from Masai-land, at the end of August.

"Don't *you* know anything of his whereabouts?" I replied to the British Cousul, who would be sure to know, if anybody in Zanzibar did, of the officers of the Imperial British East African Company, who were directing and supporting the movements of several caravans, which the Company had up country.

"Absolutely nothing," was the reply from all sources—"nothing whatever."

It seemed almost incredible. I had been six months in the interior, prosecuting my inquiries up in the direction whence Stanley was supposed to be coming. The Imperial British East African Company had six Europeans, with not less than one thousand porters and askari in the field; the missionary societies were in correspondence with their stations as far inland as the Victoria Nyanza, and the British Consulate was provided with a thousand sharp eyes and ears, through the medium of the Hindi merchants of Zanzibar and the coast ports, and their trading caravans in the interior.

All were interested in getting the first news, or any news at all, of the Stanley Expedition; but we were in

the dark, one and all. The various rumors of his approach to the coast, which had been eagerly seized upon, from time to time, and cabled home to the expectant public, had been unfounded. Some of them, I am afraid, had even been sent without the broken reed of native rumors.

All sorts of conjectures were indulged in at the English Club. With many others, I was constrained to believe that Stanley and Emin Pasha were yet in the Equatorial Province, quietly engaged in carrying out the territorial and commercial schemes of the British Company, the chief patrons of the Emin Relief Expedition, and waiting for the Company's caravans to make connection with them from Mombasa. It was well known that one of the chief inducements for sending the Emin Relief Expedition was to secure the rich field of the Equatorial Province for the exploitation of the I. B. E. A. Company, and open a road by returning from it through their concession to their port of Mombasa. Naturally, then, the public eye was directed toward the region of my own late experiences about Kilimanjaro and Masai-land, expecting to hear, any day, that the long expected party had at length been communicated with, and that Stanley had triumphed over the difficulties of the road between Wadelai and Mombasa as successfully as he had over the dread Congo forest. Nobody in Zanzibar seemed to suspect that all this time Stanley might, for reasons which he would eventually make known, be slowly working his way down the same route he had traversed on his "Through the Dark Continent" journey. Such, however, was the news that came to us from Stanley, the first since his

Aruwimi letters of Aug. 28, 1888. The news was that Stanley, Emin Pasha, Casati, Stanley's officers, Stairs, Jephson, Bonny, Nelson and Surgeon Parke; two of the French fathers of the Algerian Mission, with two hundred and ninety-four of Emin's people—with Stanley's porters, making altogether seven hundred and fifty people—were coming down through the German territory to Bagamoyo. The letters were dated at Msalala, at the south end of the Victoria Nyanza, Aug. 29. The party would reach Mpwapwa about the end of November, and the coast about the middle of January.

The English community refused to believe it. There had been such a thorough understanding that Stanley would come to the coast through the British concession to Mombasa, by the patrons and supporters of the Emin Relief Expedition, that the possibility of his coming to Bagamoyo, by the old Unyamwezi route, was considered out of the question entirely. Stanley might find it difficult to come the other way, but if too difficult, then he would wait and work in Emin's province until the Company's caravans should make connection. Personal stores for the Europeans of the expedition, and rice in abundance for the people, had been dispatched northward from Mombasa and Lamoo, caravan after caravan, without regard to expense; and, to crown all, the I. B. E. A. Company had, in a prospectus inviting the public to subscribe for £2,000,000 worth of shares, stated, with the utmost confidence, that their caravans had probably long since connected with Stanley and Emin.

All doubts of the truth of the reports were, however,

speedily removed, for at the end of October, Capt. Wissmann, with an escort of five hundred Zulus, Soudanese and native askari, returned from Mpwapwa, where he had been in pursuit of the insurgent chief Bushiri, and under his protection came messengers from Stanley bearing letters and telegrams. The party were in considerable distress, owing to the large number of incapables among Emin's Egyptians, but they were pushing steadily forward. In the party were fifty-nine children, "mostly orphans of Egyptian officers." There was talk of a long line of stretchers of poor, way-weary women and children, sick and cripples, who, after passing through the many dangers of the road, occasionally died in their hammocks as they were carried along. Fights and quarrels with warlike tribes had been experienced since leaving Emin's territory, and interesting geographical discoveries had been made.

Yes, it was true then, stand aghast as doubters might. Here was the interesting party toiling on towards Bagamoyo in sorry plight, a few miles a day, on the old trade route from Unyamwezi. Their material wants must be attended to. According to Stanley they would reach the mission station of Mpwapwa, a hundred and seventy miles inland from Bagamoyo, by the end of November.

Mail-runners were at once despatched with letters, and a caravan of two hundred porters was organized by the British Company to carry up rice and provisions to Mpwapwa. As the road was not yet safe from insurgent attacks, the Germans, who were also sending goods up to Emin, would provide an escort of soldiers.

The German authorities were in high feather at the

turn affairs had taken. Stanley coming down through their territory would, so they thought, prove that they possessed the only road to the interior, about which there was much rivalry and friction between the two candidates for the privilege of exploiting the lake regions. And there is no denying that, on the other hand, the English Company felt a trifle sore that the plans, for which they had sacrificed much, had, for some reason or other, miscarried. Meanwhile, to those not particularly interested in the road question, the mental vision of the approaching multitude was of peculiar interest. Here, at last, were the people in whom the whole world had for so long been deeply interested—Stanley and his plucky assistants; Emin and the remnant of his Egyptian force, including "fifty-nine children, mostly orphans." The pencil of romantic interest, too, was working still on this picture of a Central African exodus. As if the elements that composed it—the stirring history, the strange experiences of hardship, of danger, of Mahdist fanaticism, of vicissitude, of heroic resolve and brilliant relief that surrounded this approaching remnant of a lost Egyptian province and of a relief expedition—were not enough to interest, in a general sense, we now heard for the first time of Emin Pasha's "beautiful daughter." Emin's daughter! In all that the world had ever heard or read of Emin; his own letters from the Equatorial Province; of those written by his friends about him, not a hint had ever been given that Emin Pasha was a man of family.

Meanwhile, as soon as it was ascertained that there was really no doubt this time, I applied to Capt. Wissmann, the German Imperial Commissioner, for permis-

sion to proceed inland and meet Stanley at Mpwapwa. Notwithstanding the fact that I had perhaps more reason than anybody to feel resentment that while I was looking out for him in Masai-land, Stanley was making his way down country five hundred miles to the south-west, I determined to heap coals of fire on his honored crown by hastening on ahead of the larger caravan, with a few porter loads of champagne and substantial luxuries, which he, Emin and the Europeans of the party would appreciate, and at the same time convey to the great explorer the congratulations of the *New York World* at the successful accomplishment of his great undertaking, the relief of Emin Pasha, and his rescue from a position that had, from accounts to hand, become indeed perilous.

"Military exigencies," however, compelled Capt. Wissmann (who, by-the-bye, impressed the writer as a good fellow and a superior sort of man), to refuse me permission to enter the German territory. The whole German concession, he said, was under military law, and none could proceed inland without a passport and a German-provided escort of soldiers." "Military law and a passport," in Equatorial Africa! Had it come to this? Alas! Yes!

Much difficulty was experienced by the British Company in getting together and starting the two hundred porter caravan of rice. The Bagamoyo route, since the German occupation and consequent hostilities, had gained an evil reputation among the porters, and the enterprise languished, notwithstanding double wages to porters, and big profits to the Hindi contractor. The mail-runners who had been dispatched to meet Stanley

returned, reporting that they had been attacked and had been compelled to throw away the mail. The lost mail included a packet of letters to Stanley weighing nine pounds.

Close on the heels of the discomfited mail-runners came other letters from Stanley. The party had made good headway since leaving the Victoria Nyanza and had reached Mpwapwa on Nov. 10, twenty days ahead of time, and would proceed to the coast without delay.

The European community of Zanzibar was thrown into a fever of expectancy. Stanley and Emin within a few days of Bagamoyo! The rice caravan had not yet started, and the most any caravan could now do would be to extend tardy relief indeed, a half-dozen marches inland. Instead of Jan. 15, as Stanley had thought, or the Jan. 30 of Emin Pasha's estimate, they would reach the coast about the end of November.

Instant preparations for their reception were set in motion. There would be many sick, many helpless women and children. A pathetic incident was told of an old Egyptian woman, seventy years of age, who, after bravely enduring the hardships of the long journey from the Equatorial Province to Mpwapwa, had died on a stretcher, almost within sight, we might say, comparatively speaking, of the ocean, whose beckoning voice, bidding her be of good cheer, had stimulated her feeble spirit to endure thus far.

Gen. Matthews, the British Consul General, the ladies of the Missions, everybody who could assist, now took hold of matters in earnest. Every needle and Goanese sewing machine in Zanzibar was employed to make up articles of clothing, for the women

and children would be particularly in need of apparel. A large house, formerly the British Consulate, was prepared for the reception of the latter, and temporary accommodations were secured for Emin's Soudanese soldiers.

But what about my own ambition to be, at least, the first newspaper correspondent to congratulate Stanley and Emin Pasha upon their return to civilization. In order to do that it would be absolutely necessary that I should proceed into the interior; and I had been told, point blank, by Capt. (now Major) Wissmann, the Imperial German Commissioner, "You cannot go."

"Why not?"

"The country is under military law and the German Government holds itself responsible for the lives of Europeans. You cannot go without a military escort from us, and that privilege is impossible, unless we get special orders from Berlin—so you cannot go."

"But you are going to take the *New York Herald* correspondent up, and do you consider such discrimination right?"

"We have orders from Berlin to take the *Herald* correspondent, with our own expedition, to meet Mr. Stanley."

"Oh, very well, Captain. Good-day."

Though I couldn't get a permit from the German Imperial Commissioner, I thereupon decided that it was my privilege, as a correspondent against whom this unjust discrimination was being made, whatever the reason for it might be, to outwit him if possible.

At any rate, no stone must remain unturned to accomplish my purpose of securing, in spite of Berlin,

Wissmann, soldiers, military laws, a hostile country, or what not, the honor of being the first newspaper correspondent to welcome Stanley and Emin. It was a truly forlorn hope, however, and it was in a very doubtful frame of mind that I set about forming my plans. The German caravan of several hundred soldiers and porters, and my lucky rival, had already left Bagamoyo for the interior, when on Saturday, Nov. 23, having exhausted my efforts with the German officials at Zanzibar, I came to the above resolve.

I obtained a knowledge of Capt. Wissmann's movements for the next few days. He would go to Bagamoyo on Saturday, and take a run up the coast with his little steamer to Pangani on Sunday. He would not return to Bagamoyo till Tuesday. I immediately engaged, through a friendly Hindi, a small dhow, and on Sunday afternoon proceeded quietly to Bagamoyo, a six hours sail from Zanzibar, to spy out the chances of proceeding inland. Nobody dislikes the necessity of having to act in defiance of the authorities in any country, more than the writer, but the discrimination made against me was not to be tolerated. At Bagamoyo I learned that no European would be allowed to proceed inland without a passport and a special escort of soldiers. "You are Mr. Stevens?" asked the German officer commanding in the absence of Capt. Wissmann, who, fortunately for me, had left for Pangani that morning.

"Yes."

"You cannot go, then."

That same evening I quietly engaged, through another Hindi, a few of whom had lately returned to Bagamoyo to trade, five sound-limbed, athletic young Wang-

wana runners, who, for large pay and the promise of backsheesh galore, ageed to risk, with me, a dash through a dangerous country. The young men were soon looked up, and while the Hindi's clerk held a kerosene lamp, I examined carefully, in a rear room of the house, their limbs, to see that every one was sound and fit for the hard march I intended to give them. One was rejected because one ankle was slightly bigger than the other, or, at all events, seemed so to my super-critical inspection; but another was soon found to take his place.

I now explained to them the object to be attained. Their wages were to be treble the ordinary pay, and if I should be the first to meet Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha, great should be their reward. It was, I told them frankly, a bold undertaking, with the chances very much against us; but if they did exactly as I wanted them to, from first to last, we should succeed. If we tried, and failed through no fault of theirs, they should still be rewarded, and if the Germans made trouble for them for coming with me, I would protect them.

"Inshallah!" was the answer, and I shook them all warmly by the hand. The Hindi was less hopeful. He shook his head dolefully, and informed me that at Mtoni, the ferry across the Kingani River, was a fort with many soldiers and several German officers, and that if I succeeded in leaving Bagamoyo, my progress would be arrested there. This fort and ferry are a couple of hours' march from Bagamoyo. A single ferry on a deep river swarming with crocodiles, is a point of advantage that is supposed to control the movements of every person in the country. Evidently here

was the crucial point of at least the beginning of the adventure.

I slept little that night, up in my friend the Hindi's spare chamber, thinking over the knotty problem of this Mtoni ferry. My cogitations amounted to little in the way of comfort. There was no possible way of avoiding this ferry and gaining the open wilderness beyond. I might risk swimming, but it was not to be expected of the men that they would dare a river full of crocodiles, to begin with. Their reward, poor fellows, would be but a handful of rupees at the best. I knew their limit too well to damp their courage to begin with, by a suicidal proposition. No, it must be the ferry that must be managed. There was positively no alternative. If anybody had offered me one to ten against the chances of being able to overcome the difficulties of that ogreish fort and ferry of Mtoni, with my five bold sprinters, I am afraid I should have taken him up on Monday morning. But I had made up my mind to a plan. That was something though, as yet, only one party knew anything about it.

However, in the early morning of Monday, we quietly slipped away from Bagamoyo. My baggage for this dash was reduced to a minimum. Speed, of course, was the prime consideration. My commissary consisted of three tins of Chicago corned beef, two tins of salmon, a small tin of biscuits and a bottle of brandy. My other stores were a couple of changes of underclothes and plenty of soft merino socks, a pair of blankets—a light marching kit, surely, for a run of unknown length in Africa. But food and clothes were minor affairs. The ferry was the burden of my thoughts, every foot of

the pleasant way through the mango shambas, that extended for some miles beyond the port of Bagamoyo. On we trudged, however, our hopes rising sensibly as we found ourselves away from habitations and treading the free-looking, open country. My best chance, I had concluded, with the Germans at the Mtoni ferry would be to put on an exceedingly bold, though not necessarily defiant, front. Whether sheer American "impudence" would prevail against German military law, with its orders and what not, would remain to be seen.

On the outskirts of Bagamoyo were camped some three thousand Wanyamwezi porters, waiting to be escorted by the Germans back to the Land of the Moon, beloved by them as their homes. At the Mtoni ferry we found a small iron boat, operated by natives, under the supervision of three German officers stationed at the fort. The leading officer addressed me in polite terms:

"Mr. Stevens, of the *New York World?*"

"Yes."

"Have you a passport?"

"A what?—a passport in Africa! No, of course not. You must be making a mistake. I've been in Africa for months, and never heard of a passport before."

A courier was immediately dispatched to Bagamoyo, while I was invited to halt and partake of champagne.

"Certainly, gentlemen; champagne with pleasure; but I must push leisurely on, and cannot think of halting." And so, as no opposition was offered, we entered the ferry, a rupee was slipped into the palm of the

astonished boatman, and in a minute or two we were landed on the opposite shore. This is a true account of how the difficulty of the Mtoni ferry was overcome. Major Wissmann* afterwards declared that I had bribed his officers, but I take this opportunity of assuring him that the three officers at the Mtoni ferry were gentlemen who would have scorned to take a bribe.

* The seeming contradiction in Wissmann's rank, in the following and other chapters, comes from the fact that his promotion from Captain to Major took place during my dash up country to meet Stanley. T. STEVENS.

CHAPTER XV.

OVER THE "RUBICON."

THERE now seemed a clear road ahead of us at last. We were in the wilderness, and for some time made the most of our opportunity, mindful of the courier to Bagamoyo. Two hours beyond Mtoni we passed the camp of the large caravan that had been sent up to meet Stanley by the Imperial British East African Company.

The country inland from Bagamoyo is the finest in the world for bushwhacking. It is a country of scrubby trees and small, open parks, studded with patches of dense thicket. Of arms we had a truly scant array for a dash through a hostile country. Any attempt to arm my men with guns, however, would have brought the German authorities at Bagamoyo about my ears, and would have proved fatal to my plans. I had a Winchester sporting rifle and a revolver, but the best that could be done for the men was to arm them with a butcher-knife apiece.

And just here let me say that I learned from these five Bagamoyo runners that there are such qualities as pluck and faithfulness among these people, after all; a fact that I should have admitted with many qualifications upon my return from Masai-land. The names of these five young blacks deserve to be immortalized. They are Zaidi, Nivova, Fomi, Mfomo, Omali. Though

Fomi finally deserted, carrying with him my bottle of brandy and every bite of food I had, the other four deserve to be called "faithfuls." They risked their lives for rupees, it is true, and from no loftier motive; but because they followed faithfully at my heels, from morn till night, through the heat of a fiery African sun, on that memorable Monday, let their names be duly honored in these annals of African adventure. I only regret that circumstances made it impossible for me to take their pictures.

With Winchester on shoulder, Zaidi at my heels with the Colt's revolver, and my terrible butcher-knife brigade of four, we slipped along the winding path, a silent, compact little band, ready at a moment's notice for a brush with ambushed foes. Any of those patches of thicket might conceal Bushiri's Arab rangers, and any moment bullets might come whistling about our ears. Now and then we passed skulls or skeletons bleaching in the sun by the wayside, ghastly reminders that we were traversing a country but yesterday the scene of war. My bold runners kept up their spirits by joking about the grinning skulls, but I noticed that they instinctively huddled along, closer and yet closer together, at the Bwana Mkooba's heels, whenever we passed these evidences of the disturbed state of the country.

When we left the Mtoni ferry, besides the messenger dispatched to Bagamoyo, three Wangwana soldiers were also sent to follow on after us. We soon shook off these sleuths. "Hyar, boys, hyar!" (hurry, hurry, come on!) Bravely my five immortals responded, and in a very short time we had the satisfaction of looking

back and coming to the conclusion that they must have laid down under a bush to rest. Bravo!

"Let us rest a little, too, Master; the sun is getting hot; after resting, Inshallah, we shall be strong to walk all day without stopping."

"Rest! rest! if one of you dares to talk rest to me before three o'clock this afternoon, not one pice of backsheesh shall any of you ever get. More than that, I'll shoot the first man who sits down to rest without leave, or lags behind—sikia?"

"Hey wallah; hey wallah."

Ten o'clock. Eleven. High noon, and a wilting sun had been glaring down on us for hours. My clothes were wet and heavy; the black skins of the runners shone and glistened like silk velvet with the perspiration that streamed from every pore in their bodies. Chafed and blistered feet were already upon me, for I had been unable in Zanzibar to obtain good walking shoes. At two o'clock I gave, reluctantly enough, the order for a brief halt for refreshments. The panting runners flung themselves full length under the scant shade of a mimosa, and in that recumbent position, chewed ears of Indian corn, brought ready roasted from Bagamoyo. The "Bwana" was too wilted by the fearful heat to be hungry, but I washed a few biscuits down with water from my bottle. Brandy was not to be thought of; firstly, alcohol is a mistake under such conditions; secondly, I had forgotten to bring a corkscrew.

Fifteen minutes' rest, new words of encouragement to the boys, and we are again on the road. Thus far we had seen neither hostiles, fugitives, nor friendly

natives. What few villages we passed were burned to the ground and the people gone. But soon after our brief halt the men spotted a lone native in the bush a hundred yards away. He had already seen us and was trying to steal away unobserved.

"Shoot him, Bwana; shoot him!" shouted the runners, excitedly.

"Shoot him? What for? The man is running away; he's done nothing to us. Why should he be shot?"

"Shoot him; he's a bad man. He's running, running, Bwana; he's running."

"Take this gun and go and catch him if you can, and let's see who he is, but don't shoot him."

Mfomo, Omali and Nivova took after the fugitive, but the bush was too thick, and so he escaped. Half an hour later we had the same experience over again, only with three natives, instead of one. The runners said they were some of Bushiri's people, who had got scattered in the bush, and were on the lookout to join a party of their friends. At the sight of a white man, being but two or three, they ran away.

By three o'clock we were out of water. By four we were badly distressed, for the sun seemed to glare hotter and fiercer as the afternoon drew out. But succor of a very unexpected nature awaited us.

Nearing a small ravine I ordered Zaidi to repair to a certain clump of bushes to see if there was water. A minute later, "Bwana, bwana, njoe!" (master, master; come here!) shouted the runner, excitedly.

We all hastened to the spot. Ye gods, what's this! There, lying under the bushes, was a case marked "Emin Pasha, No. 27." Some porter of the German caravan,

taking goods up to meet Emin Pasha and his people, had flung his load into the bush and deserted. So, at least, thought my men. We turned the box over, and there, on the under side, was the magic stenciling: "Champagne!" Now, who says fortune doesn't favor the foolish? Truly, we had been found famishing in the wilderness, and the ravens had brought us, not bread, but the very thing above all others I should that moment have named had the choice of all the world's good things been at our disposal. Our lucky star was with us beyond a doubt.

Property found in the African wilderness is anybody's property to appropriate, if in need. In a trice we had that case of champagne open, and the author had his parched lips glued to the mouth of one of the bottles as firmly and lovingly as Mr. Pickwick glued his to Bob Sawyer's bottle of milk punch. Soothing, indeed, was the gentle gurgle of Emin Pasha's champagne, as it passed from the neck of a bottle to the more appreciative one of flesh and blood, and wonderfully exhilarating it was.

Dividing a couple of bottles among the runners, whose black eyes danced and sparkled as they drank down their first taste of this nectar, which they declared Allah had sent us, we were again ready to continue on our way. I took a half-dozen bottles with us, put a receipt and an explanation in the box, and nailed it up again. Soon we came to a camping place called Rosako. Here the path forks, and parallel roads, varying from ten to twenty-five miles apart, lead to Mpwapwa, the point Stanley proposed to leave two weeks before.

Mr. Stanley, in his letter from Mpwapwa, had stated

his intention of coming down the southern or Simba Mweni road. To my surprise, however, upon examining the two trails, it was evident that the German caravan had taken the northern road. How was this? The only explanation I could think of was that they must have got later news, and learned that Stanley had changed his plans as to which of the two roads he would take. Here was a dilemma! My intention all along was to elude these people; meet Stanley first, avoid them again on the return, and secure a journalistic victory worth having. Now, however, there was plainly nothing for it but to follow after them and find out why they had taken this route.

We traveled hard till dusk, when our ears were greeted by the blare of a bugle ahead, and soon we were in sight of their camp at Usigwa. It was a military camp, and in the center of it were two fine large tents and several smaller ones, surmounted by German flags. One of the big tents belonged to Baron von Gravenreuth, the German officer commanding the expedition, and second in command to Capt. Wissmann; the other belonged to Mr. Vizetelly of the *Herald.*

The Baron and his brother officers were making their toilets preparatory to the evening meal. They hurried out of their tents, and crowded together in eager surprise at the apparition of a dusty European and five natives trudging into camp. The Baron spoke very good English.

"What is the matter? What is it?" he cried, apparently under the impression that I must be the bearer of some startling news from Bagamoyo. Had Bagamoyo been attacked by Bushiri's people, and the German gar-

rison massacred, and was I a fugitive, was what this worthy officer asked himself in the first moments of his surprise, though he never uttered the words.

"No, no, Baron; nothing of the kind. There is nothing the matter. I have merely come up to meet Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha; that's all."

"But have you a passport from Capt. Wissmann?"

"No."

"Then I cannot let you go. You are Mr. Stevens, of the *New York World?*"

"Yes."

"And Capt. Wissmann said you must not come. How is this, you come without permission?"

But dinner was now nearly ready, and the gallant Baron, being hungry, proposed that we should postpone the matter of what was to be done until that meal was over, a proposition to which I had no objections. Before dinner, I walked over to my rival's tent and looked in. He was tying on a dotted cravat, by way of preparation for the coming meal. "Hello, old man! good evening!" I said cheerfully. The recipient of this companionable greeting, strange to say, turned pale. He looked for fully ten seconds before he could recover his astonishment sufficiently to reply.

"Has your paper got you a permit from Berlin?" he at length managed to gasp. A minute later he rushed across the camp and spent some time in secret but excited conference with the Baron. All this happened in a very short space of time.

Dinner was now ready. The Baron seated me on his right, Mr. Vizetelly on his left. Luckily for me the Baron turned out to be one of the finest fellows imag-

inable. I never had the pleasure of meeting a more thorough gentleman, nor a more gallant officer in any army or anywhere, than Baron von Gravenreuth. Already the Baron had gained a name among the natives of "Simba Mrima," (the lion of the coast-land). He led the first cavalry charge that ever took place in Equatorial Africa, and one day, when charging a body of the enemy, he felt for his revolver, and found that he had lost it. He charged all the same, using the butt of his riding-whip with good effect on the heads of the foe. But he is, like all brave men, modest, and perhaps will not thank me for thus recording his deeds of daring. There was a merry twinkle in the Baron's eye as the humor of the situation stole over him. Everything had been arrayed against me, as he well knew. Berlin, Wissmann and his military laws, the unsettled state of the country, the difficulty of obtaining men on short notice for perilous feats in Africa—everything, in fact; yet here we were, thirty miles in the wilderness, sitting at table, talking together.

The audacity of the plan, and the dash with which we had so far carried it out, appealed strongly to the sympathies of the gallant cavalry officer at the head of the table, and I felt pretty sure of the Baron, so far as his duties as an army officer would allow him freedom of action. But as a military officer he must first do his duty. He had had positive orders about me. And so, immediately after supper, he dispatched soldiers to Bagamoyo and decided to halt a day at Usigwa for a reply.

I now broached the subject of whether he was not on the wrong road. He knew that Mr. Stanley had pro-

posed to come on the other road, he said, but he had heard from the natives the story of a white man's caravan coming down this road, instead of the other, and so had taken this one. He had heard the same story from four different sources, which seemed conclusive. However, he was having the other road watched also, and so would be quite sure to catch Mr. Stanley sooner or later.

The Baron placed me on my word of honor, in the presence of witnesses, that I would make no attempt to leave camp without permission; and, to make doubly sure of me, he quartered me in his own roomy tent, and in addition to the usual sentries, a couple of Soudanese soldiers were placed at the doors of the tent. It was a mild form of arrest, to which no one could, in the circumstances, have objected.

I was under no apprehension about Bagamoyo, if we were only to halt at Usigwa one day. No reply came from Bagamoyo on Tuesday, and as the Baron was anxious to push on, he decided to take me with him. Of course! what else, indeed, could this gallant officer do.

"I cannot send you back now, Mr. Stevens, because you would not willingly go; and so, although you have placed me in a very difficult position, I must take you on with us. You are here without a permit, but I cannot see what I can do but take you with us."

More than this the genial Baron said, and so in the early morning a company of people, nearer five hundred now than five, and half of them soldiers, we pushed on to the next camping place, Sagara. The Baron, mounted on a magnificent Muscat donkey, and taking

an escort of picked Soudanese soldiers, pushed on ahead, and scouts had been despatched to interview chiefs and Unyamwezi caravans on up towards Mpwapwa. Others were scouting on the southern road. At Sagara we heard fresh news of a big white man's caravan coming down the northern road—the road we were on. This was the fifth report of the kind; but they were all from native sources. The Baron agreed that though this repetition of the same story made it probable, yet there was nothing so unreliable as native reports, and that the vigilance of his scouts, on the Simba Mweni road, must not be relaxed.

We pushed on up to Pongwe. Wednesday and Thursday passed away and still nothing came to hand more reliable than the native reports. But about midnight on Thursday, the Baron's own scouts came back from their reconnoitre towards Mpwapwa, and reported that they had learned of a big Unyamwezi ivory caravan coming down, but nothing whatever of any white man's caravan. The Baron asked my opinion of what was best to be done.

"If I were in your place, Baron, I should march at daybreak for the nearest point on the road Stanley said he should take. Leave scouts on this road, with a letter for him, telling him where we are, and asking him to halt for us to join him, if he comes this way."

The decision was that we make a forced march on a cross-country trail to Kisima, the nearest point on the Simba Mweni road.

Friday, Nov. 29, was ushered in with lowering clouds and light showers of rain. The skies ought to have laughed upon us that eventful morning, as our caravan

wound its way through the thorny wilds about Pongwe, for it was to be a truly momentous day; a day that was to bring joy and satisfaction to the hearts of many. Such a meeting of civilized white men in the African bush was to take place that afternoon as the Dark Continent had seldom seen before—a little band of devoted men, who for three long years had been several times lost to the world, for whose safety and success, in a glorious enterprise, thousands of hearts beat anxiously day after day, month after month, year after year, were in a few hours to meet Europeans, who would greet them as heroes and brothers, succor them with good cheer, tell them all the news, congratulate them and welcome them all back. And with them was Emin Pasha, whom they had relieved and rescued, and Capt. Casati, his companion in peril, an exile for so many years.

On the road to Kisima we heard, from a native, that Stanley's party had passed down the Simba Mweni road, and had gone on towards Bagamoyo. Another native, later on, confirmed the story. This was startling news. Could it be possible that we had, notwithstanding all the scouting and inquiring, missed Stanley entirely? Ah! what a fool I was, after all, not to have acted on my own judgment at Rosako, and taken the southern road! I almost persuaded myself at this point.

Between Pongwe and our next halting place, I had the extreme satisfaction of saving a fellow correspondent from what would, undoubtedly, have been a serious accident. Mr. Vizetelly was riding a splendid, but headstrong Muscat donkey. This animal, on the occa-

sion referred to, defying all the efforts of its rider to restrain him, tried to pass under the horizontal limb of a tree, as thick as a man's leg, and so low that its master could not possibly pass under with it. I sprang to his rescue and, seizing the bridle, managed to bring the brute up just as he had got the stomach of his rider, who had flung himself backward in the saddle, jambed tightly against the limb.

He thanked me gratefully for saving him from what would, undoubtedly, have been a bad accident, and possibly a fatal one.

As usual, the Baron had ridden ahead very early in the morning. About noon we halted at a place of divergent village trails, waiting for an expected runner from the Baron himself, directing our movements from this point. Soon the message came—positive news of Stanley! And such news! Stanley's camp was believed to be not more than an hour from where we were halting, at a camping place called Msuwa. A second runner came fifteen minutes later, confirming the news and ordering the lieutenant to march.

Hurrah! Our doubts and anxieties were over at last. It had been a veritable chase for four days, but the glorious quarry was at length run down, and was almost within our reach. Stanley, Emin Pasha, Casati, Parke, Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, Bonny, but an hour away! The Soudanese heard the message with stolid satisfaction, the porters uttered a yell of delight, the Kirangozi waved the German flag, when Lieutenant Langheld summoned us about him, and read aloud Baron von Gravenreuth's message:

"Stanley and Emin Pasha are camped at Msuwa!"

CHAPTER XVI.

MEETING STANLEY.

THE moment for energetic action had arrived. The rivalry between the only two newspaper "specials" in the field, to be the first to welcome and congratulate the returning explorers, had been carried to extreme lengths. I had known for hours that when the supreme moment should arrive, Lieut. Langheld would permit me to break my parole and push ahead; and I had resolved, if possible, to not only win the coveted point of getting to Stanley and Emin first, but to make the victory more complete by introducing Mr. Vizetelly to the illustrious explorer, when he should arrive. With the Lieutenant's permission, I quietly left the caravan and started alone, at a rapid pace, in the general direction of Msuwa. Exactly where Msuwa was, however, none of us knew. There was but one guide with the caravan, and he, of course, was not at my disposal. Ten minutes after starting I found myself confronted by a network of divergent trails leading to distant villages, none of which were visible. It was the veriest guesswork which one to take. There was, in fact, no choice whatever to a stranger. Not a native, nor a sign of a native, was to be seen.

But there was no time to be lost, come what would, chances had to be taken. Selecting one of the paths at random, I sped on, and by and by reached a village

inclosed in a big circular thorn hedge. Stepping inside the gate, I found myself gazing at and gazed upon by a hundred people, who were squatting on their hams, idling, gossiping and passing the hot afternoon away, as African villagers do. They looked in open-mouthed astonishment as a solitary Mzungu, panting like a deer, entered their village gate, and at once beckoned some of them to him. They looked at each other and smiled in a wondering way, but refused to stir.

Fortunately I had a rupee in my pocket. (The people for a long way up the Unyamwezi road know the value of rupees.) I held it up and motioned to a young man to come and take it. The effect of the rupee was truly magical. Three young men sprung up and hurried to me.

"There's a white man's camp with many Wa-zungu in it over there; do you know where it is?"

"Bwana Stanley?"

"Yes; take me to it quick and this rupee is yours."

It is wonderful how the prospect of immediate and exceptional gain quickens these people's intellects. Had I been without that blessed rupee to hold up to view, it would probably have taken me a precious fifteen minutes to have made them understand what I wanted of them. Perhaps I could have done nothing with them at all, for many villages, afraid of Bushiri's vengeance, though abstaining from open hostility to the whites, refused to have anything to do with them in those troublous times.

A rupee for a half-hour's service as guide, however, was not to be resisted. Selecting the likeliest-looking young man, I started him ahead, and away we went.

A half-hour's good, steady going brought myself and guide within two hundred yards of Stanley's camp.

Big tents and little tents, groups of the little grass huts which the African porter or soldier constructs for himself at every camp, were scattered over a large space, on a gentle slope, between the thorny environs of a hidden village and a dry ravine. Egyptian flags, the crescent and stars on a red ground, floated lazily from tent-poles and tall stakes here and there about the big camping-ground, and enlivened the prospect.

Paying off the guide, I walked into camp and inquired for Mr. Stanley's tent. A soldier pointed it out; a large square tent of faded green water-proof canvas. The great explorer wasn't in it, however, and I was directed to a rude open shed, which Mr. Stanley usually has erected in his camps for receiving native chiefs in when they visit him. Repairing to this shed I saw, sitting on a native stool, smoking an English brierwood pipe and conversing with Baron von Gravenreuth, Mr. Jephson and Surgeon Parke, Mr. Stanley. He had on an old Congo cap that had been covered and re-covered with canvas, as its orginal material had, from time to time, worn away; a short jacket, made out of the canvas of an old green tent, knee-breeches of American domestics, dark woolen stockings, and a pair of shoes which, I believe, he had found among his stores at Msalala.

This quiet-looking, unassuming individual then was the man in whose movements the whole civilized world had been so deeply interested for the past three years.

I immediately explained to the Baron that Lieutenant Langheld had released me from my parole.

The Baron rose up with a smile, and at once introduced me to Mr. Stanley. Stanley, pleased in a moment at the enterprise that had brought a journalist alone and afoot to his camp in the African wilds, grasped me warmly by the hand.

The coveted words of welcome and congratulation were given, and letters of introduction from Mr. Stanley's friend, M. French Sheldon, of "Salambo" fame, were delivered.

"You are Mr. Stevens, the bicycler, who rode around the world, are you not?" Then, turning with a smile to Surgeon Parke and Mr. Jephson, Stanley observed: "There you are. Didn't I tell you that an American newspaper correspondent would be right at the front?"

"I am sorry to say I haven't even a bottle of champagne to offer you, Mr. Stanley," I resumed. "I have had a *New York World* caravan in Masai-land and the Kilimanjaro country all last summer, hoping to make connection with you, and afford you some assistance up there, but, contrary to all expectations, you have come out this way."

I then went on to explain how I had managed to be first on hand on the present occasion, and why I arrived with nothing but the clothes I stood in. Mr. Stanley laughed.

"You have my sympathy, Mr. Stevens," said he. "Since you have no champagne of your own, try some of ours."

Mr. Stanley and his party had been in receipt of sundry good things, by the courtesy of Capt. Wissmann and his officers, since leaving Mpwapwa, so that when

I came into camp they were able to open a bottle of fizz for my benefit and refreshment.

Emin Pasha, Capt. Casati, Capt. Nelson, Lieut. Stairs and Mr. Bonny were now sent for to come and be introduced. Emin Pasha was the first to turn up. He wore a fez and spectacles. After the introduction, I welcomed and congratulated Emin as I had Mr. Stanley.

One by one the absent ones came up and were introduced and congratulated. Ten minutes after my arrival in camp we were all seated under Mr. Stanley's baraza or palaver shed, chatting like old acquaintances.

It was a happy occasion all around. As might be imagined, all were eager for news; and who, as Stanley himself remarked, in mild banter, "who so qualified to give it to us fresh and crisp as a newspaper correspondent, whose business it is to know all that is going on all over the world?"

And so we gathered together under the rude palaver shed—Mr. Stanley, Emin Pasha, Casati, Stairs, Parke, Nelson, Jephson, Bonny—an illustrious audience, truly—and the author "did a tale unfold" of all that had taken place of importance in the civilized world of late. The little company of African travelers, so long cut off from the world, sat smoking and listening with rapt attention, you may be sure, as I recounted to them the many interesting events that had transpired during the past three years, and the moving scenes of the present.

How eagerly Mr. Stanley and his young officers drank in the news I was very happy to be able to give to them! How they plied me with questions, too, if I paused a moment in the telling!

There was no lack of subjects to talk about, though there had not been, as in the case of the meeting between Stanley and Livingstone, any such tremendous event in their absence as the Franco-German war.

Mr. Stanley's earlier American experiences were largely in the West. His memory dwells fondly on those early days yet, and nothing that I told him seemed to interest him more than the admission of Montana and the two Dakotas into the Union, the Oklahoma affair and the marvelous growth of various Western cities. He was also, of course, greatly interested in the proposed World's Exposition of 1892; the tremendous rivalry between New York and Chicago; the Paris Exposition; the Eiffel Tower; the marriage of the Duke of Fife and the Prince of Wales's eldest daughter; Gen. Boulanger and the French elections; the death of the King of Portugal; the doings and sayings of the the young German Kaiser; the triple alliance and the attitude of England, France, Russia and Turkey; affairs in Servia and Bulgaria; the Shah's visit to Europe; the proposed Chinese railways; the extension of the Trans-Caspian railway to Samarkand; the Samoan affair; Burmah, and the proposed Burmese Shan-Chinese railway—all these, and many other subjects, were talked about, not forgetting the state of affairs at Zanzibar.

Then the conversation turned on individuals. Who were the prominent men to-day in this and that branch of busy American life?

"Men and measures come and go, rise and fall so rapidly in America," Mr. Stanley explained to Emin Pasha, "that you never know whether the millionaire and the bootblack may not have changed places with

one another since we have been in Africa. The peculiarity of American life is that no one can afford to halt and say, 'I've done enough.' If you stop, you're done and done for. In America no man can afford to rest on his laurels. If he attempts it he is trampled under by new men and forgotten in no time. Now, in England," he continued, addressing himself more directly to the young Englishmen, "in England it is different. A man may accomplish some big thing, and the fame of it upholds him for years, if not till death. But in America he has got to keep on doing; keep on working; moving, pushing, striving, hurrying along in the swim, or he sinks, despite his little buoy of fame, and he is forgotten, till his death brings him to public notice again, when the newspapers take his remains in hand for an hour or a day, and pursue the spirit that has gone with a parting volley of obituaries."

Stanley is a most entertaining man to listen to. I had been led to expect in him a silent, taciturn sort of individual, and was most agreeably surprised to find him one of the most charming talkers I ever heard.

In the midst of our interesting talk, somewhere near a half-hour after my arrival, the German caravan and Mr. Vizetelly came into camp. After I had introduced him to Mr. Stanley, Vizetelly, on behalf of the newspaper he represented, handed the rescuer of Emin a small American flag.

I was particularly struck when I first found myself face to face with Mr. Stanley, under his palaver shed at Msuwa, with his healthy, robust appearance. I was expecting to see a man prematurely old, worn out and enfeebled by the innumerable attacks of African fever he

has sustained, and the accumulated effects of the hardships of nineteen years, off and on, of African exploit. His hair and moustache were gray, it is true, but apart from that, he did not look older to me than his nine and forty years. He is a man slightly below the medium height, but weighs much more than one would be likely at first sight to guess. His normal weight is about a hundred and seventy-five pounds. He looks like a hard, stocky man of the Phil Sheridan or Stonewall Jackson type, and struck one, on first appearance, as being good yet for two or three more such expeditions as the relief and rescue of Emin Pasha. He nevertheless suffered much on the expedition.

"I suffered much," Mr. Stanley said, "with the other members of the expedition, from hunger and bad food, in the great Congo Forest region. Fever I have had so often, during my many years of African experience, that I no longer regard it with particular dread. I have experienced three very close calls, however, on this expedition. Twice I have been brought to death's door by sub-acute gastritis, brought about by bad and insufficient food, and once in the Congo Forest I had a very narrow escape from death by poison. One of the gastritis attacks occurred at Fort Bodo, the fortified camp built and occupied by part of our force, with Stairs, Nelson and Parke, while I returned to Banalya to bring up the rear column. The other attack occurred at Kavali, the camp at the southwest corner of the Albert Nyanza, where we waited for Emin Pasha's people to come in. Both times I was laid up for a month. I say, without reserve, that I owe my life on both these occasions, to Surgeon Parke. It was

touch-and-go with me, particularly at Kavali; but the skill, the unremitting attention and tender solicitude and care of Surgeon Parke eventually pulled me through.

"In the Congo Forest, when the whole force were reduced to eating fungus, berries and whatever they could scrape up in the forest, I one day found a tree of luscious fruit. It looked something like a semi-transparent hot-house pear—particularly luscious. I am usually very careful about eating unknown fruits and berries in Africa; but this fruit looked so good—and then, a famishing man, you know, has ceased to be a reasonable being—that I ate and ate without reserve. In a very short time I began to experience a peculiar sense of pressure about the top of the head, and the first thing I knew my head was in a cheese press and all the evil imps of the Congo Forest were twisting and tugging at the screw. I thought my head would simply crack, like a walnut, under the awful pressure; then I commenced to vomit, and for a while was deathly sick. I finally came around all right; but I had had a narrow squeak from poisoning, and had experienced an entirely novel sensation."

Mr. Stanley considers the relief of Emin Pasha the most difficult of all his African achievements. "There was nothing in the expedition 'Through the Dark Continent' to compare with the frightful experiences of the great and gloomy Congo Forest," said Stanley. "Had we made the passage through that valley of the shadow of death but once, its horrors, its deaths, its starvation, its miseries and depressing gloom would remain imbedded on my memory for all time, as the blackest nightmare of all my experiences in the Dark Continent,

but I had to pass through and through it altogether no less than four times before we got clear of it. Not one of us will ever forget it to our dying day. Day after day the dripping rain, the saturated forest, the sodden ground; and half the time not even the dull, leaden sky above was visible through the damp ceiling of the thick forest trees over our heads. Looking like veritable evil spirits, in the half-light, were the ugly dwarfs, with their tiny bows and poisoned arrows, shooting at us from their lurking-places, as we hacked and hewed our way. At first we regarded these insignificant, pot-bellied and atrociously ugly little wretches with a good deal of contempt. What could they do against such people as we, with our breech-loaders? Ah! but they soon taught us to respect them, as man after man fell victim to their poisoned arrows. They came near getting my first officer, Lieut. Stairs; he carried the point of one of their arrows in his breast for fourteen months, before it came away. One inch closer to the heart and it would have killed him.

"These dwarfs are called Wambutti. They are an utterly savage and vindictive little people, allied to the Akka and the Bushmen of the south—Bantu Bushmen would, perhaps, be their proper racial description."

"I suppose you are aware, Mr. Stanley, that it is the opinion of several African explorers, that in choosing the Congo route to Emin's province you made a mistake—that you had far better have gone in from the East coast, Mombasa or. Bagamoyo?"

Mr. Stanley's pride was evidently touched by the assumption of fault-finders. "The best and most reliable evidence on this subject," said he, "is the general be-

lief and sentiment of our people of the camp. There are men among our people who have been through and through Africa; who know from experience all the general and peculiar difficulties and troubles of every great route to the interior. Talk to them—ask them."

The sentiment of the camp was unanimous in Mr. Stanley's favor on this question. The belief of the blacks in Stanley, however, it is but fair to say, would have lead them to support him, had he stated that the moon was a Cheshire cheese. That their great leader could err in anything, not one of them could have been brought to admit.

"What about Tippoo Tib, Mr. Stanley; was he a traitor to you, do you think?"

Mr. Stanley shook his head. "Circumstances were too much for Tippoo Tib," he said. "I wouldn't care to say he was a traitor. He certainly didn't carry out the agreement I made with him in Zanzibar. Still, I should hesitate to say that he deliberately betrayed his trust. The mischief makers were Nzizi, Selim-bin-Mohammed, and others of Tippoo's kinsmen."

"How did you find Emin Pasha situated on your first visit to him?"

"As regards material wants, the Pasha and his people were not so badly off. They had plenty of food; his people had learned to make a coarse kind of cotton cloth to clothe themselves with, and Emin himself had been in Africa so long that he was able to live very comfortably and contentedly on the products of the country. Ammunition was his greatest need. We turned over the ammunition that we had brought for him, but it afterwards fell into the hands of the rebels."

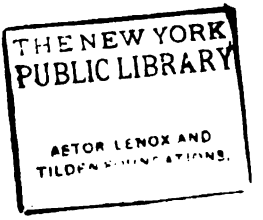
"Was Emin anxious or willing to come away with you at your first interview with him?"

"Emin didn't know what he wanted to do, neither at our first nor our second visit to him. Emin said he would go if the people would go; the people said they would go if Emin would go; Casati said he would go if Emin would go, and that is the state of indecision we found them all in! Nobody, from the Pasha down, seemed to know what they wanted to do. At our first interview I tried my best to get some definite reply from the Pasha, to base future actions on, but to no purpose. When I returned from bringing up the rear guard, it was just the same. He had had nine months to think it over, but still didn't know what he wanted to do.

"I admire the Pasha greatly. In his proper place he is a wonderful man. He is a great linguist. He will talk to you in English; turn to Capt. Casati there and talk in Italian; to Baron von Gravenreuth and talk German; to that Egyptian officer in Egyptian; to the people in Swahili. He knows a dozen European and Asiatic languages and a number of African. He is a good botanist, entomologist, etc., and he takes an enthusiastic interest in the different races of people, their manners, customs and history. It is in these that the Pasha is great, and so long as his people remained loyal to his government, contented to cast their fortunes on his side, the Equatorial Province was a grand field for a man of a scientific turn like Emin.

"All this I concede to him, and more. He has proved himself a good administrator of his province in the face of many difficulties. But with all this, mark

A MONSTER PYTHON.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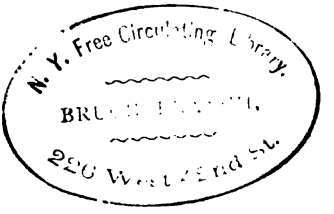
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my words, Emin Pasha and Capt. Casati would have been in chains at Khartoum, betrayed by the people Emin persisted in trusting so blindly. Had there not been a grand scheme on the boards to entrap us all? Had we been as credulous and as easily deceived as the Pasha, every one of us would, at this moment, instead of sitting here and recounting our adventures, have been slaves at Khartoum! What do you say to that, Mr. Jephson? You were with Emin nine months, right among his people; you ought to know the situation."

"I say the same, sir," replied that gentleman, who was sitting by, listening to Mr. Stanley and the writer. "In fact, there is not the slightest doubt about it in my mind. I think we all had a very narrow escape as it was."

"You understand," resumed Mr. Stanley, "that after a stay of some twenty-six days with the Pasha I left Mr. Jephson with him to assist him in whatever preparation for departure he wished to make, and on May 25, 1888, returned to bring up the rear guard and the remainder of the stores. I expected, of course, to meet it on the way, perhaps three weeks from the Lake, perhaps six, or more. But, as you know, I had to go back all the way to Banalya, where I found nobody left but Mr. Bonny and a sorry remnant of but seventy-one sickly, emaciated people out of the two hundred and fifty-seven I left there. Bartellot was shot by one of the Manyema, Jamieson had gone to Stanley Falls. [Mr. Stanley only learned of Jamieson's death when the expedition reached Msalala on its return, Aug. 29, 1889, a year after it had taken place; here they found a bundle of newspapers, and from them first

learned the sad news.] Ward and Troupe had gone home.

"It was nine months before I again stood on the shores of the Albert Nyanza. We reached there on Jan. 18, of the present year. There I found letters awaiting me, from Jephson, of the most startling character. He, of course, had been expecting us back to the Lake for some time.

"Emin and Jephson had been visiting all the stations left to the Pasha on the Nile, reading to the garrisons the message I had brought to Emin, and to them, from the Khédive. The Khédive's message left it optional with the officers and soldiers to leave the province with us or not. If they returned to Egypt they were to be confirmed in any rank Emin had bestowed upon them, and to receive all back pay due. If they remained, they need not expect any further support or assistance from the Egyptian Government. Jephson and Emin had made out a number of duplicates of the Khédive's letter to distribute to the garrisons, and one of these copies very promptly found its way into the hands of the Mahdi, and was sent to Gen. Grenfell at Assouan to be palmed off as the original letter, in proof that we were all in the hands of Omar Saleh. We learned about this letter incident and other things from the newspapers found at Msalala.

"'For God's sake come, or we shall all be annihilated!' read one of Mr. Jephson's letters. 'If you get here by Dec. 16 you may possibly be able to save us.' A later letter read: 'If you get here by Dec. 30 it may not be too late; but if it is, kindly say farewell to my friends in England.'

"One of these letters had been sent from Wadelai by a native in a canoe; the last had come in the same way from Tunguru, a small island or peninsula at the entrance of the Nile, to which Emin, Jephson, Casati and a few people had retreated.

"I immediately sent a native in a canoe with a letter for Jephson, giving him the most peremptory orders I could frame into words, to immediately come away and join us. If he couldn't come, then to send me word how, and in what manner, I could best come to his rescue. In response Jephson managed to escape in a canoe, and from him I learned the whole story of the past nine months—of the fight at Dufile, the desertion of nearly all Emin's troops at Wadelai, and of how the Egyptian officers were humbugging the Pasha and secretly conspiring with the Mahdists to capture us all. I then sent a final letter to Emin, suggesting, that if he wished to join us, I would make a night attack or send picked men in canoes to his rescue, or offering to act on any suggestions from himself.

"Well, in a few days Emin, several Egyptian officers and fifty soldiers came to us in the last of Emin's little steamers that had not fallen into the enemy's hands. Emin was a sort of cover or decoy in these people's hands, though you couldn't convince him of it probably even now. They had come in to size us up and to learn all about us. They were afraid to come in without Emin, because they knew I would immediately have clapped them in irons as hostages for his appearance. Their idea in bringing Emin was to deceive us simply, as they had deceived Emin. Emin believed these miscreants had repented of their many acts of

treachery, and returned to their allegiance to him. They pretended they wanted to leave with us, and begged for time to return to Wadelai and gather up their people and effects.

"We let them take the steamer back to Wadelai. Of course I wanted to give all of Emin's people, who desired to come out with us, a chance to come in, and for this purpose we camped at Kavali, at the south-west corner of the Albert Nyanza, from Feb. 14 to May 8. To this camp Emin's people began to flock in. Among these officers, Jephson pointed out to me rebels who were known to have been plotting against him. We kept a sharp eye on these gentlemen, and soon discovered that they were tampering with our men, and conspiring against us in our own camp. I at once had the ring-leader put under arrest. On him we found incriminating correspondence, proving conclusively that he was in the Mahdist plot to capture us all. At this time I was about reduced to a skeleton by my second attack of gastritis. I ordered a court-martial to try him. He was found guilty on every count. I was in my tent on the flat of my back, so weak and emaciated that I couldn't sit up. I made them prop me up in a chair outside, however, and I swallowed a bracing tonic to strengthen me to the task of pronouncing sentence on this villain. I determined to make such an example of him that there would be no further conspiracy in our camp at any rate.

"They brought him before me. The people stood round in silence. I looked at him and mustered what little strength I had to address him:—'We came through a thousand difficulties, and have risked our

lives a hundred times, to save and succor you, and now, in return for all we have passed through for your sake, what do you do? You conspire in our own camp to have us taken as slaves to Khartoum! A court-martial of white men and of your own comrades has given you a fair trial, and you have been found guilty on every count—depart to God!'

"The people were so wrought upon by these words, and the whole scene," said Mr. Stanley, "that they rushed at him and seized him.

"'What shall we do with him?' they shouted. 'What shall we do with him?'

"'To God with him!—take him to God!' and I pointed to the limb of a tree.

"The next minute a rope was around his neck, and a hundred willing hands were hauling him up, running away with the rope.

"'Now you see,' I cried, addressing the rest of the Egyptians, 'there will be no coaxing, no patting on the back with me. I'll hang every traitor among you I can lay hands on!'"

Several magazine articles have been written on "Stanley's character." There is a whole volume, however, in this scene of sentencing the Egyptian conspirator to death. What a triumph of the will over physical weakness!

"Why had Emin's people mutinied while you were away bringing up the rear column?"

"They simply didn't wish to leave and return to Egypt, and at the prospect of the Mahdist triumph their idea was, of course, to curry favor with the Khalifa by delivering up Emin and Jephson. They were holding

Emin and Jephson, awaiting events. Emin's Egyptian officers were a set of blackguards who had been exiled from Egypt 'for their country's good.' If they returned to Egypt with us, they would have to fall in line again and attend to discipline. Here they did very much as they pleased. They knew no discipline; they led an idle, luxurious life, with houses full of wives and concubines, plenty to eat, and all under the Pasha's mild and considerate rule.

"They were attached to the Pasha and he to them, but you know what attachment means among these Easterns, these Africans. On the part of the people it simply means the attachment of self-interest, no more, no less. As soon as they thought it would be to their interest to desert the Pasha for the Mahdi, they not only took the side on which self-interest lay, but were even willing to curry favor with the Mahdi by delivering up to him, in chains, their faithful and devoted Governor, and the white men who had come to their relief."

"We were all expecting you to come out at Mombasa, through Masai-land. I suppose you found it impossible to come that way?

"Well, hardly impossible, perhaps. But we should have been compelled to wait on the Albert Nyanza five months longer before we could have ventured on that road. The season was wrong when we were ready to return. Masai-land, too, would have been a terrible country to have attempted with these women and children. No food to be had but meat, and water scarce and bad. I'm afraid we should have had a sorry remnant on hand when we reached Mombasa. I simply

chose the road I thought the best to bring the people out on; the road on which I knew food and water could be obtained."

"What about that snowy mountain to the west of the Albert Nyanza, which you thought in your letters might turn out to be the Gordon Bennett Mountain in Gambaragara?"

"It isn't the Gordon Bennett Mountain. In my opinion, we discovered in that mountain, or range, the old 'mythical' Mountains of the Moon. The range is crescent-shaped, or the shape of the new moon. My theory is that it derives its name from this shape. We were in poor condition at the time, or we should have made an expedition to the summit. Lieut. Stairs went up nearly 11,000 feet, and as near as we could ascertain, without making an ascent, the snowy summit must be between 18,000 and 19,000 feet high. It would have been interesting to have decided whether this or Kilimanjaro is the highest peak in Equatorial Africa."

"How many of Emin's people did you bring away?"

"We waited at Kavali, at the southwest corner of the Albert Lake, nearly three months for Emin's people to come in. By May 8, five hundred and seventy were collected and started with us. There are now left two hundred and eighty.

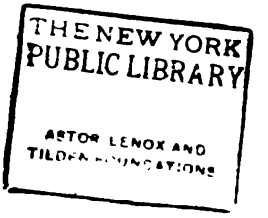
"Of our people, we have one hundred and seventy-eight left of the six hundred and twenty-six we took from Zanzibar. The mortality of the expedition has been very great, chiefly in the Yambuya and Banalya camps, and in the great Congo Forest country. Out of thirteen Somali askari we took with us, only one is left.

On the march from camp to camp Stanley and his choice following of picked pegazis and soldiers, cut a picturesque and prominent figure in the long procession of nearly a thousand people in Indian file on the winding African road. Thirty or forty men of the expedition had been rewarded with flaming red blankets for good service, and had been promoted by Stanley to the honor of carrying his tent and personal effects. Stanley rode a very good donkey, which was presided over by a young man with a red turban, red knee-breeches, and red shirt, and who seemed particularly proud of the exalted position to which he had, on his personal merits, climbed. Behind the donkey streamed the great explorer's red-blanket brigade, with boxes, tent, etc., on their heads, and with the red blankets proudly trailing to their heels behind. This scarlet brigade, with Mr. Stanley on his donkey in the lead, hurried along, passing the others, as a fast train passes a slow one, and usually reached camp in advance. If the sun was shining, Stanley hoisted a big, greenish umbrella. The rest of Stanley's people were divided into companies or divisions, of which each officer had command, and was responsible for certain goods.

Of the Europeans, Stanley, Emin, Casati, Jephson and Bonny rode donkeys; Parke, Stairs and Nelson walked. Parke had never ridden a step of the way across Africa. Two picked carriers conveyed Emin Pasha's little girl in a litter, and of the Egyptian and mongrel women, some rode donkeys, some walked, and some were carried on stretchers.

Men and women carried infants on their shoulders,

CAMP SCENE.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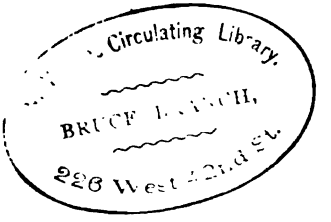
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though not always, for one of the sad sights of the daily march was poor little picaninnies of six or seven years old, sore-footed and weary, hobbling along and crying all the time to be carried. What a time it must have been to these small miserables, trudging along, day after day, on the endless road, thirsty, hungry, tired, stubbing sore toes, stepping on a thorn now and then, weeping and snuffling, losing sight of their mothers if they had any, jostled and passed by rude, brutish men, who wished them dead and out of the way—poor little wretches!

Then there were Wanyamwezi porters bringing ivory, who had joined the caravan for safety to the coast; Emin's Egyptian officers, and a motley assortment of negresses from the Equatorial Province, wives and concubines of the officers and soldiers, some in the primitive costumes of their country and tribe, others wearing clothes. Altogether these various elements must have swelled the total to near a thousand souls.

Owing to the admirable arrangement of Major Wissmann, who detailed an officer and a certain number of soldiers and carriers to escort Stanley, and provide for his comfort, from Mpwapwa to Bagamoyo, coffee and light refreshments were always ready for Stanley upon his arrival in a new camp. "Sheikh" Schmidt was this excellent officer's name, and the author testifies to the able manner in which he carried out Wissmann's wishes, having more than once been indebted to him for an opportune bite and sup.

And so our interesting cavalcade marched seaward, from camp to camp, and at Kikoka our ears were greeted by the distant boom of the sunset gun at Baga-

moyo. Stanley's people danced and sang with joy at the familiar sound of a cannon-boom. Some of them sat up all night singing and dancing, so that they would hear the morning gun also, and so reassure themselves that there was no mistake.

It was a time of great feasting and merrymaking, those few last days of the great expedition. "Better late than never" was never more aptly illustrated than on the occasion of the arrival of the Emin Relief Committee's caravan. Think of two hundred loads of provisions reaching this mob but three marches from Bagamoyo! Stanley and his officers hardly knew what to do with the things. Black-skinned Goths and Vandals were seen running about the camp with tins of sweet biscuits, bottles of pickles, pots of marmalade and jam, tins of meat, cheese and other good dainties from that region of the blest "Ulaya," eating, handing them about, dividing, swapping, rioting, reveling, as never negroes did before in Africa, surely. Stanley presented my runners with a whole load of rice—sixty pounds—which they lugged into Bagamoyo to their homes the following day.

In the camps, over pipes, of an evening, Mr. Stanley said a great deal to me that was of peculiar interest. In speaking about other African travelers and explorers, and their views and expressions concerning the Dark Continent and its people, he said:

"It is astonishing to me how few the people are who come to Africa, and wish to be considered travelers, explorers and the Lord only knows what, who take the trouble to try and understand the African. They find it so much easier to read other people's opinion's

out of books, and to echo the words that seem to them most likely to be true, or nearest the truth. As a general thing you will find the man who has studied the African the least, the most emphatic in his declarations concerning him. There is nothing surprising in this, however; it is simply a phase of the old worn adage that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, applied to Africa."

One evening the conversation turned on the subject of people keeping or breaking their promises. This is the sort of theme that a man of Stanley's character enjoys. His face assumed a look of calm relish, and he at once dropped into a bantering vein of quiet sarcasm at the expense of nearly everybody present, as well as a few people who were not with us in the flesh.

"It's curious," said Stanley, "but hardly anybody ever keeps promises but me. In an African expedition it would make all the difference in the world if people could be depended on to keep their promises; and the results of their failure to do so are often most disastrous. Now, take the case of the Pasha (Emin) there, and Jephson. When I left them, on our second visit to the Albert Nyanza, to return for the rear column, they both promised very readily, and without hesitation, that they would come away in a couple of months or so, and retire to Fort Bodo to meet me there—but they didn't come.

"Bartellott, Jamieson, Ward, Troupe, and Bonny, too—they promised to follow on after me with the rear column; but they didn't. The result was that I had to retrace my steps all through the terrible Congo Forest, clear to Banalya. Tippoo Tib promised to

supply six hundred carriers; he also broke his promise. Nearly everybody does the same.

"Now," continued Stanley, with the same sly humor, and a bantering glance all round the table, "I always keep my promises; and don't understand me to mean by that that I'm a superior sort of being to the rest of you. My methods are different, that's all there is to it. The difference between me and most other people is that I never commit myself to a promise unless I know positively beforehand that I shall be able to fulfill it. And it isn't that other people are not sincere when they make these promises; the trouble is that they are too free in making them. It is so very easy to make promises, you know—so very easy. It was a simple, easy thing, for instance, for the Pasha and Mr. Jephson to promise to meet me in a couple of months at Fort Bodo. But if I had been in the Pasha's place I should never have made it, because I should have known, as he ought to have known, that it was quite impossible to say, at that time, whether or no such a promise could be kept."

Mr. Stanley said, also, that he believes that in every profession and every walk of life, simple, straightforward truth always triumphs over falsehood and deceit. He is a great admirer, in this connection, of Bismarck. He said that the secret of the German Chancellor's success as a statesman and diplomat is that he never dissimulates—never lies. Instead of telling lies or twisting the truth to beguile and dupe the diplomats of other countries, Stanley said Bismarck always tells the simple truth, and says exactly what he means. The others don't believe him,—as Bismarck very well

knows they will not—and so deceive themselves and spare the Iron Chancellor the trouble and the odium of deceiving them. By this simple plan Bismarck arrives at the same ends as if he puzzled his brains and weaved foxy webs for the entrapment of his opponents.

An adept in dry humor, Mr. Stanley's observations on the fair sex were always interesting, often very amusing. Said he one evening: "Although I admire the ladies very much indeed, somehow I have never been successful with them. I've explored Africa with success, but have never yet learned the secret of exploring the female heart. I don't know why I shouldn't be a success with them, I'm sure. They are always greatly interested in my conversation: I'm still a young man; nobody can say I'm not good-looking; and in many other respects I compare favorably with men who have been markedly successful among the ladies; but I have always fallen short of success.

"Now, there's Bonny, for instance. What there is about him for women to admire particularly I never could see, yet he's been married three times. I suppose it's fate. Yes, it must be fate, because my own efforts to secure a better half have been ably seconded by any number of influential friends, and not one of them has been able to get me married off.

"I thought I'd made a capture once," Stanley went on to explain. "It was aboard an Atlantic steamer. I was going across to New York. The captain, with whom I was well acquainted, was a great friend of mine. His great delight was to get me seated next to him and get me to tell stories of my African experiences. Well, on this occasion, I sat on his right, and opposite me, on

his left, was a very charming young woman. She was strikingly handsome and looked very lovable, and all that. She seemed as delighted as my friend the captain was, at my stories of African adventure. I, at the same time, was charmed with her. With me it was a case of love at first sight. The captain introduced us to one another, and for several days my suit seemed to progress swimmingly. She seemed to have eyes and ears for none but me.

"My next neighbor to the left was a young fellow, all collars and cuffs, who didn't seem to have two ideas in his head, and had never achieved anything more heroic than smoking cigarettes and wearing an eye-glass. Well, this youth hardly ever said a word at the table, but one day at dinner he happened to remark that he knew how to make an exceptionally good salad. At the mention of salad the angelic young fairy opposite immediately dropped all interest in what I was saying to her, and bestowed her attentions on him. Very well; the young man was not blind to this display of interest in his salad, and that evening had a dish of it prepared and invited her to help him eat it. The end of it all was that she cruelly threw me over, and shortly after reaching New York married a person whose sole recommendation, so far as I could see, was that he knew how to make a good salad, and whose accomplishments consisted in wearing an eye-glass and puffing cigarettes."

We may fairly assume that Mr. Stanley's want of success with the ladies is all owing to his love for the Albert Nyanza, and his consequent failure to be present in the flesh to take advantage of his opportunities.

But coming down to a serious understanding of the great explorer's case, it was quite evident to the writer that Stanley is chivalrous above the age in which he lives. In spite of his little story of the dude and the salad, our illustrious entertainer would never have got any further along with the young lady in the case than making himself agreeable. He would have been too scared to have seriously sought her hand, simply because she was young and beautiful. Mr. Stanley thinks a lovely young woman a sort of wingless angel—a superior being who was made for rough man to admire at a respectful distance, but not to be approached too closely without sacrilege.

Stanley then went on to qualify his previous remarks by admitting that he could get along very well with old ladies, though not with young ones.

"The young women will never take me seriously," he said. "When I talk seriously they wont believe that I am sincere. They expect nonsense; moonshine is not in my line, and so in the end I have to take refuge with their mothers or grandmothers."

The great hero of African exploration is understood, by those who know the inside story of his life, to have had several romantic attachments.

The author, who was hospitably assigned by Mr. Stanley to the mess of Lieutenant Stairs and Mr. Jephson, also had many talks with all the young officers of the Expedition. Their opinions of Mr. Stanley, as giving us an insight into his remarkable character, were of peculiar interest and value.

This was the first time that Stanley had had the good fortune to bring any of his European assistants

out of Africa with him. When he went in search of Dr. Livingstone, in 1871, his two European aides, Shaw and Farquhar, died, and the then almost unknown young newspaper correspondent came out alone. His next African adventure was the expedition "Through the Dark Continent." Three young Englishmen accompanied him on that journey, Frank and Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker. Frank Pocock died at Suna, on the Ujiji road, two months after leaving Bagamoyo; Barker died after two hours' severe illness at Zagehyi, at the south end of the Victoria Nyanza, and Edward Pocock was drowned in the Congo River. Thus a second time Stanley emerged from the interior of the Dark Continent without any of the white assistants he had taken with him.

This time, however, white men came out of Africa with Stanley, superior men, gentlemen of position and education for the most part; volunteers serving without pay, and even paying something, some of them, for the privilege of serving.

"Stanley is one of the most remarkable men I ever met," said Stairs. "He is the hardest man to understand that any of us ever came in contact with or ever expect to. There's no place like an African expedition to reveal men's natures one to another; but although we have served with Stanley now close on to three years, there is not one of us that would venture to say we know Stanley thoroughly. Now, I know Jephson and Parke and Nelson by this time, as well as I know myself. Every trait of their characters, every side of their natures, has been revealed to me over and over again, and I suppose I have revealed myself without

reserve in the same way to each of them. That is quite a natural consequence of the exceptional conditions under which we have lived together and worked together for the past three years, and because we are possessed of ordinary natures, in the sense that we are fathomable.

"But Stanley's is not an ordinary nature, not a character that is to be met with any day. He is a wonderful man. Not one of us believes that there is another man in existence who would have made a success of this expedition. We had confidence in Stanley, of course, from the beginning; otherwise I, for one, should never have volunteered, but now, in the light of long experience, the way he has pulled us through all difficulties is a revelation. We, of course, have done our duty, as Stanley himself will not deny, and by so doing have contributed our share towards the success of the enterprise."

"What about Stanley's treatment of you and your officers? Is he a considerate man? I've heard the opinion, more than once, that Stanley wouldn't bring one of you out of Africa. You are the first Europeans, you know, that he has ever brought out."

Stairs—and Jephson, who was sitting by, laughed. "I guess we've been too tough for him," he replied. "There have been times when we have thought Stanley a harsh, unfeeling man, who had no sympathy for the sufferings of others, and was bent on working us to death. I have seen days when, if I could have had the ear of the public at home, I should have felt inclined to vent, in the columns of the paper, some grievances that seemed very real, I can assure you, at the moment.

But now it is all over, I can look back and see that Stanley was right. Without the hard, exacting work we should never have pulled through, and Stanley's seeming harshness never goes beyond the point necessary for the success of the undertaking he is engaged in. It is a great point to have a leader in whom you have confidence. It is the same on an African expedition as with an army in the field. The soldier who has confidence in his General will go through twice as much as the man who feels that he is relying on a reed that may break and bring disaster. Our success is due, very largely, to the feeling that, come what might, Stanley's judgment could be depended on. This feeling of confidence has kept up our spirits under the most trying circumstances, and has enabled us to triumph over fevers, starvation and all the rest of it."

Lieut. Stairs, when asked if he would go on another African expedition, said it would depend altogether on what it was. He thought it would be interesting to make an expedition to the summit of the new snowy mountain Ruenzori, and further explore the region to the west, southwest and northwest of the Albert Nyanza and Albert Edward Nyanza; but said, if he ever again went into Africa, it would be as commander of an expedition. A subordinate position in an African expedition is trying to a European at the best, and the next time he would go as chief, or not at all.

From the writer's knowledge of what Stanley thinks of his chief officer's capabilities, the probability is, that in the event of another important African expedition, if Lieut. Stairs is ambitious to engage in it, he will

stand a fair chance of taking command on Stanley's recommendation.

Surgeon Parke is a young medical officer in the British army. Like Stairs, he had to obtain leave of absence for the purpose of joining the expedition, and he was also a volunteer serving without pay. He is a native of Dublin, and has won the distinction of being the first Irishman to cross the Dark Continent. Ireland couldn't have been more honorably represented in this gallant enterprise than by Surgeon Parke. Parke also enjoys the distinction of never having been carried a foot of the way across Africa.

When the author mentioned to him his satisfaction at Mr. Stanley's robust appearance, Surgeon Parke replied that the great explorer was less robust than he looked. "Mr. Stanley commenced his African career with an iron constitution," he said, "or he would have been a dead man years ago. Whatever anybody may say about Stanley, I am a witness from whom you can say that, in trying times and situations that called for the exertions of the whole strength of the expedition, Mr. Stanley never spared himself any more than he did any of us. Few men could have gone through what Stanley has in the past twenty years—fever, more than a hundred attacks, starvation and all the train of African ills—and have been alive and in reasonably good health and preservation to-day."

Surgeon Parke agreed with Stairs that their leader was a remarkable man, a man whom many people would be sure to misunderstand, simply because he is not ordinary. Parke said Stanley is in reality a tender-

hearted man, though stern and uncompromising where the performance of duty is concerned.

According to this now famous young Irish officer, Stanley can steel his heart until there seems no atom of pity or consideration for others left in him, one day, and can be as tender as a woman the next. "Whenever there was important work to be done, so long as we could totter on our feet, half-dead perhaps with fever, Stanley demanded from us our last gasp of energy and strength. But the strain of the situation over, Stanley was himself again—a kindly, though never effusive, soul."

Nelson had a curious account to give of the dwarfs of the Congo Forest. He described them as the ugliest and most depraved specimens of humanity he ever heard of. "They struck me as the dark and forbidding creatures of a bad nightmare," he said, "rather than actual human beings, when we first saw them. Oh, they're a bad lot, I can tell you. Sometimes we struck a district where they seemed a trifle less wild, or more confident, and they used to come in swarms to the camp. They had never seen a white man before.

"The most disagreeable thing about them was their guilty, sneaking expression. They are cannibals, and it always seemed to me that they came into our camp for the purpose of feasting their eyes on us, as a pack of hungry dogs might gaze longingly at a leg of mutton. They could never look us in the face. I have felt their baleful gaze on me, as I sat at my tent door, and the moment that I looked, all eyes would instantly be dropped. But I have detected them sizing up the others, and fairly licking their chaps. It used

to make my flesh creep. They used to pay more attention to Jephson than any of us. We were none of us overburdened with brawn in those days, but Jephson is of plumper build than any of the others, hence his popularity with these impish cannibals. They admired Jephson because they saw, at a glance, that he would cut up into more steaks and better rib-roasts than the others."

Nelson also told an amusing story of Jephson's attempt one day to capture one of these small aborigines single-handed. They were in a pathless stretch of forest and needed a guide to show the way. The column was picking its way along, Indian file, Jephson in the lead, when a lone dwarf suddenly confronted him. The meeting was quite unexpected on both sides, and both were for the moment too astonished to move. Remembering that he wanted a guide, and seeing the manikin about to flee, however, Jephson made a grab for him. The dwarf, utterly naked, wriggled away and darted into the bush. Jephson went in after him, and gave hot chase. The dwarf sped towards a ravine, Jephson at his heels, and gaining on him at every jump. Just as the precipitous edge of the ravine was reached, Jephson made a final dart to secure his prey. The agile little fellow, however, without a moment's hesitation, tumbled recklessly head over heels into the thick undergrowth of the ravine. Jephson sprang after him, and for a minute Briton and gnome were rolling, tumbling and dodging among the dense growth of the ravine; but the dwarf was in his element and was not to be caught. Jephson returned to the column and said if it

had been a monkey he might have caught it; but he would never again try to run down a Wambutti dwarf.

Capt. Nelson swears by Stanley; but, like Stairs, will lead the next African expedition he becomes interested in, or stay at home and give others a chance to obey orders, do their duty and become famous.

Mr. Mounteney Jephson is a young gentleman who paid a thousand pounds into the Emin Relief Fund for the privilege of serving in the expedition. He and poor Jamieson were the two who paid money as well as gave their services.

By the time the expedition reached Bagamoyo, Mr. Jephson thought he had received, considering everything, a lumping thousand pounds' worthy of experience. He wasn't quite certain whether he would have given that sum for it had he known all about it in advance. Mr. Jephson, however, won laurels enough to last him many years.

Some of Stanley's officers complained that he always picked out the best men for carrying his own tent, kit, provisions, etc., and to attend to his personal requirements; and Mr. Bonny says that after he had picked out a raw youth and trained him to wait on him, and had with no end of trouble made a valuable servant out of him, Stanley cooly "promoted" him to his own service. But all agreed that their commander fared no better than the rest of them when food was scarce and bad. Stories have also gone the round of the papers that Stanley's policy on his expeditions has been to secure the attachment of his followers by allowing them to plunder and work their will among the native tribes.

Lieut. Stairs desired the writer to say particularly from him, that any such statement is entirely groundless, and Parke, Jephson, Nelson, and Bonny all testified that Stanley always punished severely any of his men who were caught stealing so much as an ear of corn from a friendly people. With hostiles, of course, severe measures had sometimes to be adopted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TALKS WITH EMIN PASHA.

SEVERAL talks were also had with Emin Pasha, which were instructive as throwing light on the question of the disagreement between him and Stanley.

Rumors had reached Zanzibar, in advance of their approach to the coast, that all was not harmony between Stanley and Emin, and I was naturally anxious to get both sides of the story on any points on which there might be a difference between them.

Let me then preface my interview with Emin Pasha by saying, first of all, that, in the writer's opinion, no two people in the world were less constituted by nature to pull or work together than Stanley and Emin. Their natures were totally different. Stanley was clear-headed, positive, prompt, resolute and decisive; a man whom you would expect to know, in any great emergency, precisely what he did or did not want to do. Emin Pasha, though a German by birth and early education, had been living the life of the East and of Africa so long that there was little of the German or of the European in him when I met him at Msuwa. He was an Egyptian, a Levantine, an Eastern, an Oriental if you please, but hardly a European. Not one person out of twenty, guessing at his

nationality from his appearance and manners, would have credited him with being a German.

Emin's manners were Eastern to a fault, and he had unconsciously drifted into many of the ways and many of the ideas of the people with whom he had, for the greater part of his life, been associated.

Of course, he possessed sterling qualities that no pure Eastern ever possessed or ever will possess. The honest, energetic Teuton blood still coursed through the Pasha's veins, but no man ever yet worked and lived for twenty-five years as he had done, among Easterns, without imbibing some of their characteristics. Few men can live among fatalists for a quarter of a century without being, in a measure, one himself. Gordon was a fatalist. Emin, who was Gordon's disciple, I was not so sure of on this point. But he is an Eastern, and will, in all probability, end his life in Egypt, or at all events in Africa. Emin told me frankly that he never expected to live in Europe again, and he seemed to shrink from the idea of even paying a visit to the great centers of Western civilization.

"I have been so long away from Europe," he said, "that I would not feel at home either in Germany or England. I may, perhaps, pay a short visit to Germany, to Berlin, to see some friends there; but London—no, I think not. Why should I go to London? I can thank my English friends for the great interest they have taken in me and my people by letters and through the newspapers, and to express my gratitude to them would be the only object that would take me to London. I shall, perhaps, stay in Egypt and never go to either Berlin or London."

The now famous man, who uttered these words, is a spare-built person of medium height, with a full, short beard tinged with gray; his dark eyes regard you through the medium of a pair of spectacles, which are seldom removed, for the reason that the Pasha is short-sighted. His bearing is modest, apologetic, courteous, polite, fascinating. He has a vast fund of remarkable experiences and exceptional knowledge to draw upon, and his courteous bearing and Oriental politeness and suavity of manners charms all with whom he comes in contact.

"In the first place," said Emin Pasha, with that politeness which is never absent from his address, "please say to the *New York World* that I thank them very much for the great interest taken in us. As for my province and my poor people, it is all a very sad story. It is quite impossible for any one beside myself to realize all that we have been compelled, through no fault of ours, to give up. I had built a great many very fine stations; my officers and soldiers were for the most part devoted to me, and to the Khédive of Egypt; the people were contented and happy; there was no slave-raiding, and the province not only paid its way, but was beginning to be a source of revenue to the government of Cairo."

The great point I wished to get from Emin was, why he had changed his mind about leaving the Equatorial Province, after asserting so emphatically, over and over again, in his correspondence, that he would on no account consent to leave his post, and that an expedition for his relief would in no way change his purpose. It needed but a question or two to discover

that it was on this matter, the pivotal point of interest in the whole story of his relief and his retirement, that the Pasha and Mr. Stanley differed. Here was the question, then, on which there was a want of harmony between them, a hint of which, as before mentioned, had reached Zanzibar in letters sent in advance from Msalala.

"I would very much like you to say, in plain language, Pasha, so that all may fully understand, why you left your post and came out with Mr. Stanley."

"Well, you see," replied Emin, "Mr. Stanley brought instructions from the Khédive of Egypt for me to return with him. I am an Egyptian officer, and have no option but to obey the Khédive's wishes. I did not wish to leave; and if the Khédive should order me back again to-morrow, and would provide me with men and means to maintain my position, I would return with the greatest pleasure."

Our conversation was held just outside the Pasha's tent, beneath a tree. At this moment the Pasha's daughter, Farida, a young lady of Abyssinian parentage on the maternal side, issued from the tent and regarded us with mild interest. Her complexion was about as dusky as a Spanish gypsy's, and her skin smooth and soft, like velvet. Her eyes were large, black and languishing, and her luxuriant tresses were black as raven's feathers. I was smitten with her charms. I invited her to sit on my knee and demanded a kiss, a favor which was granted in a passive Oriental way. She was only five years old.

"She is very beautiful," I said to her father.

"Yes," answered the Pasha, "it is for her sake that I

consented to leave my province and return to Egypt. I wish to give her an education, and have her brought up in a civilized and proper manner. This I could not do in the Equatorial Province."

This was the sentiment of a fond and doting parent and the answer of a kindly soul. But it seemed rather startling to the writer at the moment, to be jotting down in his note-book two entirely different reasons, almost in the same breath, from Emin's own lips, as to why he had consented to leave the Equatorial Province, which he had declared so often he never would give up.

Here we see revealed the Eastern side of Emin Pasha's character. The last answer, coming so close upon the first, would at once suggest that he was a man whose word was not to be relied on. But to those acquainted with the East and its ways, it simply shows that the Pasha had drifted into the Oriental fashion of saying things that he knew would fall pleasantly on his questioner's ear without troubling to weigh his words. And had your correspondent pointed out to him the contradiction in the two statements, Emin Pasha's surprise that any one should have viewed the matter in that light would have been most genuine.

"Do you wish me to understand then, Pasha, that you could have maintained your position, and were under no necessity of coming away with Mr. Stanley, had you not received instructions from the Khédive to do so?"

"I think if Mr. Stanley would have consented to wait, much could have been done. Things had got to be very bad, however, and Mr. Stanley would not wait. He seemed only anxious that I and my people, the

Egyptians, should go as quickly as we could with him to the coast."

"Were you and your people in great need of assistance when Mr. Stanley reached you, Pasha?"

"We were very glad to have Mr. Stanley come to our relief, of course, and we all feel very grateful to the people of England for the great interest they have taken in us; but we were in no great need of anything but ammunition. Food was very plenty with us. Our people grew cotton, and had learned to make a coarse, strong kind of cloth. See, here is the cloth," and Emin showed me a pair of trousers made of coarse, strong, loosely woven cotton cloth. "We also made soap," resumed the Pasha, "and candles. We had plenty of sugar-cane, plenty of honey, some European vegetables, tomatoes, onions, carrots. We had rice, and, I think, if we could have obtained the seed, we could have grown wheat with success in some districts. As for ammunition, we had some, but of a very poor quality. Such as we were, however, we had fought our enemies many times and beat them. We were very grateful for the ammunition which Mr. Stanley brought to us from the Egyptian Government. The dangers and difficulties he had to overcome for our sakes were very tremendous. The Egyptian Government, however, has always sent the worst of everything to the Equatorial Province. Even the ammunition which Mr. Stanley brought, sent to us from the government magazines at Cairo, was for the most part utterly worthless. They were old, damaged stores that the corrupt officials at Cairo took this opportunity of getting off their hands, to cover up their wretched speculations. Percussion

caps were sent to us, not one in a dozen of which would strike fire. This was not the Khédive's fault, nor, of course, Mr. Stanley's.

"It was very discouraging to my poor soldiers to find that, even when so much trouble had been taken to reach us, they had sent us worthless ammunition mostly. This outrageous treatment from the Egyptian Government, while a powerful enemy was within our very gates, would have shaken the loyalty of any body of troops in the world. Yet my brave fellows fought a great battle with Omar Saleh at Dufile, after Mr. Jephson had joined me and Mr. Stanley had returned to the Congo to bring up his rear column. On this occasion we captured a very interesting relic, the first Mahdist flag, the sacred banner of the Mahdi, that was carried into Khartoum after the death of Gen. Gordon. I have this flag in my baggage here now. I am taking it to Egypt. The battle at Dufile was the last one we fought. My soldiers then saw that they were fighting against fate unless assistance came to us from without."

"The second time Mr. Stanley came to the Albert Nyanza you were, I understand, a prisoner in the hands of your own people?"

"Yes, Mr. Jephson and myself and Capt. Casati. They treated us very well and allowed us to do much as we pleased, except leave the stations. They kept us under surveillance for five months. They had been encouraged to resist the Mahdists in the hope that very great assistance would reach us with Mr. Stanley. Instead of this, so great had been Mr. Stanley's disasters, that he could only leave with us Mr. Jephson and thirteen Soudanese soldiers. I had more than twelve

hundred soldiers, regulars and irregulars, of my own, at the different stations. We had six hundred Remingtons and three hundred percussion muskets.

"We were all very much discouraged at the way matters had turned out. Mr. Jephson and I visited several stations on the Nile and read to the garrisons the Khédive's message. The people refused to believe it was a genuine message from the Khédive. They thought we were deceiving them and trying to get them to leave with us. After the fight at Dufile, Omar Saleh had returned with steamers and boats down the Nile for reinforcements. For a long time the Khalifa (the Mahdi's successor) had been tempting my people to rebel against me by promises and threats. My officers and soldiers had received no pay for several years, and were about naked. The Khalifa seduced them by promises of big and regular pay, promotions, and, more tempting still, a free hand among the natives."

"What was their idea in detaining you prisoner?"

"Many of them said that Stanley would never come back. They wished to wait and see what would happen. If Mr. Stanley had not returned, and Omar Saleh, the Khalifa's General, had come with overwhelming forces, then my people could have done nothing but submit, and it was well known among them that the Khalifa was very anxious that we should be delivered up to him. Honor and promotion would have been the reward of those who should take us to him at Khartoum. Many of the soldiers were still devoted to me and loyal to the Khédive, but many of the Egyptian officers were bad.

"It is not generally known, I think, in England or

America, that the Equatorial Province has always been considered a sort of Egyptian Siberia by the authorities at Cairo. Most of my officers were sent to me as a punishment for committing some crime or some act of insubordination in Egypt. These people were sent to the Equatorial Province, much as political offenders in Russia are sent to Siberia, only they were sent to me for employment. These off-scourings of Egypt always gave me much trouble. They were always a source of weakness; were always conspiring against my authority; and, very naturally, as soon as they found the tide of misfortune set against us, they were ready to conspire with our enemies. The very first officer that was sent to me from Egypt after I was appointed Governor of the Province was discovered plotting against me.

"In addition to this, at the best of times, the corrupt officials at Khartoum always sent me the very worst and cheapest stores they could get, and charged me the highest prices. I could always have sold my stores of ivory to Arab traders from Uganda, at my own magazines, for twenty or thirty per cent more than was credited to me for it at Khartoum, but I had to send it all to Khartoum. We have received powder from the Government arsenal there that was so shamefully adulterated with charcoal that it would barely spit the bullets out of the muzzles of our guns. I couldn't make our own powder, for, although we could have made charcoal, there was neither saltpetre nor sulphur in the province. Yet, with all this neglect and shameful treatment, my soldiers fought well, and the province was beginning to pay a handsome surplus to the Government.

"The soldiers had gardens, cows, wives and plenty of everything to eat. They were much better off than they had ever been in Egypt or the Soudan. They had come to regard the province as their home, and had no wish to ever return to Egypt. They considered that they were fighting for their homes, and so fought well and bravely, so long as there was a chance of success and the hope of assistance from our friends without. It was only when there was no longer anything to hope for, and when we read to them the message that they must leave with Mr. Stanley or never expect any more assistance from the Egyptian Government, that they began to waver in their allegiance to me. Poor fellows, what could they do? They didn't wish to leave; the Khalifa's forces were advancing up the Nile; they now had everything to gain and nothing to lose by turning against me. I do not blame them; they are but Africans, and nothing else was to be expected of them.

"I first heard of the proposition to send us a relief expedition, through some English newspapers that reached me in April, 1887, from Mr. Mackay, of the Uganda Mission. I decided at once that, come what would, I would never leave my post and give up the work that had been intrusted to me by that great and good man, Gen. Gordon. But here we are. I *have* left, as you see. I have told you why already."

"Do you think the Egyptian Government will ever try to recover the lost provinces?"

"This I cannot say. I do not know what the intentions of the Egyptian Government may be in regard to the future. The Equatorial Provinces and the whole

of the Soudan might easily be recovered, I feel sure, by an European expedition up the Nile. Many people think the Soudanese are fanatical, and that the rebellion was a religious movement. This is a great mistake. True, the Mahdi claimed to be the expected 'last prophet,' and an attempt was made to give a fanatical reason for the uprising, but the plain truth is that the Soudanese and the people of all the Nile and Equatorial Provinces hate the Egyptian rule as thoroughly as the Armenians of Asia Minor, or the Greeks of Constantinople hate the rule of the Turks. There is no fanaticism in their objections, however; no hatred based on a difference in religious beliefs. They simply hate Egyptian rule because it is corrupt; because the officials regard them simply as cows, from which the last drop of taxation is to be milked.

"Why, when I first went as Governor to the Equatorial Province, every muderie (Government station) was a nest of vile corruption, in which thousands of idle vagabonds were, in the name of the Government, living off taxes forced from a population of blacks, perhaps not more than three or four times their own number. At one station (Amadi) I found a loafing mob of soldiers, irregulars, followers, their wives, concubines, slaves and children, between two and three thousand altogether, living off the taxes exacted from a district whose population did not exceed nine thousand all told. That will give you some idea of the state of affairs that the people were reduced to under the rule of Egyptian officers, to say nothing of outrages that it is just as well not to speak of."

"You mean to say, then, that the uprising in the

Soudan was virtually a rebellion against the misrule of the Egyptians?"

"Nothing else. And if some power, in whom the tribes had confidence, would come—some power like England—which would take an interest in the welfare of the people, instead of plundering and oppressing them, it would be welcomed with open arms. It would not be difficult to recover the whole country. The Mahdists will treat the people, on the whole, worse than the Egyptian officials did."

"What do you think of the commercial prospects of the country? Do you think the country would repay the expense of such an enterprise on the part of an European power?"

"The Equatorial Provinces are a very rich and productive country. So is the whole of the Soudan. Good government is all that the country needs to astonish the world at its commercial possibilities. My own province is very rich. The great ivory field of Africa lies to the west of the Equatorial Provinces. All that the natives of that vast region desire is to know that there are trading stations to bring their ivory and other products to, where they will receive considerate treatment, and the world would be astonished at the vast number of tusks they would bring in. Then we have for export vast quantities of palm oil, skins, furs, ostrich feathers, vegetable butter (fat of the butyrospermum tree), india-rubber, beeswax, all of which would be produced in almost limitless quantity under a civilizing and encouraging administration. Cotton, too, can be grown to any extent; also sugar, and I doubt not many other things valuable for export; cinchona, for example, would in

my province find congenial soil and climate. With all our disadvantages and want of development, I was able, in 1883, only the fifth year of my administration, to turn over to the Government a surplus revenue of £12,000 for that year. This alone will show what might be done in time by means of an honest and efficient government."

"It was rumored that you had vast stores of ivory in hand, Pasha. What of that?"

"Ivory! I had collected for the Government more than 6000 fine, large tusks since our communications had been cut off. I had ivory enough, if I could have got it to market, to have paid off all the back salaries of my people, and have had a handsome surplus besides." Six thousand fine, large tusks would weigh in the neighborhood of two hundred American tons, worth in Zanzibar about $6000 per ton. The value in Emin's stations would, of course, in no wise approach this great sum of value—$1,200,000. Emin told the writer that he valued his stores of ivory, as they lay in his stations, at about £70,000.

"We couldn't bring it with us," the Pasha continued, "so I threw most of it into the Nile, to prevent the enemy from getting it. Some, however, in outlying stations, I intrusted to the care of friendly native chiefs, not knowing what changes and what opportunities time might bring."

"What were you expecting as a result of Mr. Stanley's expedition? You say, or intimate, in everything you have said, that the results have been to you disappointing."

"The results have certainly been disappointing to my

ambition. I did not wish to give up the work of so many years. When we learned that a relief expedition was talked of, we hoped for such relief as would enable me to maintain my province against the Mahdists. Perhaps we had no right to expect this. The wish was, perhaps, father to the thought."

Since these talks with Emin and Stanley were penned by the author, the breach between them has widened; and as this volume goes to press, in May, 1890, word comes that Emin, having recovered from his mishap at Bagamoyo, has taken service with the Germans and proceeded into the interior again.

It was Wednesday, Dec. 4, after the sunset gun had greeted our ears at Kikoko. The caravan, impatient for a glimpse of the sea, pulled out early and marched well. When I reached the never-to-be-forgotten Mtoni ferry, a big crowd of porters had already arrived and were waiting to be ferried over. There we were met by Major Wissmann. A champagne lunch was spread at the ferry for the Europeans, and every one present invited—all except the author! While the others reveled in champagne, cold ham, tongue, German sausage, and what not, one hapless white sat behind a bush and nibbled a few dry biscuits.

Was there ever such a pitiful exhibition of small spleen, I wonder, as the gallant Major—who, to give him his due, is an excellent officer, and under ordinary conditions a good fellow—permitted himself to display that afternoon? Mr. Stanley evidently thought not, and so did Emin Pasha—so did every European present. After the lunch, Stanley and Emin mounted horses which had been brought out for them from Bagamoyo

to ride on. A short distance from the ferry Wissmann, Stanley and Emin together overtook me and my boys. I was limping slightly from blistered feet.

"Send back for my donkey and ride it, Mr. Stevens," said Stanley, in a tone meant as a pointed rebuke to Wissmann.

"Ride my donkey, Mr Stevens," echoed Emin Pasha, in still more pointed tones.

"Thanks, very much, Pasha,"—and these were the last words your correspondent exchanged with Emin Pasha on this memorable occasion. That same evening, as all the world now knows, Emin Pasha stepped out of an upper window in Bagamoyo, and came within a hair's breadth of meeting his death. And when this happened I was a "refugee" aboard a British man-of-war in the harbor, the result of a further idiotic exhibition of spleen on the part of the officer who had tried to prevent me going up country to meet Stanley and had failed.

Would it not have been enough, if Major Wissmann deemed it necessary to show his disapproval of my actions in violating his orders, to have simply discriminated against me at Bagamoyo, as he had done at Mtoni? I would never have said a word against that. It was *his* lunch at Mtoni and *his* banquet again at Bagamoyo, to invite or not invite whom he pleased.

The Major was feeling very sore, however, over the "very bad way he had been treated," as he expressed it. He didn't seem capable of reflecting that the unfair treatment had all along been directed against me. And when I sought the house of my good friend, the Hindi contractor who had aided me in engaging my runners,

I found that an order had gone forth—a ukase—threatening arrest, fine and imprisonment to any native who should give me shelter for so much as ten minutes!

A white man—a Mzungu in Africa—high noon and a blistering sun—hospitable Hindi wishes to take him in—coffee, sherbet, etc.—but obliged to beg him to pick up his traps and clear out!

"Clear out," all very well, but where to? Mtoni was a farce, a thing to smile at: a picture in which there was a certain amount of humor. But this order threatening people with arrest and imprisonment if they gave the white man shelter, whose offense was that he had successfully fought against an unrighteous discrimination, was of a different nature entirely. It was, considering the conditions, to say the least, a brutal and inhuman thing for a European officer to do.

Wissmann can only be excused for issuing such an order on the supposition that he had indulged too freely at Mtoni and was not himself at the time. The writer is free to make this concession, because a few days later, in Zanzibar, when his ire had cooled and he had had time to reflect, the Major lifted his hat with the utmost courtesy whenever we met, and seemed anxious to make amends. He also paid a very flattering tribute to what I had achieved against such formidable odds, and told an English officer that it was the "pluckiest thing he had ever seen done in Africa."

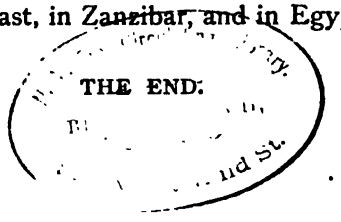
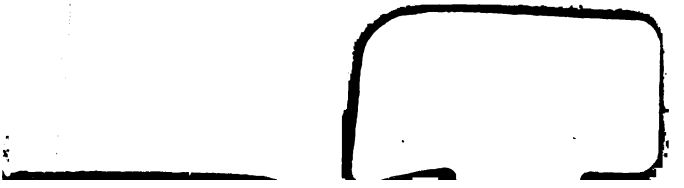
Mine was probably the first case on record, of Africans being ordered by an European, to turn a white man out of their houses into the broiling sun of an African noon in a barbarous country.

I was cordially received and hospitably entertained

by Capt. Brackenbury of H. M. S. *Turquoise*, and the officers under his command.

Nor did the gallant Captain pause to ask me whether I was English or American. It seemed sufficient for him that a white man in Africa was in need of assistance. On the following day he kindly gave me a passage to Zanzibar.

My dispatches were sent and letters written. Congratulations, that I had prevailed against the *Herald*-German combination, and revenged myself by gaining a complete victory were cabled by the managers of *The World*, from New York.

A fortnight's stay in Egypt, *en route* homeward, and a brief stay in London were made. Special courtesies were shown me at the Savage and Whitehall Clubs, London, and by the Hon. Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, who invited me to write a paper, to be read before the Society. By the end of February, 1890, I was again in New York. I had been gone fourteen months. I had not "found Stanley," as Stanley had found Livingstone in 1871; the circumstances were altogether different. I had, however, gratified a pardonable journalistic ambition in being the first correspondent to reach him and to give him the news of the world, after his long period of African darkness. That I had done this under most trying conditions, Mr. Stanley fully appreciated; and warmly reciprocated by showing me every courtesy in his power, on the march to the coast, in Zanzibar, and in Egypt.

THE END.